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*Bette
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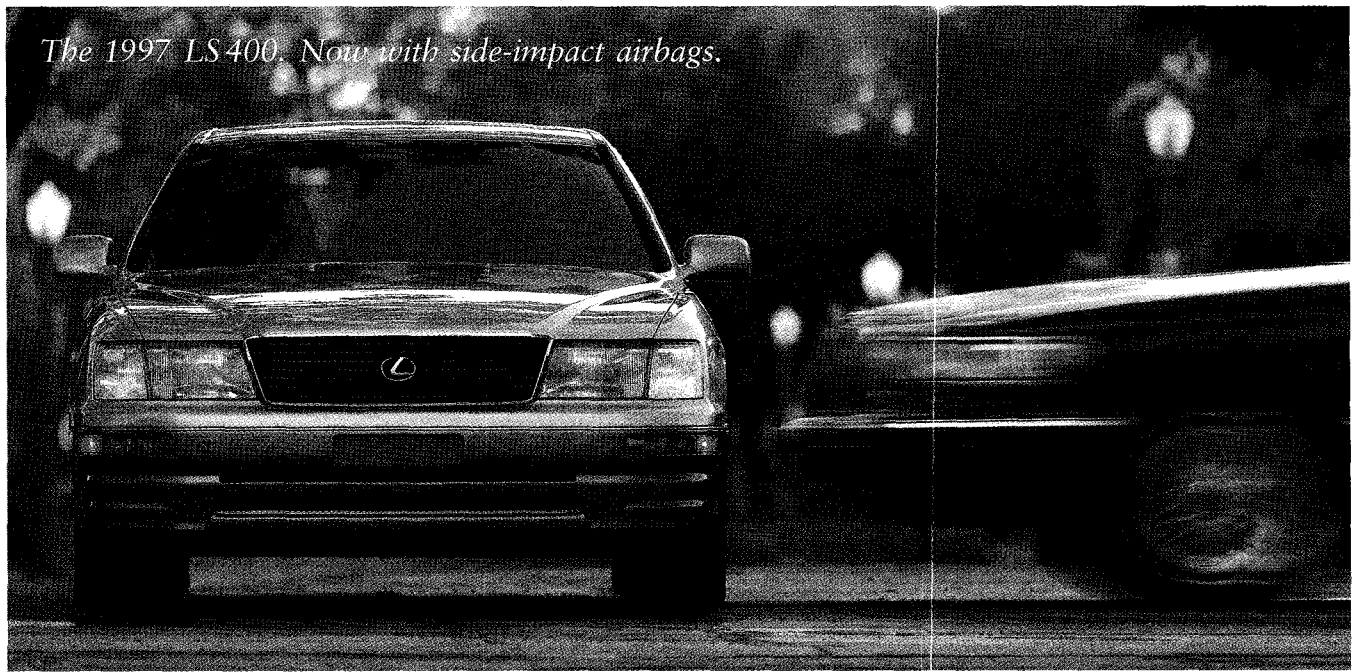
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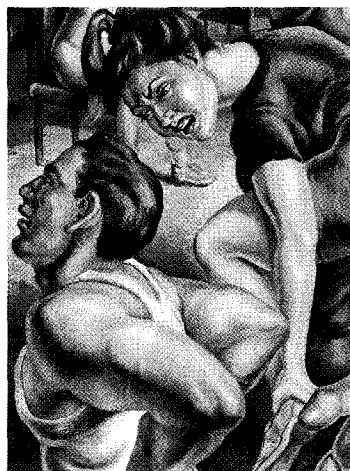
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Stress fractures, shin splints, wrecked knees: Physical therapists are seeing more exercise-related injuries than ever before. As gyms snap up complex new exercise machines—often without teaching members to use them—working out can be a waste of sweat, or worse. Do you have the creeping sense that all that virtuous treadmilling and Stairclimbing isn't making you any healthier or better-looking? Feel the burn.



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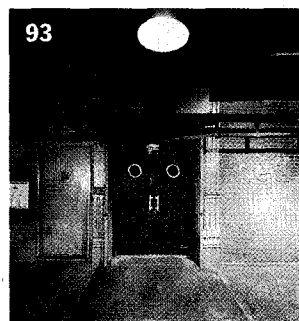
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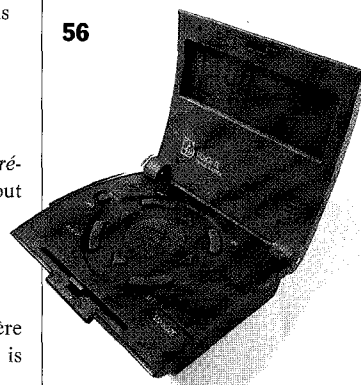
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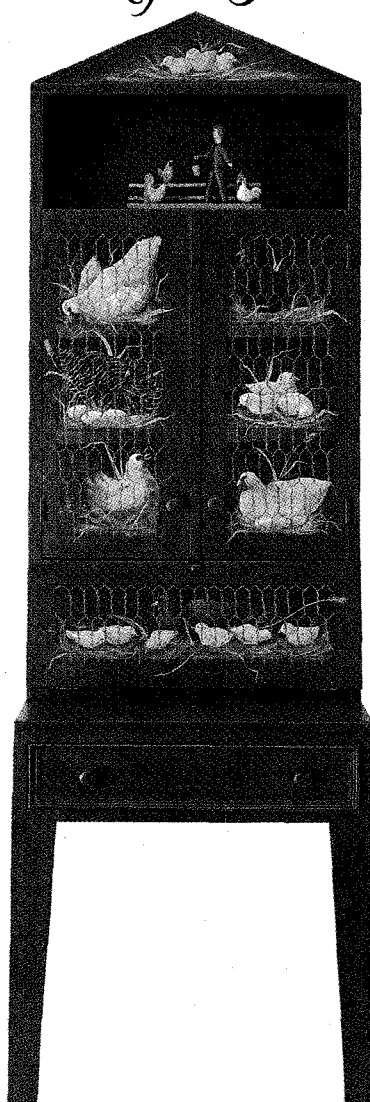
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Total Recall

Urban reminiscence, at home and abroad; what would-be artists need more than advertising work; the best dish.

ONE OF MY BETTER CHRISTMAS PRESENTS was your December 23–30 issue. While thumbing through it, I was amazed to find a picture of 2501 Palisade Avenue, the building we lived in from 1939 to 1949. It's unchanged. The bit of fence in the upper right was on our sun deck. My mother took a photograph of me, which I treasure today, on that very deck in June 1941. I had just been called to active duty by the Navy and, though I did not know it then, was on my way to Pearl Harbor and the December 7 attack by the Japanese. Thanks for the memories.

John McCormack
DALLAS, TEXAS

AS A NATIVE VIENNESE WHO HAS LIVED IN New York since 1948 (on the Upper West Side), I couldn't disagree more with the idea that it resembles Vienna ["Capital Culture," by David Denby, December 23–30]. In Vienna, people have always, and still do, dress properly—not like here! In Vienna, people are still polite and don't rush around—not like here! Please, there is a difference—a big one!

Herta Erville
MANHATTAN

CHRIS NORRIS'S THOUGHTS IN THE YEAR-END issue on Republica's debut album were a little off. While "ersatz British techno-pop" may certainly describe Republica's sound, calling the band's front woman "the fifth Go-Go" is incorrect. You see, there have always been five Go-Go's: 1. Belinda Carlisle. 2. Jane Wiedlin. 3. Charlotte Caffey. 4. Gina Schock. 5. Kathy Valentine. Seems like five to me. Perhaps Norris meant to write "sixth." Maybe someone needs a *Vacation*.

Robb Riedel
MANHATTAN

Salesmen

LET ME EXPLAIN WHO POPULATES THE AREA where art meets advertising: musicians

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who don't want to starve (jingle writers), novelists who don't want to starve (copywriters), artists who don't want to starve (graphic designers), and would-be Scorseses (ad directors) ["The Great Rock & Roll Jingle," by Chris Norris, December 16]. Selling out is old news in this culture: There are no patrons anymore, the NEA is afraid we'll urinate on crucifixes, and Disney knows your every move anyway.

If this is how artists must survive in this environment, I say bless them for finding a way. But make no mistake: If any of the aforementioned artists had the opportunity to make a living making artistic statements, they'd take it over their day jobs in a heartbeat. *This* is why all the lame rationalizations offered by the jingle writers in your article ring so painfully hollow.

Mike Errico
MANHATTAN

Culture Cultures

NEW YORK AND NANCY JO SALES MAY WANT to take a hard look at the fine line between gritty undercover reporting and aiding and abetting ["Teenage Gangland," December 16]. When the author is a passenger in a car full of teenagers under the influence of drugs and alcohol, we have to question the magazine's and the author's intent—is she trying to show us how cool she is?

If nothing else, I hope the article was a wake-up call to parents. One set of parents "hired a well-known Manhattan defense attorney," but the best funeral parlor in the city can't give anyone's child back.

Shuna Fish Lydon
MANHATTAN

TV Nation

THOSE OF US HERE IN THE HINTERLAND—with a baby DSS dish—already enjoy a sports channel you don't even mention, Speedvision Network ["Sports: Piling On," by Alex Williams, December 23–30]. I didn't expect it to be as good as it is, but we can watch some long-format events not covered elsewhere (Le Mans), as well as vintage racing footage (with really pretty cars even a child can

get a kick out of), the Speedvision cop commercials that are so funny we just keep watching (we've memorized the dialogue), and even some old B-minus-minus movies on *Lost Drive-In*.

What Speedvision is *not* is a series of talking-head/interview/psychobabble shows. But it's not just racing either. (My husband wanted to get the DSS system for the racing coverage on Speedvision—I'm a convert.)

It's fine to laugh at frying your brain with 200 channels, but we've found it's like a supermarket—you don't buy everything it offers, but you want it to offer everything you want to buy.

Marcia Armitage
HONEOYE FALLS, N.Y.

Shooting Gallery

THANKS FOR YET ANOTHER ELITIST ARTICLE that proclaims the superiority of erudite New Yorkers at the expense of the lower life-forms that exist outside of the city. Guy Martin can't get by with only criticizing the new-money shooters and their trappings in "The Shooting Party" [December 9]. He must drag out all the favorite stereotypes to bolster his arrogant intellectual perspective. Writers like Martin can't resist working in references to "displaced Southerners and Westerners pathologically attached to their gun-filled redneck childhoods" and "the vast, hippolike herds of Nebraskans and Alabamians who inspired the fries-'n'-popcorn stretch of 57th Street." Of course it's always tempting to add political slurs to geographical ones, referring to "gun-toting policy freaks and latter-day young Republicans who couldn't hit the side of a barn with a rock. . . ." We are reminded that this is "a town of non-hunting liberals, cops, gangstas, and Goetz-like pistol nuts." I am neither a hunter nor a Republican nor a Nebraskan. Yet I take offense at this New York-is-the-center-of-the-universe mentality.

Brian Pendley
HOLMES, N.Y.

Correction Sassy's Sliders was listed incorrectly in "Dine Out on This" (January 6). The correct address is 163 First Avenue.

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INTELLIGENCER

DOES MALONE STILL WANT HIS MTV?

Music fans may soon have to fight for their MTV: Word is that **John Malone**, head honcho of Tele-Communications, Inc. (TCI), the country's largest cable-TV provider, has been threatening to drop the channel from some major markets. Malone, who takes pride in being compared to Darth Vader, was known for his corporate bullying even before TCI began facing a major cash crunch last year. Last month, he told analysts that TCI might drop some less profitable cable channels like Chicago superstation WGN, C-SPAN, E!, and Comedy Central. Now MTV



MTV's
Tabitha Soren

CBS PRESSURES COSBY TO GIVE BIRTH

Not long after the relentlessly hyped *Cosby* debuted on CBS last fall, **Bill Cosby** stressed that the new show would be a far cry from his eighties hit, in which the grumpy actor played lovable family man Dr. Cliff Huxtable. "I didn't want to deal with any more children," he griped back then. But now it seems he might have to. Evidently panicked by the show's precipitous ratings drop—*Cosby* opened with a 27 share last September that plummeted to 15 by December—the brass at CBS is debating whether to add a cute tot or two to the struggling series. A recent memo from CBS Research, forwarded to the show's producers, reported, "People seem to identify Cosby with his Jell-O commercials and they miss his interactions with children." One scenario that's being tossed about would have Cosby's neighbor **Doug E. Doug** befriend an unwed pregnant mother with a toddler, thereby conceiving two kids in one plotline. CBS's entertainment chief, **Leslie Moonves**, gets *Cosby*'s live feed right in his office, giving him access to all rehearsals as well as the taped shows. CBS claims it's pleased with *Cosby*'s No. 14 ranking: "No new 8 P.M. series has ranked in the top 15 since the original *Cosby Show* in 1984. *Cosby* may not be a runaway hit, but it is a successful series."

—which is the largest global television network, reaching more than 270 million house-

holds around the world—has also fallen victim to Malone's cost-cutting. Sources say Malone has been replacing popular channels that charge fees with ones owned by his company. On December 30, without giving viewers any warning, TCI dropped MTV in Des Moines, Iowa, and Grand Rapids, Michigan—prompting howls of local protests. The Des Moines City Council has reconvened a committee to take a look at TCI's contract with the city, and a local radio station, KKDM-FM, is organizing petition drives and rallies. According to one insider, MTV executives are frantic. "It would be a disaster for us if Malone carried out his threat," says the source. An MTV spokesperson denies that the station has received any direct threats from TCI, adding, "We can't imagine why anyone would want to drop MTV." But a TCI spokeswoman admits Malone is "renegotiating con-



Bill Cosby:
Reluctant daddy

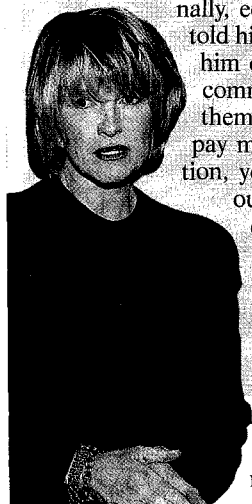


Dick Morris:
Party boy

tracts to keep costs down" across the board.

MARTHA STEWART'S LIVING NIGHTMARE

Martha Stewart's estranged brother is milking his sister's fame for all it's worth. After agreeing to spill his bitter story ("Martha's Secret Life") to the *Globe* for a fee of \$10,000, contractor **Frank Kostyra** plagued the paper with daily phone calls demanding extra money because his photo was printed along with the story. Several weeks later, Kostyra drove from his home in Mobile, Alabama, to the *Globe*'s Boca Raton office to demand his check. "He made a considerable scene," reports a *Globe* source. Finally, editor **Tony Frost** entered the fray and told his staff to pay Kostyra \$500 just to get him out of the building. When called for comment, Kostyra said, "I simply handed them the documents and asked them to pay me. If you want any further information, you'll have to pay, too." On the way out of the *Globe*'s offices, according to one source, Kostyra asked for directions to the *Enquirer*, claiming that publication owed him money as well. "The family is very disappointed in his inexplicable behavior," says a Stewart spokesperson.



AFTERNOON FUN WITH DICK AND LIZ

Give **Dick Morris**, the disgraced political adviser, kudos for courage. The Sunday that EILEEN MCGANN WALKS OUT ON CHEATIN' HUBBY hit the front page of the *Daily News*, Morris gamely showed up for a party at **Elizabeth Holtzman**'s brownstone in Brooklyn. Morris, an old friend of Holtzman's who unofficially lent a hand on her last campaign, has attended several of her soirees in the past. Still, when Morris walked in the door alone at about 4:30 in the afternoon, it was "just surreal," in the words of one guest at Holtzman's open house, which also featured Councilman **Tom Duane** and Brooklyn assemblyman **Dan Feldman**. Morris



Dee Dee Myers:
Damsel in distress

introduced himself politely, "as if everybody didn't know exactly who he was anyway," said another guest at the open house. At one point, Morris talked about having just been in touch with "**Trent [Lott]** and **Newt [Gingrich]**"—not exactly the names to drop in this crowd. "We didn't talk politics," says Holtzman. "He told me that he wanted to get back together with Eileen. *That's what we talked about.*" Holtzman says that Morris had RSVP'd before news of his impending divorce broke. "I was glad he came, because I wanted to make sure he was with friends," she says.

AD PITCHED; NUMBERS SWITCHED

HAUTE CARTOON: A tacky ad for the tony Winter Antiques Show is creating a big stink in New York's rarefied design community. The ad, which ran in this month's *Town & Country*, features a cartoon of a dapper if somewhat portly middle-aged man in a plaid suit who bears more than a passing resemblance to the show's former chairman, **Mario Buatta**. ("I don't wear plaid suits," notes Buatta. "I wear plaid undies.") But while the current chairman, Chanel's **Arie L. Kopelman**, defends the campaign as "sophisticated," many of the show's dealers disagree. "It looked like an ad for something in Atlantic

A REALLY BAD HAIR DAY AT THE TIMES

Most residents of Washington, D.C., should have been pleased by **Laura Zigman's** recent humor piece in the *New York Times's* "Home" section on the pleasures of living in the nation's capital. But it seems one D.C. local was anything but amused. The *Times's* newly appointed Los Angeles bureau chief, **Todd S. Purdum**, thought Zigman's complaint that D.C. has "nowhere to get your hair cut unless you want to trust your hair to the same person who cuts **Dee Dee Myers's**" was way below the belt. Not surprising, given that Purdum recently became engaged to Myers, the former Clinton spokesperson. Proving that chivalry is not dead (though Purdum's sense of humor might be), the reporter called Zigman. After mumbling that he liked her article, he added, "I thought a gratuitous swipe at a certain person's hairstyle was really beneath the *Times*," and hung up. When reached, Purdum said he had been "hard-pressed to discern whether the remark was meant as a compliment or an insult." Zigman declined to comment on the matter.

City, not on Park Avenue," sniffs one of the angry antiquarians. The ad was designed pro bono by a board member, who gamely came up with a new version for the daily papers after the outcry. "It's just not worth it to have controversy . . . when it comes to advertising," sighs Kopelman.

THE GAY LADY? Wait until **Hilton Kramer** hears about this one. It seems that an ad rep for the *New York Times*, upon handing a client the paper's new 1997 rate card, decided to demonstrate the *Times's* nifty 800 number right in her client's office. But instead of getting information about the staid Gray Lady, the two were treated to the following, much livelier message: "Hey, stud. Welcome to the hottest all-male phone line around. Horny guys are waiting to get it on with you right now—for only \$2.98 per minute." Turns out that two numbers were transposed, replacing the *Times's* message with that of a gay sex line. *Times* spokeswoman **Nancy Nielsen** assures us that error was quickly corrected.

FRENCH CONNECTION: Famed French chef **Jean-Louis Palladin**, who left his restaurant at the Watergate last June after a legendary seventeen-

year run, has finally found the perfect spot for his New York venture: on East 49th Street just a skip away from Saks Fifth Avenue. "It is maybe 99 percent done," says Palladin of the restaurant, which will feature his signature modern French fare, and will be called—what else?—Jean-Louis.

SPOOKY COUNSELOR: Forget **Marcia Clark**. Here's one lawyer who really is a witch: Meet **Phyllis Curott**, successful real-estate attorney by day and Wiccan high priestess by night. Now Curott can add author to her various incarnations. The attorney just auctioned her memoirs, *Book of Shadows*, to Broadway Books for a six-figure sum.

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne and Zoe Wolff.

A SHARP OBJECT OF DESIRE

The most recent romance for disco owner **Howard Stein**, the brains behind Xenon, Au Bar, and System, has ended in a nightmare of knife play. Last November, Stein and his girlfriend, 22-year-old Somali student **Ayan Said**, set off for a cozy weekend at the Point, an ultra-exclusive upstate resort. But their romantic getaway quickly went awry. After piercing screams and crashes were heard from Stein's suite, local cops arrived to find Stein and Said in "an altercation," which police later described as "a shouting match, with pushing and shoving by both parties." Arrangements

were made for Stein to leave the hotel premises immediately, and to spend the night at a nearby motel. Stein, who describes his former flame as a "maniac," called the incident "a total nightmare" and insists he was the one attacked. He claims Said "went crazy," then "grabbed a paring knife from the fruit plate and lunged at me—she cut my hand." Stein also says he gave Said \$500 to "take a limo back to New York" and decamped to the motel: "I just wanted to get away from her. I didn't care about the money." Protests Said: "I'm just a little girl. I'm not the one with a bad relationship history. He jumped on me, and I took a tiny fruit knife and threatened him with it if he came near me. When he did, I gave him a little nick, like a shaving cut." As for the couple's current status, the thrice-married Stein says, "We have no relationship whatsoever. Here I was trying to be Pygmalion to this beautiful young girl. . . . The only thing I'm guilty of is going on vacation with someone who's nuts."



Howard Stein:
Bladerunner

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TRAITOR.

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ELMORE LEONARD'S

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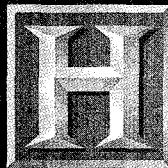
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GOTHAM

Rudeness is the privacy of New Yorkers—Thomas Griffith



Performance Art

FLOATING WITH THE PICKET POSSE OF ALPHABET CITY

CRIME! CRIME! CRIME AGAINST the people," a woman with blonde dreadlocks chanted, shaking her fist in the air. "Stop gentrification now!" a man in a tattered raincoat yelled, waving a REMEMBER 13TH STREET! sign in the air. "Stand back!" a couple of cops warned bystanders as they put up red tape.

It was a familiarly volatile scene unfolding last Monday afternoon on the Lower East Side. Around 40 demonstrators—many of them veterans of the Tompkins Square and 13th Street riots—had gathered outside the offices of Asian Americans for Equality (AAFE), a nonprofit community-development corporation on Division Street, to protest the coming eviction of ABC No Rio, an art gallery and performance space on Rivington Street, from a city-owned building. Recalling the 13th Street squats, the protesters were angry that a housing advocacy group (in this case

AAFE) had agreed to take over a building already occupied by squatters (in this case ABC No Rio).

A man with a blond ponytail stepped onto a milk crate and raised his fist in the air: "AAFE used to stand for something. Now it has spit in the face of its comrades!" The demonstrators hooted and cheered. Another man mounted the milk crate: "By taking over ABC's building, AAFE is doing the city's dirty work." More yells.

Despite

their angry words, most of the demonstrators were in good spirits. It was a sunny and unexpectedly warm day, and the anarchists (around ten young kids in torn clothes and leather hiking boots) who had come along to support ABC No Rio were stomping happily in a circle, beating on drums and blowing whistles. Two guys with scraggly gray beards from a Ninth Street squat stood smiling in the sun and holding up green banners that read HANDS OFF ABC. One said to the other, "We don't have a soapbox to stand on because we're squatters and we don't use soap." Everybody cracked up.

A tall man wearing a black leather coat and a tie came out of the building and walked up to the protesters. "We tried to make a deal with ABC No Rio," said Frank Lang, the associate director of AAFE, "but you walked out of negotiations." "You've been lying to us all along," a woman with a tattoo on her neck interrupted. Lang walked back into the building.

After about an hour, when most of the spectators had moved on and only a few police officers remained, the demonstrators huddled together and decided to change locations. Another city-owned building had also been given to a community-development corporation and it was also in danger. "We're heading north to support our comrades," a guy with a crew-cut told the police as the group marched up Allen Street banging on drums

and pushing mountain bikes.

Half an hour later, the troop arrived at the offices of People's Mutual Housing, on East 3rd Street. They packed into its waiting room and yelled, "No housing! No peace!" One protester jumped up and sat on the receptionist's counter and said, "We're here to support our comrades who you're kicking out of the 5th Street squat. What do you think of that?"

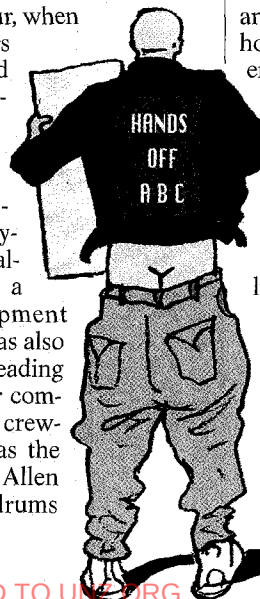
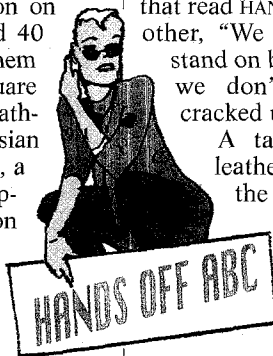
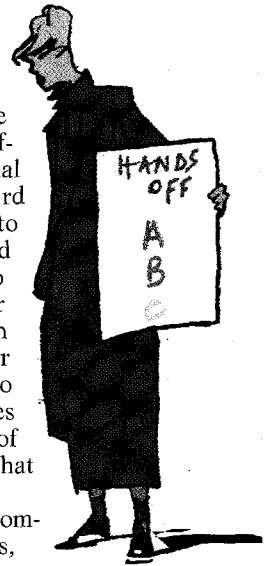
The receptionist, a woman in her early twenties, giggled.

Ten minutes later, a couple of squad cars arrived and the demonstrators began chanting even louder. A sergeant approached and asked, "Can you give us an idea how long you're going to be here?" Somebody yelled, "We don't know!" The cops conferred and then drove off. One protester, looking a little disappointed, said, "What's the name of this organization again?"

After the yelling had died down, a woman wearing a purple hat stood up and announced, "They're going to turn the Gas Station"—a former sculpture garden on 2nd Street and Avenue B—"into condominiums!"

The protesters picked up their banners and marched over to 2nd Street. "No housing! No peace!" they yelled at the empty lot.

NORMAN VANAMEE



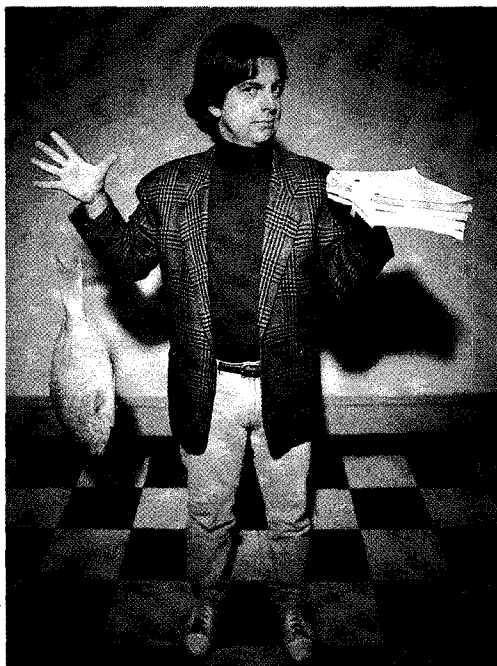
Fame GUMPEL HAPPENS: LUCK IS A CAT NAMED GORBY

NEAL GUMPEL STILL CAN'T BELIEVE HIS luck. He's looking up at the fourth floor of an inconspicuous apartment building on 72nd Street near Central Park West, which is where it all began. "Late last summer, I was watching this cat, Gorby, for a friend"—okay, an actor friend, but no one famous or anything—"when Jim Sheridan came in with his daughter to see about [her]

Illustration by Iswan Banyan.



LICENSED TO UNICORP
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Lucky man: Fish guy turned screenwriter Neal Gumpel.

staying at the apartment. He plopped down on a couch and eventually picked up my screenplay, which was lying on a table—okay, in plain view, but Gumpel swears he'd never heard of the co-writer and director of *My Left Foot* and *In the Name of the Father*.

The next day Gumpel, 39, was set to have coffee with Sheridan at the Parker Meridien. He was asked to bring along his 106-page script, *Lucky Men*, kind of a *Stand By Me* of the seventies in which four boys from Port Chester come of age at a Watkins Glen rock concert. "But Sheridan wasn't in his room," says Gumpel, who still parts his hair down the middle, seventies-style. "I thought it was all a cruel joke, but he eventually came over, wearing sweats, with this guy, Danny"—okay, Daniel Day-Lewis. "I didn't even know who Daniel Day-Lewis was. A few hours later, Sheridan called me from a plane and said he was going to produce the script."

So Gumpel isn't the most aggressive screenwriter in the world. Actually, until about a month ago, he was a counterman at Citarella fish market on Broadway. Then he quit. "I didn't send the script around at all, but the guys inside there believed in me," Gumpel says. "My friends in the movie business"—okay, Upper West Side stars who used to come into the store—"didn't believe it. They said Sheridan writes his own things."

But Sheridan didn't merely buy *Lucky Men* for six figures. He took Gumpel, who was depressed, divorced, and ready to flee Manhattan, under his wing, bringing him to film festivals in Toronto and East Hampton, where *Some Mother's Son* was being screened. "The limo. The suite

at the Four Seasons. The private parties. I was there," Gumpel says, not actually pinching himself. Sheridan introduced him to super-agent Robert Bookman of Creative Artists Agency, which is currently shopping around Gumpel's three other scripts.

"The event itself is obviously rare," Bookman says about the discovery of Neal Gumpel. "Maybe I'm naïve, but I'm a firm believer that good writing is always found by someone who can do something about it."

Sheridan hopes to begin shooting the film—modestly budgeted at under \$10 million—in mid-April, with Gumpel's high-school chum, director-writer George Gallo, directing. "It's politically incorrect," Gallo says of *Lucky Men*, "but in a good way."

Deep into his third rewrite of *Lucky Men*, Gumpel remains somewhat awestruck by his good fortune. "It sounds corny, but when the truck rolls up in Port Chester with all the lights, cameras, and action, I'll feel redeemed when my three daughters see it," he says. "I want them to think their father can do something right, that he's not really a jerk."

HAROLD GOLDBERG

Sorority A WHOLE LOTTA GIRLS SITTING AROUND TALKING

STEAK'S BACK, CIGARS ARE BACK, DEBS ARE back. So girls must be back, too, right?

S H O T



B train, Brooklyn, 4 P.M., January 7, 1997, photographed by Greg Miller.

THE SKINNY

SMOKE ENDERS Just in time for all those New Year's resolutions, an ad began showing up recently in subways: NICORETTE GUM IS NOT A CRUTCH, IT'S HELP TO GET THROUGH YOUR CRAVINGS. SO IF ANYONE



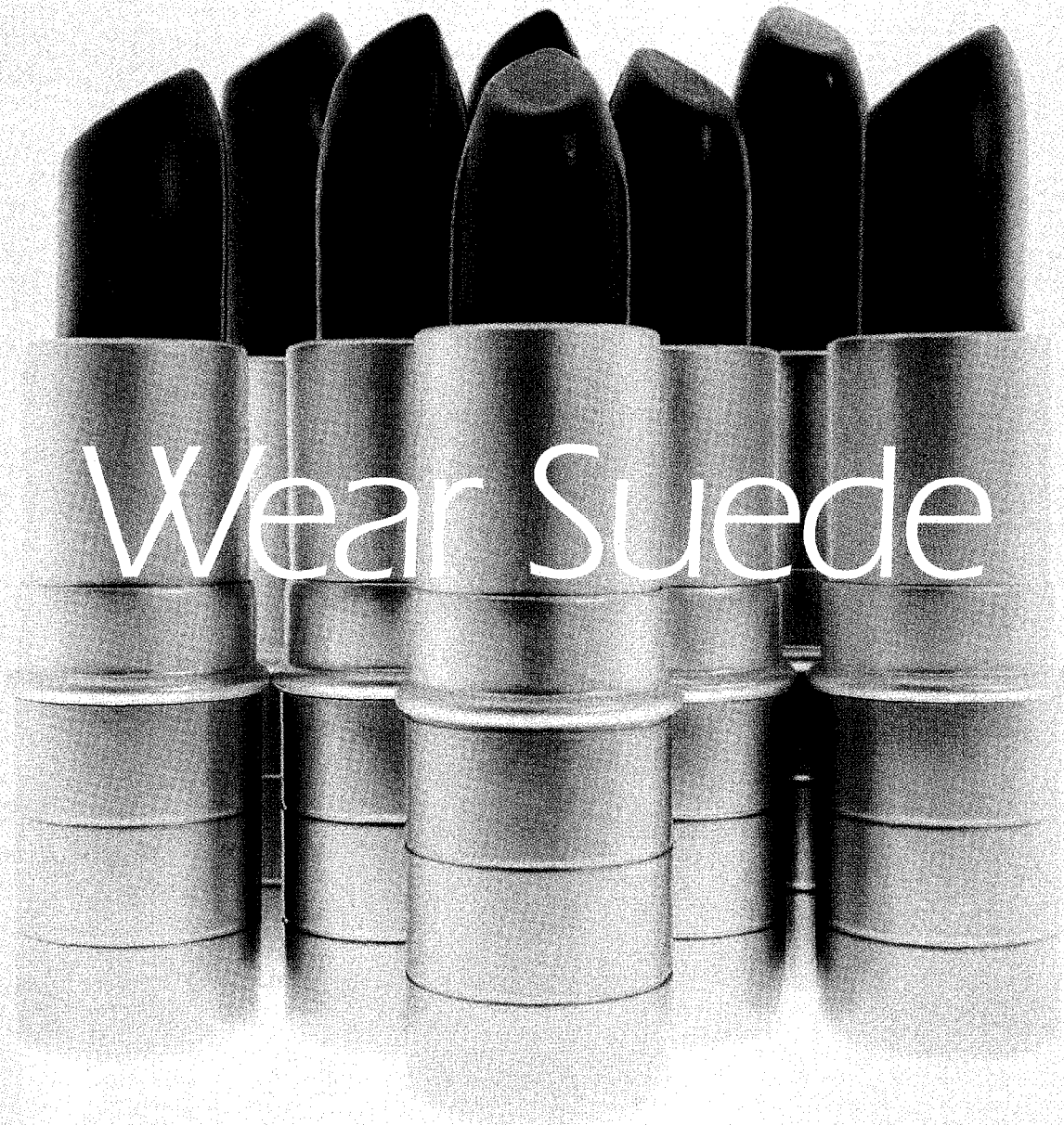
TELLS YOU IT'S A CRUTCH, HIT THEM OVER THE HEAD WITH ONE. How's that for advice? "If you have assets you're definitely going to be in trouble, because you'll be liable for the assault," warns Sanford Rubenstein, a personal-injury expert from 1-800-LAWYERS. "You may be able to claim it was Nicorette's fault—but that would be a stretch."

Yeah, but with a difference: The First National Girls Conference—held half a block from the U.N. January 3 and 4—was a forum for actual girls (9- to 16-year-olds, specifically) to talk to one another about everything from unfair application of dress-code rules and stereotyped gender roles on TV to equal pay.

At 9 A.M. on the meeting's second day, the 135 girls piled noisily into a basement conference room at UNICEF House, where Gloria Steinem, Sheryl Swoopes, and Marlo Thomas talked about their childhoods and their careers and fielded questions from the floor.

"As a girl, did you ever, like, think about your rights or have any ideas on how you wanted to change them?" Lizzie Hazlett, 11, asked Steinem. As a girl, Steinem replied, she hadn't gone to school regularly. "It wasn't until I was 12 or 13 and I was going to school that I dis-

bloomingdale's



New. 14 Matte Shades. This ultra comfortable, longwearing formula provides silky, smooth coverage that is never dry or cakey. Soft Suede Lipstick, \$15.00 Suggested Retail. January 16 through January 22. **Meet the Makeup Experts**—exclusively at Bloomingdale's. Book early—space is limited. 212-705-3131

PRESCRIPTIVES

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covered that girls didn't have rights. And unfortunately . . . I just accepted it until I was in my thirties."

What, another wanted to know, was each of the panelists' greatest achievement as a girl? For Olympic basketball medalist Swoopes, it was winning a sports-based scholarship to college; for Steinem, it was "surviving as myself in spite of things that happen—my mother was not well and we lived in a house trailer"; for Thomas, oddly enough, it was being a cheerleader, because she "was an outsider." A budding structuralist asked whether the women on the stage might actually *depend* on sexism as a motivating force. (Emphatically *not*, was the unanimous reply.)

The conference was the result of a year's planning by the National Girls Coalition's Andrea Johnston and a steering committee of 25 girls around the country; it grew out of a roving series of workshops called Girls Speak Out that

Johnston and Steinem founded three years ago. "The term *women's movement* has always been a bit of a misnomer," Steinem said. "We're really concerned with the entire female half of the population."

Constituent organizations (the Girl Scouts, Girls Incorporated, Planned Parenthood, and ten others) found a racially, economically, and geographically diverse group of girls. They set the conference agenda themselves, including a workshop titled "Images of Girls in the Media" that left no possible angle on the subject unexplored: One fashionably dressed, self-assured adolescent complained, "Have you ever seen a girl drug dealer on TV?" A mousy preteen wearing overalls and a *New Moon* magazine T-shirt chimed in, "I've never seen a movie where it's a girl doing violent things to a guy."



Mash note: Dana White in *Love Letters*.

At the conference finale, a tiny girl in a crooping, too-big baseball cap raised her hand and spoke into the microphone: "Younger girls might be confused by some of these issues. So when we go home we should organize groups to explain to them about this stuff." "How old is 'younger'?" asked a visibly surprised Johnston. "Five and 4," came the unhesitating reply.

ETHAN SMITH

SITE LINES

Que Serra, Serra



Martha Schwartz's surreal landscape fantasy for Foley Square.

IN 1981, ARTIST RICHARD SERRA CHOSE AGGRESSION, AND WHO COULD BLAME HIM? HE SLICED THE UGLY, windswept plaza in front of the Jacob K. Javits Federal Office Building in two with *Tilted Arc*, a 12-foot-high, 120-foot-long, 75-ton rusted steel blade. Possibly the most controversial work of public art ever erected, the sculpture was removed in 1989.

Landscape architect Martha Schwartz took a more conciliatory approach to the space. She understood that the neighborhood workers just wanted a place where they could sit outside and eat lunch. So last summer she began cramming the plaza with benches—long, snaky, neon-green benches that loop like slot-car tracks and seem to glow in the shadows cast by the surrounding buildings.

In starchy Foley Square—more a civics lesson than a neighborhood—Schwartz has made a place that is unusually inviting but also willfully alien. Annoyed that New Yorkers cling to the ideal of Frederick Law Olmsted's nineteenth-century parks as preschoolers cling to worn teddy bears, Schwartz decided to pervert the things we hold dear. "I was tweaking New York City's nose," she explains.

She took familiar park benches and made them kooky. She took historic gas lamps and stretched them way too tall. To lend the flat plaza some topography, she installed sod-covered hillocks shaped like Hostess Sno Balls. She made the concrete bollards intended to protect the Federal Building from truck bombs slightly surreal: They resemble eggs. ("Some people," remarks an architect who works in the building, "think of those as vibrators.")

Unlike *Tilted Arc*, the landscape, still a work-in-progress, isn't considered art. It was commissioned as part of a project to repair the leaking roof of the parking garage below the plaza. This means that Schwartz didn't have to go through a complicated approval process. It also means she has no guarantee that her work will be maintained over time—a right granted artists with public commissions as a direct result of the Serra debacle.

KARRIE JACOBS

Stage

FOR THIS PRODUCER, IT'S NO SPRINGTIME FOR HITLER

IT WAS PROBABLY INEVITABLE THAT TUVIA Tenenbom's production of *Love Letters to Adolf Hitler* would provoke outrage even before it opened in an offbeat downtown space last week. How could it have been otherwise?

The letters were salvaged from the Berlin Reich Chancellory in 1946 by William Emker, a German émigré who collected more than 5,000 documents, including over 100 billets-doux. No one was interested in the cache; finally, in 1994, the love letters were published in Germany, and theaters there began dramatizing their sentiments. Tenenbom read about the book and tracked down a copy. The letters challenged his own prejudices about Germans. "It dawned on me that they are as human as I am," he says. "They're emotional as I am." Most people can be seduced and then easily persuaded to hate, he adds, "given the right media, the right brainwashing."

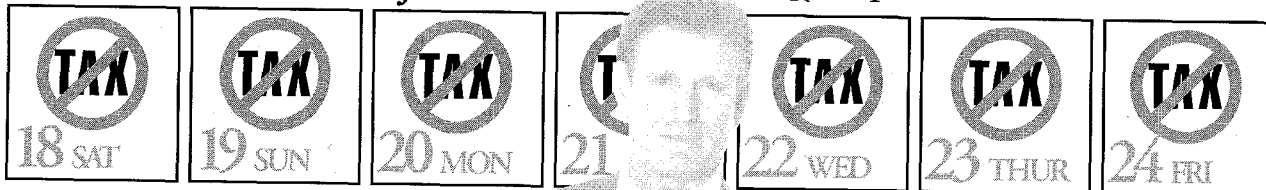
When Tenenbom announced the production last fall, many financial backers of his upstart Jewish Theater of New York dropped out, and ads for prospective cast members provoked indignant calls. Nevertheless, *Love Letters to Adolf Hitler* opened January 4 at Synchronicity Space. And if Tenenbom creates controversy with his work, that's fine with him.

"Tuvia gets everyone talking," says assistant director David Hirsh. "It's his way of enlightening people."

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THE SCENE All the King's Men

At the Harley-Davidson Cafe to celebrate Elvis Presley's 65th birthday.

By Ariel Kaminer

Photographed by Patrick McMullan

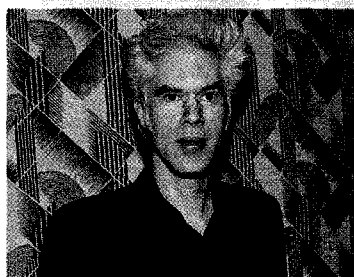
A LOT OF THESE GUYS DO THEIR OWN thing," said a representative of the Harley-Davidson Cafe, not altogether convincingly, of the seven almost identically clad Elvis impersonators gathered downstairs. "Skinny Elvis, fat Elvis, old Elvis. Mostly the fat Elvises are the old Elvises."

It only looked that simple. Mike Memphis, in black and red satin, pointed to a guy in a white jumpsuit with an elaborately bejeweled front. "He's wearing stone-and-nail flame, from when Elvis was in Vegas, but he's not fat. It's not the weight; it's the costume." And how you use it.

Mike Vegas ("I always get people corn-beefin' my name," groused Memphis) complained, "I get sick and tired of seeing overweight, bald Elvises. There are so many of them out there"—he shot a disapproving look at the men behind him, also all wearing jumpsuits and sunglasses—"it's hard to separate the good from the . . . well, I'll let you use your imagination."

As the supply of fried peanut-butter sandwiches and cheese grits dwindled, and the rock and roll gave way to ballads, the show settled into a mellow end-of-the-evening vibe. Blue-suit Elvis sang "Falling in Love With You," and the guy who'd been introducing himself as Retired Elvis danced close with a woman from the audience. She looked up at him adoringly. He was lip-synching the song. He just couldn't help himself.

Mike Memphis and Mike Vegas celebrating the King's birthday at the Harley-Davidson Cafe.



Top, Maya Angelou with Lauren Shakeley, the publisher of Clarkson Potter, at the Algonquin for a Random House Children's Books luncheon. Above, Jim Jarmusch at the New York Film Critics Circle Awards.



Top, Helen Schiffer, Dana Hammond, Nina Griscom, and Howard Gittis at the Metropolitan Club for a cocktail party in honor of the Southampton Hospital. Above, Pilar Viladas, Philip Cooper, and Kitty Hawks at a party for Ms. Viladas, the New York Times's new editor of Home Design. Left, Danielle Cannova and designer Miguelina at the In-Style Works Designer Awards, benefiting Gilda's Club.



Tenenbom, 39, grew up in an ultra-Orthodox Israeli family before he rebelled and pursued a secular life in America. He lost many relatives in the Holocaust; Nazis sliced his grandfather into fifteen pieces, threw the dead man's children into the river while their mother watched, and finished by shooting her. Yet Tenenbom, the Jewish Theater's artistic director, felt compelled to produce *Love Letters*, a play with no Jews, because it seeks to understand those who sought to destroy Jewish culture. He has no patience for the mainstream work of such established groups as the Jewish Repertory Theater and the American Jewish Theater, in which every Jew "is a lawyer or an accountant or a dentist, and every Jewish mother is a big, huge shopper."

Both his attitude and his characterization offend Stanley Brechner, artistic director of the AJT. "He sounds like he's gotten himself on the New York Board of Rabbis and he's going to dispense what is kosher and what is not kosher," Brechner says, calling such arrogance "typically Israeli."

On the other hand, the Jewish Rep's artistic director, Ran Avni, cheerfully says that newcomers always define themselves vis-à-vis the original: "I think it's good, actually, the desire to do something different."

Different, indeed. Tenenbom wrote his company's first three plays, all of which had extended, sold-out runs: *One Hundred Gates* explored the sex lives of Hasidic Jews in Jerusalem; *Like Two Eagles* employed switched-at-birth farce to undermine prejudices held by Palestinians and Israelis; *The Beggar of Borough Park* asked whether Jews really do love money too much.

While Tenenbom isn't especially observant, he does think American Jews are too assimilated, and that "it's time to go back to our roots."

"I had an 87-year-old man come up to me after *One Hundred Gates*," he adds, "and say to me, 'For 87 years I knew I was Jewish, but I never knew what it meant. Tonight I know.'"

In *Love Letters*, Tenenbom created composite characters, like the strident Nazi who boasts of her Aryan perfection and the flirtatious young woman who mails Hitler a key to her new apartment.

"What I would love to do—if I could—is to cover every street you drive on with roses, or lay down red velvet carpets all along the way," coos one note. The actresses "reenact the moments of the writing," explains Tenenbom. The play, he says, challenges audiences to briefly empathize with those women, recognizing who they were—and how they might have been led down the path they chose.

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BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT THEY WANT.



THEY JUST WANT YOU TO STAY HEALTHY.
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PRAVACHOL. THE ONLY CHOLESTEROL-LOWERING
DRUG OF ITS KIND PROVEN TO HELP PREVENT
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If you have high cholesterol, there's something you should know. You may be at risk of having a first heart attack, even if you have no signs of any heart problems. And the grim fact of the matter is, up to 33% of people do not survive their first heart attack.

If improving your diet and exercise is not enough, you should ask your doctor about PRAVACHOL. The first and only cholesterol-lowering drug of its kind proven to help prevent first heart attacks. It may be able to help you live a longer, healthier life.

A new landmark five-year study including over 6,500 males with high cholesterol showed a dramatic reduction (approximately one-third) in the number of first heart attacks and

deaths due to heart disease among those taking PRAVACHOL.

PRAVACHOL, when used with diet, has been proven to reduce the risk of a first heart attack, reduce the risk of death from heart disease, and reduce the risk of heart surgery in people with high cholesterol but no symptoms or history of heart disease.

PRAVACHOL is a prescription drug, so you should ask your doctor or healthcare professional if PRAVACHOL is right for you. Some side effects, such as slight rash or mild stomach upset, occur in about 2-4% of patients.

PRAVACHOL should not be taken by women who are pregnant or nursing, people who are allergic to any of its ingredients or by anyone with liver disease. Your doctor may perform tests to check your liver

before and during treatment.

Be sure to tell your doctor right away if you experience any muscle pain or weakness, as it may be a sign of a serious side effect. Be sure to mention any medications you are taking so any possible serious drug interactions can be avoided. Please see important information on the next page.

Please keep this reminder.

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Pravachol is right for you or
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for more information on the
first and only cholesterol-lowering
drug of its kind proven to help
prevent first heart attacks.*

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CONTRAINDICATIONS: Hypersensitivity to any component of this medication. Active liver disease or unexplained, persistent elevations in liver function tests (see **WARNINGS**). **Pregnancy and Lactation.** Atherosclerosis is a chronic process and discontinuation of lipid-lowering drugs during pregnancy should have little impact on the outcome of long-term therapy of primary hypercholesterolemia. Cholesterol and other products of cholesterol biosynthesis are essential components for fetal development (including synthesis of steroids and cell membranes). Since HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors decrease cholesterol synthesis and possibly the synthesis of other biologically active substances derived from cholesterol, they may cause fetal harm when administered to pregnant women. Therefore, HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are contraindicated during pregnancy and in nursing mothers. **Pravastatin should be administered to women of childbearing age only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards.** If the patient becomes pregnant while taking this class of drug, therapy should be discontinued and the patient apprised of the potential hazard to the fetus. **WARNINGS: Liver Enzymes** — HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors, like some other lipid-lowering therapies, have been associated with biochemical abnormalities of liver function. Increases of serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values to more than 3 times the upper limit of normal occurring on 2 or more (not necessarily sequential) occasions have been reported in 1.3% of patients treated with pravastatin in the US over an average period of 18 months. These abnormalities were not associated with cholestasis and did not appear to be related to treatment duration. In those patients in whom these abnormalities were believed to be related to pravastatin and who were discontinued from therapy, the transaminase levels usually fell slowly to pretreatment levels. These biochemical findings are usually asymptomatic although worldwide experience indicates that anorexia, weakness, and/or abdominal pain may also be present in rare patients. **It is recommended that liver function tests be performed before the initiation of treatment, at 6 and 12 weeks after initiation of therapy or elevation in dose, and periodically thereafter (e.g., semiannually).** Patients who develop increased transaminase levels should be monitored with a second liver function evaluation to confirm the finding and be followed thereafter with frequent liver function tests until the abnormality(ies) return to normal. Should an increase in AST or ALT of three times the upper limit of normal or greater persist, withdrawal of pravastatin therapy is recommended. Active liver disease or unexplained transaminase elevations are contraindications to the use of pravastatin (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). Caution should be exercised when pravastatin is administered to patients with a history of liver disease or heavy alcohol ingestion (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Pharmacokinetics/Metabolism**). Such patients should be closely monitored, started at the lower end of the recommended dosing range, and titrated to the desired therapeutic effect. **Skeletal Muscle** — Rare cases of rhabdomyolysis with acute renal failure secondary to myoglobinuria have been reported with pravastatin and other drugs in this class. Uncomplicated myalgia has also been reported in pravastatin-treated patients (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). Myopathy, defined as muscle aching or muscle weakness in conjunction with increases in creatine phosphokinase (CPK) values to greater than 10 times the upper normal limit, was rare (< 0.1%) in pravastatin clinical trials. Myopathy should be considered in any patient with diffuse myalgias, muscle tenderness or weakness, and/or marked elevation of CPK. Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Pravastatin therapy should be discontinued if markedly elevated CPK levels occur or myopathy is diagnosed or suspected.** Pravastatin therapy should also be temporarily withheld in any patient experiencing an acute or serious condition predisposing to the development of renal failure secondary to rhabdomyolysis, e.g., sepsis; hypotension; major surgery; trauma; severe metabolic, endocrine, or electrolyte disorders; or uncontrolled epilepsy. The risk of myopathy during treatment with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor is increased with concomitant therapy with cyclosporine, niacin, or fibrates. However, niacin, cyclosporine, or fibrates have been observed in three reports involving a total of 1100 post-transplant patients (24 renal and 76 cardiac) treated for up to two years concurrently with pravastatin 10-40 mg and cyclosporine. Some of these patients also received other concomitant immunosuppressive therapies. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant patients receiving cyclosporine. Further, in clinical trials involving small numbers of patients who were treated concurrently with pravastatin and niacin, there were no reports of myopathy. Also, myopathy was not reported in a trial of combination pravastatin (40 mg/day) and gemfibrozil (1200 mg/day), although 4 of 75 patients on the combination showed marked CPK elevations versus one of 73 patients receiving placebo. There was a trend toward more frequent CPK elevations and patient withdrawals due to musculoskeletal symptoms in the group receiving combined treatment as compared with the groups receiving placebo, gemfibrozil, or pravastatin monotherapy (see **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions**). The use of fibrates alone may occasionally be associated with myopathy. The combined use of pravastatin and fibrates should be avoided unless the benefit of further alterations in lipid levels is likely to outweigh the increased risk of this drug combination. **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle** — Pravastatin may elevate creatine phosphokinase and transaminase levels (see **ADVERSE REACTIONS**). This should be considered in the differential diagnosis of chest pain in a patient on therapy with pravastatin. **Homozygous Familial Hypercholesterolemia.** Pravastatin has not been evaluated in patients with rare homozygous familial hypercholesterolemia. In this group of patients, it has been reported that HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors are less effective because the patients lack functional LDL receptors. **Renal Insufficiency.** A single 20 mg oral dose of pravastatin was administered to 24 patients with varying degrees of renal impairment (as determined by creatinine clearance). No effect was observed on the pharmacokinetics of pravastatin or its 3 α -hydroxy isomeric metabolite (S0 31,906). A small increase was seen in mean AUC values and half-life (t $_{1/2}$) for the inactive enzymatic ring hydroxylation metabolite (S0 31,945). Given this small sample size, the dosage administered, and the degree of individual variability, patients with renal impairment who are receiving pravastatin should be closely monitored. **Information for Patients** — Patients should be advised to report promptly unexplained muscle pain, tenderness or weakness, particularly if accompanied by malaise or fever. **Drug Interactions** — **Immunosuppressive Drugs, Gemfibrozil, Niacin (Nicotinic Acid), Erythromycin:** See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle.** **Antihypertensives:** Concomitant administration of pravastatin had no effect on the clearance of antihypertensive agents with other drugs metabolized via the same hepatic cytochrome isozymes are not expected. **Cholestyramine/Colestipol:** Concomitant administration resulted in an approximately 40 to 50% decrease in the mean AUC of pravastatin. However, when pravastatin was administered 1 hour before or 4 hours after cholestyramine or 1 hour before colestipol and a standard meal, there was no clinically significant decrease in bioavailability or therapeutic effect. (See **DOSE AND ADMINISTRATION: Concomitant Therapy, Warfarin:** In a study involving 10 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and warfarin concomitantly for 6 days, bioavailability parameters at steady state for pravastatin (parent compound) were not altered. Pravastatin did not alter the plasma protein-binding of warfarin. Concomitant dosing did increase the AUC and C $_{max}$ of warfarin but did not produce any changes in its anticoagulant action (i.e., no increase was seen in mean prothrombin time after 6 days of concomitant therapy). However, bleeding and extreme prolongation of prothrombin time have been reported with another drug in this class. Patients receiving warfarin-type anticoagulants should have their prothrombin times closely monitored when pravastatin is initiated or the dosage of pravastatin is changed. **Cimetidine:** The AUCs for pravastatin when given with cimetidine were not significantly different from the AUC for pravastatin when given alone. A significant difference was observed between the AUCs for pravastatin when given with cimetidine compared to when administered with antacid. **Digoxin:** In a crossover trial involving 18 healthy male subjects given pravastatin and digoxin concurrently for 9 days, the bioavailability parameters of digoxin were not affected. The AUC of pravastatin tended to increase, but the overall bioavailability of pravastatin plus its metabolites S0 31,906 and S0 31,945 was not altered. **Cyclosporine:** Some investigators have measured cyclosporine levels in patients on pravastatin, and to date, these results indicate no clinically meaningful elevations in cyclosporine levels. In one single-dose study, pravastatin levels were found to be increased in cardiac transplant patients receiving cyclosporine. **Gemfibrozil:** In a crossover study in 20 healthy male volunteers given concomitant single doses of pravastatin and gemfibrozil, there was a significant decrease in urinary excretion and protein binding of pravastatin. In addition, there was a significant increase in AUC, C $_{max}$, and T $_{max}$ for the pravastatin metabolite S0 31,906. Combination therapy with pravastatin and gemfibrozil is generally not recommended. In interaction studies with aspirin, antacids (1 hour prior to PRAVACHOL), cimetidine, nicotinic acid, or probucol, no statistically significant differences in bioavailability were seen when PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) was administered. **Other Drugs:** During clinical trials, no noticeable drug interactions were reported when PRAVACHOL was added to: diuretics, antihypertensives, digitalis, ACE inhibitors, calcium channel blockers, beta-blockers, ergot alkaloids, and oral contraceptives. HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors interfere with cholesterol synthesis and lower circulating cholesterol levels and, as such, might theoretically blunt adrenal or gonadal steroid hormone production. Results of clinical trials with pravastatin in males and post-menopausal females were inconsistent with regard to possible effects of the drug on basal steroid hormone levels. In a study of 21 males, the mean testosterone response to human chorionic gonadotropin was significantly reduced (p < 0.004) after 16 weeks of treatment with 40 mg of pravastatin. However, the percentage of patients showing a $\geq$ 50% rise in plasma testosterone after human chorionic gonadotropin stimulation did not change significantly after therapy in these patients. The effects of HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors on spermatogenesis and fertility have not been studied in adequate numbers of patients. The effects, if any, of pravastatin on the pituitary-gonadal axis in pre-menopausal females are unknown. Patients treated with pravastatin who display clinical evidence of endocrine dysfunction should be evaluated appropriately. Caution should also be exercised if an HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor or other agent used to lower cholesterol levels is administered to patients also receiving other drugs (e.g., ketoconazole, spironolactone, cimetidine) that may diminish the levels or activity of steroid hormones. **CNS Toxicity** — CNS vascular lesions, characterized by perivascular hemorrhage and edema and mononuclear cell infiltration of perivascular spaces, were seen in dogs treated with pravastatin at a dose of 25 mg/kg/day, a dose that produced a plasma drug level about 50 times higher than the mean drug level in humans taking 40 mg/kg/day. Similar CNS vascular lesions have been observed with several other drugs in this class. A chemically similar drug in this class produced optic nerve degeneration (Wallerian degeneration of retinogeniculate fibers) in clinically normal dogs in a dose-dependent fashion starting at 60 mg/kg/day, a dose that produced mean plasma drug levels about 30 times higher than the mean drug level in humans taking the highest recommended dose (as measured by total enzyme inhibitory activity). This same drug also produced vestibulocochlear (Wallerian-like degeneration and retinal ganglion cell chromatolysis) in dogs treated for 14 weeks at 180 mg/kg/day, a dose which resulted in a mean plasma drug level similar to that

seen with the 60 mg/kg/day dose. **Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility** — In a 2-year study in rats fed pravastatin at doses of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg body weight, there was an increased incidence of hepatocellular carcinomas in males at the highest dose (p < 0.01). Although rats were given up to 125 times the human dose (HD) on a mg/kg body weight basis, serum drug levels were only 6 to 10 times higher than those measured in humans given 40 mg pravastatin as measured by AUC. The oral administration of 10, 30, or 100 mg/kg (producing plasma drug levels approximately 0.5 to 5.0 times the human drug levels at 40 mg of pravastatin) to mice for 22 months resulted in a statistically significant increase in the incidence of malignant lymphomas in treated females when all treatment groups were pooled and compared to controls (p < 0.05). The incidence was not dose-related and male mice were not affected. A chemically similar drug in this class was administered to mice for 72 weeks at 25, 100, and 400 mg/kg body weight, which resulted in mean serum drug levels approximately 3, 15, and 33 times higher than the mean human serum drug concentration (as total inhibitory activity) after a 40 mg oral dose. Liver carcinomas were significantly increased in high-dose females and mid- and high-dose males, with a maximum incidence of 90 percent in males. The incidence of adenomas of the liver was significantly increased in mid- and high-dose females. Drug treatment also significantly increased the incidence of lung adenomas in mid- and high-dose males and females. Adenomas of the eye Harderian gland (a gland of the eye of rodents) were significantly higher in high-dose mice than in controls. No evidence of mutagenicity was observed *in vitro*, with or without rat-liver metabolic activation, in the following studies: microbial mutagen tests, using mutant strains of *Salmonella typhimurium* or *Escherichia coli*; a forward mutation assay in L5178Y TK +/– mouse lymphoma cells; a chromosomal aberration test in hamster cells; and a gene conversion assay using *Saccharomyces cerevisiae*. In addition, there was no evidence of mutagenicity in either a dominant lethal test in mice or a micronucleus test in mice. In a study in rats, with daily doses up to 500 mg/kg, pravastatin did not produce any adverse effects on fertility or general reproductive performance. However, in a study with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, there was decreased fertility in male rats treated for 34 weeks at 25 mg/kg body weight, although this effect was not observed in a subsequent fertility study when this same dose was administered for 11 weeks (the entire cycle of spermatogenesis, including epididymal maturation). In rats treated with this same reductase inhibitor at 180 mg/kg/day, seminiferous tubule degeneration (necrosis and loss of spermatogenic epithelium) was observed. Although not seen with pravastatin, two similar drugs in this class caused drug-related testicular atrophy, decreased spermatogenesis, spermatocytic degeneration, and giant cell formation in dogs. The clinical significance of these findings is unclear. **Pregnancy: Pregnancy Category X.** — See **CONTRAINDICATIONS.** Safety in pregnant women has not been established. Pravastatin was not teratogenic in rats at doses up to 1000 mg/kg daily or in rabbits at doses of up to 50 mg/kg daily. These doses resulted in 20x (rabbit) or 240x (rat) the human exposure based on surface area (mg/meter²). However, in studies with another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor, skeletal malformations were observed in rats and mice. There has been one report of severe congenital bony deformity, tracheo-esophageal fistula, and anal atresia (Vater association) in a baby born to a woman who took another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor with dextroamphetamine sulfate during the first trimester of pregnancy. PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) should be administered to women of child-bearing potential only when such patients are highly unlikely to conceive and have been informed of the potential hazards. If the woman becomes pregnant while taking PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium), it should be discontinued and the patient advised again as to the potential hazards to the fetus. **Nursing Mothers** — A small amount of pravastatin is excreted in human breast milk. Because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants, women taking PRAVACHOL should not nurse (see **CONTRAINDICATIONS**). **Pediatric Use** — Safety and effectiveness in individuals less than 18 years old have not been established. Hence, treatment in patients less than 18 years old is not recommended at this time. **ADVERSE REACTIONS:** Pravastatin is generally well tolerated; adverse reactions have usually been mild and transient. In 4-month long placebo-controlled trials, 1.7% of pravastatin-treated patients and 1.2% of placebo-treated patients were discontinued from treatment because of adverse experiences attributed to study drug therapy; this difference was not statistically significant. In long-term studies, the most common reasons for discontinuation were asymptomatic serum transaminase increases and mild, non-specific gastrointestinal complaints. During clinical trials the overall incidence of adverse events in the elderly was not different from the incidence observed in younger patients. **Adverse Clinical Events** — All adverse clinical events (regardless of attribution) reported in more than 2% of pravastatin-treated patients in the placebo-controlled trials are identified in the table below; also shown are the percentages of patients in whom these medical events were believed to be related or possibly related to the drug:

Body System/Event	All Events		Events Attributed to Study Drug	
	Pravastatin (N = 900)	Placebo (N = 411)	Pravastatin (N = 900)	Placebo (N = 411)
Cardiovascular				
Cardiac Chest Pain	4.0	3.4	0.1	0.0
Dermatologic Rash	4.0*	1.1	1.3	0.9
Gastrointestinal				
Nausea/Vomiting	7.3	7.1	2.9	3.4
Diarrhea	6.2	5.6	2.0	1.9
Abdominal Pain	5.4	6.9	2.0	3.9
Constipation	4.0	7.1	2.4	5.1
Flatulence	3.3	3.6	2.7	3.4
Heartburn	2.9	1.9	2.0	0.7
General				
Fatigue	3.8	3.4	1.9	1.0
Chest Pain	3.7	1.9	0.3	0.2
Influenza	2.4*	0.7	0.0	0.0
Musculoskeletal				
Localized Pain	10.0	9.0	1.4	1.5
Myalgia	2.7	1.0	0.6	0.0
Nervous System				
Headache	6.2	3.9	1.7*	0.2
Dizziness	3.3	3.2	1.0	0.5
Renal/Genitourinary				
Urinary Abnormality	2.4	2.9	0.7	1.2
Respiratory				
Common Cold	7.0	6.3	0.0	0.0
Rhinitis	4.0	4.1	0.1	0.0
Cough	2.6	1.7	0.1	0.0

*Statistically significantly different from placebo.

In the Pravastatin Primary Prevention Study (West of Scotland Coronary Prevention Study) (see **CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY: Clinical Studies**) involving 6595 patients treated with PRAVACHOL (pravastatin sodium) (N = 3302) or placebo (N = 3293) the adverse event profile in the pravastatin group was comparable to that of the placebo group over the median 4.8 years of the study. The following effects have been reported with drugs in this class; not all the effects listed below have necessarily been associated with pravastatin therapy: **Skeletal:** myopathy, rhabdomyolysis, arthralgia. **Neurological:** dysfunction of certain cranial nerves (including alteration of taste, impairment of extra-ocular movement, facial paresis), tremor, vertigo, memory loss, paresthesia, peripheral neuropathy, peripheral nerve palsy, anxiety, insomnia, depression. **Hypersensitivity Reactions:** An apparent hypersensitivity syndrome has been reported rarely which has included one or more of the following features: anaphylaxis, angioedema, lupus erythematosus-like syndrome, polymyalgia rheumatica, dermatomyositis, vasculitis, purpura, thrombocytopenia, leukopenia, hemolytic anemia, positive ANA, ESR increase, eosinophilia, arthritis, arthralgia, urticaria, asthenia, photosensitivity, fever, chills, flushing, malaise, dyspnea, toxic epidermal necrolysis, erythema multiforme, including Stevens-Johnson syndrome. **Gastrointestinal:** pancreatitis, hepatitis, including chronic active hepatitis, cholestatic jaundice, fatty change in liver, and rarely, cirrhosis, fulminant hepatic necrosis, and hepatoma; anorexia, vomiting. **Skin:** alopecia, pruritus. A variety of skin changes (e.g., nodules, discoloration, dryness of skin/mucous membranes, changes to hair/nails) have been reported. **Reproductive:** gynecomastia, loss of libido, erectile dysfunction. **Eye:** progression of cataracts (lens opacities), ophthalmoplegia. **Laboratory Abnormalities:** elevated transaminases, alkaline phosphatase, and bilirubin; thyroid function abnormalities. **Laboratory Test Abnormalities** — Increases in serum transaminase (ALT, AST) values and CPK have been observed (see **WARNINGS**). Transient, asymptomatic eosinophilia has been reported. Eosinophil counts usually returned to normal despite continued therapy. Anemia, thrombocytopenia, and leukopenia have been reported with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors. **Concomitant Therapy** — Pravastatin has been administered concurrently with cholestyramine, colestipol, nicotinic acid, probucol and gemfibrozil. Preliminary data suggest that the addition of either probucol or gemfibrozil to therapy with lovastatin or pravastatin is not associated with greater reduction in LDL-cholesterol than that achieved with lovastatin or pravastatin alone. No adverse reactions unique to the combination or in addition to those previously reported for each drug alone have been reported. Myopathy and rhabdomyolysis (with or without acute renal failure) have been reported for another HMG-CoA reductase inhibitor was used in combination with immunosuppressive drugs, gemfibrozil, erythromycin, or lipid-lowering doses of nicotinic acid. Concomitant therapy with HMG-CoA reductase inhibitors and these agents is generally not recommended. (See **WARNINGS: Skeletal Muscle** and **PRECAUTIONS: Drug Interactions**). **OVERDOSEAGE:** To date, there are two reported cases of overdose with pravastatin, both of which were asymptomatic and not associated with clinical laboratory abnormalities. If an overdose occurs, it should be treated symptomatically and supportive measures should be instituted as required. **CAUTION: Federal (USA) law prohibits dispensing without prescription.** Consult package insert before prescribing PRAVACHOL® (pravastatin sodium).

Where Is George?

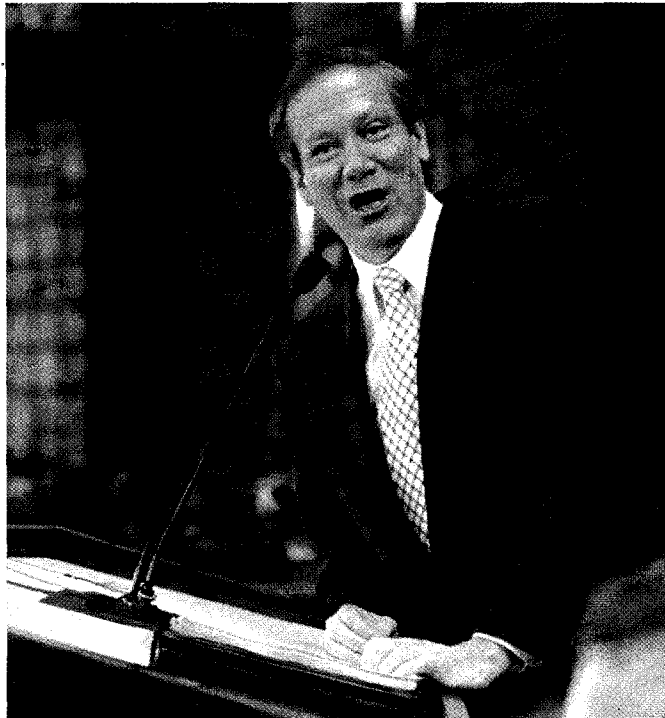
George Pataki says he's right in the center, governor of all the people, pro-education, anti-crime. But can he really please all of the people all of the time?

IN OUR TIME," wrote George Orwell, "political speech and writing are largely the defense of the indefensible." Orwell was among the first—he was writing in 1946—to recognize the true meanings of then-newish words and phrases like *pacification* and *transfer of population*, and we needn't look too hard to see that public duplicity has only been honed in the decades since.

But in the current age, an age in which the constant presence around them of T.V. cameras and tape recorders has ingrained in politicians an understanding that they'd better choose their words with an eye toward how those words might be pressed into future service against them, Orwell's observation deserves an update: In our time, political speech and writing are largely the defense of the inarguable.

In the grand chamber of the State Assembly, listening to Governor George Pataki's hourlong State of the State address last Wednesday, it was impossible to think anything else. Boiled down to its main constituent elements, Pataki's ambling and overdelivered speech said the following: New York's families should have more money in their pockets, to buy the kids encyclopedias and such; education must be improved; people must be moved from welfare to jobs; criminals must be put away; the environment must be protected; and battered women deserve to have the full weight of the law put behind them.

Tussle with any of that, will you? After the speech, in the media staging area, I asked state Democratic chairwoman Judith Hope what in the speech she disagreed with. She paused and finally



Pataki delivering his State of the State speech last Wednesday.

coughed out, "I didn't come here to disagree." I trotted away gleefully, thinking I could attack her and her party for failing to offer an alternative vision, but upon reflection I realized she was right. What was to disagree with? Three of the above six notions can, broadly speaking, be labeled liberal rather than conservative, and the other three, about taxes, welfare, and bad guys, are points on which Clinton-era liberals have long since laid down their swords.

After twelve years of difficult and demanding, New York voters chose simple and affable. Mario Cuomo, for all his shortcomings, was at least someone who could be engaged, someone you could indeed argue with. Pataki's friendly demeanor—"He is a decent, amiable guy," says Democratic state comptroller Carl McCall—and thorough lack of complexity came across to enough voters in 1994 as just the balm that was needed (of course, the calls for tax cuts and the death penalty didn't hurt him, either).

He tried to fill out a portrait of himself, back during the campaign, by playing against Republican type and carrying on about how much he loved the Rolling Stones and Cream, and that was mildly amusing for a while. But the basic fact is, he is one of the most boring public figures imaginable. Sources and gossips used to love speculating endlessly about Cuomo's motives and intentions; now it's virtually impossible to sustain a conversation about Pataki with these same people—people who live for politics—for more than two minutes. The day after the speech, neither tabloid, not even the friendly *Post*, gave him an inch of space on the cover.

And you know what? This is his greatest political strength. "He's got an almost Ronald Reagan-like gift for putting a soft face on hard policies," says political consultant Norman Adler. That's not exactly right: Reagan, whatever else we might say about him, had presence. But it's close enough. When they try to run against him next year, Democrats are likely to find it difficult convincing voters who don't pay that much attention to politics—which is to say, most voters—that a guy this homespun could be doing all the nasty things they'll be accusing him of.

For Pataki, the less people think about him, the better off he is. Which may explain why he's been looking pretty good in polls lately—the governor and the state legislature are rarely in the public eye late in the year. "His improvements usually come from September to December, when there's no substantive business conducted," says Assembly Speaker Sheldon Silver.

But people will be thinking about him more in the coming months. First of all, the legislative session is starting, and it

THE CITY POLITIC

will lead, as it inevitably does, to terrible budget cuts and childish recriminations about whose fault it is that adoption of the budget is so late (law dictates it should be voted on April 1, but in recent years the fight has dragged well into the summer).

And second, when he releases his formal budget proposals this week, he will have to put some specifics behind the syrup that dripped from his TelePrompTer the other day. Indeed, some of what he proposed is not so much inarguable as it is impossible. Consider his statements on two related topics, property taxes and education.

High property taxes are a major issue across the state, and Pataki wants to lower them. Very well. But property taxes support education—\$15 billion of the \$25 billion spent statewide on education arrives via the property-tax levy (this does not apply to New York City in the same way as it does across the rest of the state, because we support education from the general fund produced by all tax revenues). At the same time, he wants to increase education spending by \$250 million. That's nice, too—very

nice, in fact. But it's hard to see how the two can be accomplished simultaneously—without, of course, cutting something else, or several somethings else, absolutely down to the bone.

Anyway, the whole tax-cut craze is one voters have begun to catch on to: At the end of the day, people understand they get it either coming or going. A recent study by State Senator Franz Leichter sheds some light on this. In 1995, when phase one of the Pataki personal-income-tax cuts went into effect, taxpayers paid \$515 million less than they would have. Meanwhile, local governments had to ask them to fork over an extra \$1.54 billion. Local fees and fines went up \$930 million. Transit fares increased \$311 million. Tuition at SUNY and CUNY went up \$211 million. And property taxes? Yes, George Pataki has increased property taxes, according to Leichter, by \$132 million.

You may already have figured out, thinking about the above list, that lots of these cost increases have hit New York City residents the hardest. Well, that's politics—we didn't vote for him, and the rest of the state did. But it was still an-

noying—we are New York City, after all—to hear him throw all those sops upstate and especially to Long Island, where the governor is desperate to please the constituents of his mentor, Alfonso D'Amato, by lowering their electric bills, without a single specific promise directed toward not just New York City but Buffalo, Rochester, Yonkers, or anyplace vaguely urban. "[The address] was crafted," McCall says, "to reaffirm issues important to his core constituency but also to show certain other people 'Hey, I'm not so bad.' The question will be which of these he'll deliver on."

The answer to that question seems easy enough to guess. Genial natures and conservative worldviews are both pretty alien to this city; to be fair to the governor, we have about as much use for him as he does for us. The difference is that his taxes don't pay our salaries, while the fact that ours pay his means he owes us something. Inarguable sentiments, once they have specifics attached to them, can become arguable indeed, and even, well, indefensible. Maybe George—Orwell, that is—was onto something. ■

*Last February,
Jim Cramer predicted that the
Dow would go from 5,000 to 6,500 by the fall.*

Well, it did.

This year, Cramer's call is available only at

THEStreet.com

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or call 1-800-550-3449*

Hot Spots

If you think movies look like commercials and vice versa, just wait. More and more directors are moonlighting in advertising—even after they make the big bucks.

4 T USED TO BE THAT 'COMMERCIAL' movies meant movies that made lots of money," says Ted Sann, chief creative officer and co-CEO of BBDO/New York. "Now we mean they *look* like commercials."

Sann was talking about a growing trend on Madison Avenue: More and more top-flight directors are shooting commercials in between movie projects. Depending on whom you talk to, such moonlighters either create advertisements so great they should be on the big screen, or movies that don't linger in the mind for longer than 30 seconds. Or both.

At least since the seventies, Hollywood has looked to advertising as a potential training ground for directorial talent. The brothers Ridley (*Alien*) and Tony (*Top Gun*) Scott as well as Adrian (*Fatal Attraction*) Lyne and Alan (*Evita*) Parker all cut their teeth doing commercials. What's new about the current crop of directors, however, is how nimbly they jump between Sunset Boulevard and Madison Avenue.

Leading the pack is Spike Lee, who has recently been anointed creative director at his own spin-off agency, Spike/DDB. Then there is Joe Pytko, who says he's "in shock" over the enormous success of *Space Jam* but is continuing to churn out TV spots anyway, for clients such as HBO and Pepsi. David Fincher (*Seven*), Michael Bay (*Bad Boys*), and Barry Sonnenfeld (the Addams Family pictures and *Get Shorty*) are all currently shooting commercials, or will be in the near future.

"Feature-film directors know how to find a magic moment, something that isn't even in the script," says Keith Reinhard, DDBNeedham's chairman and CEO. "Bill Bernbach, who founded this company, always said you can't storyboard a smile." And Hollywood-trained maestros have something else: an expertise in getting the best performances out of actors. "People who do only commercials tend to be more design-driven," says Stephanie Apt, director of broadcast production at J. Walter



Between blockbusters, Michael Bay sold jeans for Levi-Strauss: "I love to shoot," he says.

Thompson/New York, who was so impressed by the ensemble acting in Stanley Tucci's *Big Night* that she hired him to direct a series of upcoming TV spots for New York Cares.

The availability of such high-powered directors leaves some ad execs feeling a bit star-struck. "It's as if Bill Clinton showed up and told a mayor he's willing to run his city for a while," says Barry Hoffman, a creative director at Young & Rubicam. "Suddenly, everyone is for sale." For the right price, that is. With fees reaching as high as \$20,000 a day, a hot director can earn substantially more for his time doing a commercial than directing a movie.

Michael Bay, however, says it's not about money. "I already make plenty from doing features," he states so matter-of-factly, it hardly seems like bragging. Then why after his huge hit *The Rock* does Bay seek out 30-second jobs? "Because I love to shoot, and commercials present a new challenge," he explains. "Billy Wilder said he was always amazed at how ad guys could communicate so much information so

quickly. Every second must convey something."

Bay's experience is typical of this new breed of double-threat director. He recently shot the sexy "elevator ride" spot for Levi-Strauss—a young couple's first glance, first kiss, first child, all in half a minute. But this month, it's on to a new movie, about which he remarks: "Let's just say it's heroic—and will cost about \$100 million."

Blue jeans one day, blockbusters the next. Less-established directors dream of such mobility. Stavros Merjos, whose production house, HSI, has recently formed a new division to groom advertising directors who want to enter film, thinks the trend is a positive one for a simple reason. "Directing is a technical skill," he says. "Practice makes perfect. The guys who shoot all the time are the best directors."

Merjos's clients include Roman Coppola, Matthew Rolston, and Samuel Bayer—who did Nike's emotional "If You Let Me Play Sports" ads, which aired during the Summer Olympics—and he believes (*continued on page 73*)



Apocalypse Later

SURE, THOSE WHO RISE MUST ALSO FALL, BUT NOT NECESSARILY THIS YEAR. A CROWD-PLEASING ARGUMENT FOR A HIGH-GROWTH, LOW-INFLATION, "ALMOST PERFECT" 1997. BY JOHN LISCIO

YOU'D NEVER TELL FROM THE PRESS notices, but business conditions in this country haven't been better since Lyndon Johnson was showing off his surgical scar on national TV. Rare is the economy that can produce a bounty for the equity investor, bondholder, and working stiff alike, but that's exactly the embarrassment of riches this country enjoys as the expansion enters its seventieth month, the second-longest episode of peacetime prosperity since the Second World War. ■ The stock market, that Great American Wealth Machine, has soared more than 60 percent in the past two years, roughly the same percentage

INSIDE:
How to outrun the bears. A Goldman Sachs guru explains New York stocks. What they're touting on the Internet (and why you should watch out). Celebrity investing: Tips from William Bratton, Regis Philbin, and Russell Simmons.

by which the budget deficit has been reduced since Clinton took office. Fiscal discipline and low inflation have helped trim 30-year mortgages to hat-size yields at the very same time that real wages are rising at their fastest clip since the seventies. Consumer confidence is at its loftiest level in a decade; the cost of capital has not been this low, nor the return on capital this high, since the mid-sixties; hell, folks are even saving more—lots more.

Dallas Federal Reserve president Robert McTeer recently pronounced it “an almost perfect economy,” and the National Association of Business Economists predicts that “. . . we’ll be close to Nirvana in 1997.”

This is supposed to be the place where wise-guy financial writers like me tell you that it ain’t gonna last, that nobody, as the Italians say, gets to have his wife drunk and the barrel full for very long. But I’m not going to do that. In fact, I think the economy in 1997 could do even better than it did in the last two years.

It might sound like I’m trying to be a hero, but actually I’m taking my cue from those wonderful folks who bring you recessions and bear markets, the policymakers at the Federal Reserve. In the past, they have functioned as a sort of sadistic referee in the tug of war between labor and capital, blowing a quick whistle anytime labor started flexing some muscle. Whenever it looked like the job market was tight enough to push up wages and trigger inflation, they usually hiked interest rates high enough to bring the expansion to an end. But lately, they have been emitting a more pleasant tune. Fed chairman Alan Greenspan has repeatedly asserted that government statistics overstate inflation and understate productivity growth, a view backed up by several research papers from respected economists at the central bank. And the Fed’s open-market desk has reiterated the chairman’s assessment during its frequent meetings with the professional money-market community. What this means, in layman’s terms, is that the Fed seems willing to accept faster growth and higher wages before raising interest rates. This is a major shift in its approach to monetary policy, and it suggests the expansion and the bull market could continue for at least another year or two.

Greenspan’s take on the economy is backed up by the findings of an independent panel commissioned by the Senate Finance Committee. The Boskin Commission, named after Michael Boskin, the top economist in the Bush administra-

tion, has determined that the consumer price index overstates inflation by 1.1 percent a year, which is no small beer when you consider that the CPI has advanced at an annualized rate of less than 3 percent in the past two years. It doesn’t even matter whether the government formally adopts the findings of the Boskin Commission. Greenspan and most bond traders think it is credible enough, so interest rates in 1997 should not move too much higher than they are right now.

That doesn’t mean that the new year will be free of volatility—especially in the stock market, which is just about the only place where there seems to be any sign of inflation these days. Back in early December, Greenspan shook up bourses

passes for financial analysis these days, is based on little more than numerology. That didn’t stop the financial press from jumping all over it.

Stack observes that there have been only six other times in this century that the Dow Jones Industrial Average has recorded gains of 20 percent or better in successive years. He goes on to say that the years following those huge advances have always been lousy ones for stocks. And he likens the odds of expecting another up year in 1997 to “playing Russian roulette with bullets in five of the six chambers.” Now, that’s tough talk from a guy who’s been shooting blanks for the past four years. There is a big problem with this kind of analysis. It’s not unlike expecting a flipped coin to come up tails seven times in a row; repetition and prediction are just not the same thing. What’s more, in the real world, there are always variables that make pat comparisons

with the past useful for little more than polite elevator conversation. Consider all the rock-solid fundamentals the U.S. economy currently has to recommend it:

- The baby-boomers are just entering their peak earning years, creating billions of dollars in new wealth.
- New technologies continue to spring up everywhere, increasing productivity and lowering costs. On top of that, a broad agreement to eliminate tariffs on billions of dollars’ worth of computer and telecommunications products was just endorsed by major technology-trading countries.
- The collapse of communism has left the U.S. the undisputed world power and has strengthened its position as the repository for a growing portion of the world’s savings.
- Underdeveloped countries like Malaysia, Indonesia, and China are growing by leaps and bounds, creating hundreds of millions of potential consumers for increasingly competitive U.S. exports.
- Almost every industrialized nation in the world, including chronic sticks-in-the-mud like Switzerland and Germany, is loosening constraints on the creation of money.
- The combination of declining health-care costs and tumbling computer prices should keep inflation low in the U.S. And everywhere you look in the developed world, the inflation story is just as good. Even in Italy, the land of pasta, opera, and unbridled fiscal excess, the consumer price index was up just 2.6 percent in the past year.

Another reason I don't think there will be a bear market anytime soon: Too many people using shabby arguments to predict one.

around the world when he posed a simple rhetorical question at a boring black-tie dinner in Washington. “How do we know when irrational exuberance has unduly escalated asset values, which then become subject to unexpected and prolonged contractions as they have in Japan over the past decade?” he asked during a speech at the American Enterprise Institute. “And how do we factor that assessment into monetary policy?” He didn’t provide any answers, but he has brooded about this problem before. In fact, the minutes of the May meeting of the Federal Open Market Committee, the Fed’s policy-making body, revealed that the Fed actually anticipated a stock-market correction that would cool consumer spending. A similar theme was sounded at the November policy confab.

The latest sell-off in stocks was greeted by the usual predictions of impending doom. At just about the bottom of the correction, there were financial commentators Jim Grant and Jimmy Rogers, on *Nightline*, no less, filling Ted Koppel’s ear with their dark crankeries about the coming hard times, a dirge these two financial Calvinists have been mouthing for more than a decade. This is another reason I don’t think there will be a bear market anytime soon. There are just too many people using shabby arguments to predict one. Consider Jim Stack (there must be something about the name Jim), a former IBM whiz kid who writes a market letter from Whitefish, Montana. Stack’s been calling for a bear market for the past 3,000 points. His latest argument, like most of the shrink-wrap that

STILL, HARDLY A DAY PASSES without the papers featuring the flawed causality of yet another apocalyptic. Jim Bianco of Arbor Trading is a particular darling of the financial press. I can't tell you how many times I've seen his stock-market-capitalization/Gross Domestic Product ratio as a sure sign of rampant overvaluation. Bianco's argument is that the dollar value of the 500 stocks in the Standard & Poor's index now exceeds the \$7.6 trillion gross domestic product, a turn of events that can only portend horrible things for the equity market.

Says who? First of all, I'm not sure anyone knows what overvaluation is these days—not me, certainly not Bianco, and not even Greenspan himself. Second, the current ratio of the S&P market capitalization to the GDP is suspect because there is ample evidence that GDP has been chronically understated. Leonard Nakamura of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia has argued that unmeasured consumer spending is causing GDP growth to be underreported by 2 percent to 3 percent a year! His argument was given support by Everett Ehrlich, undersecretary of commerce for economic affairs, who last November publicly admitted that the government's statistical system, which spends more than three times as much on gathering agricultural statistics as it does on measuring GDP, is failing to keep up with a rapidly changing economy. Ehrlich told the *New York Times* that the government has particular trouble tracking rental activity, wholesale trade, and online transactions.

If you talked to senior tax collectors in all the large states the way I do each month, they'd tell you that the amount they've been collecting in payroll and sales taxes continues to exceed their estimates, in many cases by a wide margin. Unlike the government surveys of employment and retail sales, which are based on flawed and incomplete surveys, these tax collections represent real money earned from paychecks and real sales rung up at the cash register. But don't take my word for it. The Center for the Study of the States, a nonprofit organization operating out of Rockefeller University, reports that adjusted revenue growth in the third quarter was the second-strongest since it began toting up the numbers in 1990. That means the economy is doing a lot better than most people think.

These statistical distortions serve equity investors very well. Because actual eco-

nomie growth is much stronger than the numbers generated by the government statistical mills, positive earnings surprises continue to outnumber negative ones by a better than two-to-one ratio. Since the bond market is not intimidated by the rather anemic headline news, interest rates remain low. And the Fed, for its part, is in no hurry to tighten, because it believes that inflation is even more subdued than the CPI indicates.

If there's any threat in the coming year, it's that growth will surge enough for the Fed to break out the wet blanket. So if you're worried about speculative froth in the stock market, take some chips off the table. Unfortunately, that still leaves you with the problem of when to get back in. So here are some investment strategies that should make it easier to ride out the peaks and valleys in the coming year.

1 DOLLAR-COST AVERAGING. SIMPLY HAVE a set amount deducted from your paycheck or checking account each month and invested in a no-load mutual fund. To be safe, make it two or three no-load mutual funds. This simple but time-tested approach ensures that you will buy a greater number of shares when prices

**If there's any threat
in the coming year, it's
that growth will surge
enough for the Fed to
break out the wet blanket.**

are lower and a lesser number when they are high. As long as you keep doing it, you'll come up a winner.

2 BUY THE DOGS OF THE DOW. AGAIN, this almost sounds too pat, except that it works. Buying the five companies in the DJIA with the highest dividend yield has consistently yielded higher returns than any of the market averages. That track record doesn't guarantee success in any given year, but in the course of a decade, it's almost certain to be a winner. And owning a portfolio of blue-chip stocks with juicy dividends will also help you sleep better at night. As of the end of last year, the five highest-yielding stocks in the DJIA were Phillip Morris (4.4 percent), J. P. Morgan (3.6 percent), Texaco (3.5 percent), Chevron (3.4 percent), and Exxon (3.3 percent). Three of the five are oil companies, which usually perform very well late in the business cycle, but if that bothers you, replace two of them with AT&T (3.0 percent) and General Motors (2.8 percent). Many brokerage firms now have unit trusts that buy the so-called dogs of the Dow for you.

3 WEIGHT YOUR PORTFOLIO TOWARD small-capitalization stocks; they've been underperforming the broader market, so it could be their turn to shine. Since this phase of the bull market began back in October 1994, the large-cap S&P 500 has gone up 64 percent, but the small-cap Russell 2000 is up only 43 percent. Last year, the gulf widened, with the S&P 500 stocks up 20 percent but small-caps up just 12 percent. That's a big shift from the historic averages. While a dollar invested in large-cap stocks 70 years ago would have grown to more than \$800,000 today, the same dollar put to work in the small-cap category—which, by the way, comprises the majority of U.S. stocks—would have ballooned to nearly \$3 million today.

4 BUY PROVEN COMPANIES WITH A low price-to-sales ratio. That's the number of dollars it costs an investor to buy a dollar's worth of a company's annual revenue. To calculate the price/sales ratio, divide the company's stock price by the sales per share. Over ten-year cycles, this little-known strategy beat the market an incredible 91 percent of the time, according to James O'Shaughnessy, a Greenwich, Connecticut-based investment adviser who wrote a book on the subject called *What Works on Wall Street* (McGraw-Hill). Price/sales-value play-

ers look for ratios of 1-to-1 or lower. Chrysler, which has a ratio of 0.4, and Mobil, at 0.7, are two good examples, as is Fisher Scientific International, which has a price/sales ratio of just 0.4. Despite its recent run-up, IBM's price/sales ratio is just slightly above 1, but a high flyer like Microsoft commands a price ten times greater than its sales revenue per share.

There's nothing wrong with the approaches that I've laid out, but they are no substitute for doing your own homework. So here's one final observation. The stock market, which has racked up an unprecedented six consecutive years of gains, is overdue for some sort of correction, so if you're looking to get involved but scared about paying top tick, pick a half-dozen stocks you like and subtract 15 to 20 percent from their current price. If the market falls back to that level, force yourself to buy. As long as the newspapers and airwaves are full of warnings from the Grants, Rogers, Stacks, and Biancos of the world, you've got nothing to worry about. ■

Bearproof Your Stash

YOU DON'T WANT TO BE IN SILICON VALLEY IF THE DOW TAKES A DIVE. THAI STOCK, GOLD, AND REAL ESTATE ARE PLACES TO HIDE OUT WHERE THE NEST EGG WON'T LAND ON YOUR FACE. BY ALEX WILLIAMS

IN OCTOBER 14, I WAS SHOWING MY MOTHER and stepfather from California around Wall Street, and we ended up in the viewing booth above the trading floor of the New York Stock Exchange an hour before its 4 P.M. close. The Dow Jones Industrial Average was hovering near a 6,000 close for the first time ever. In the visitors' gallery, we all seemed keenly aware of history. ■ Tourists dressed as if they were slumming at a déclassé horse track pressed their noses against the glass. They were not so much watching the clusters of harried traders in their colored cotton smocks,

jostling and shouting beneath this Fritz Langian tangle of pipes and cables, as they were keeping an eye on the isolated electronic drama unfolding on the green LED tickers hung on the distant walls.

As the ticker tripped up over 6,011, there was a murmur of satisfaction. But then the Dow started hurtling back toward 5,999. The tension rose. This would, after all, be the Dow's third new millennium in a twenty-month span. The bull was charging so furiously, the nation's financial writers were running out of metaphors: bull run, raging bull, *aging* bull. And almost all of us could take credit for its astonishing stamina. In 1996, we dumped more than \$200 billion into its trough via mutual funds; the previous year's record mutual-fund inflow was surpassed in only six months.

By the time the bell rang at 4 P.M., the Dow stood at 6,010. On the floor, one trader tossed a handful of order tickets

into the air. Most, however, chatted coolly and made quick exits.

The response in the gallery was foamier. Some even applauded. The race was over, and we, as a class, had hit the trifecta. I smiled, glad my money was a part of it all. My stepfather—born the same year as Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal—smiled, too. Having cashed out a few weeks before, he was every bit as glad that his money was resting comfortably in a savings account.

Wall Street has become the battleground of an unlikely culture clash. The perennially chastened Wall Street Establishment has been pitted against a New Breed, blinded by ten-year-return figures and intoxicated by easy profits.

The Establishment is older, grayer (at least in outlook). It has invested through all manner of business cycles, and probably got mauled in the bear market of 1973–74, when the S&P 500 slid 44

percent. The Establishment remembers the time, not long ago, when stocks were largely the domain of the Big Boys—institutional investors and seasoned brokers.

The New Breed is composed of college kids, housewives, truck drivers, and salesmen—anyone, really. The distinguishing characteristic of the New Breed is that they learned everything they know about equity investing in the nineties, during the century's greatest bull market. The New Breed trumpets 50 percent gains in the chat rooms of the Internet. And the New Breed expects them.

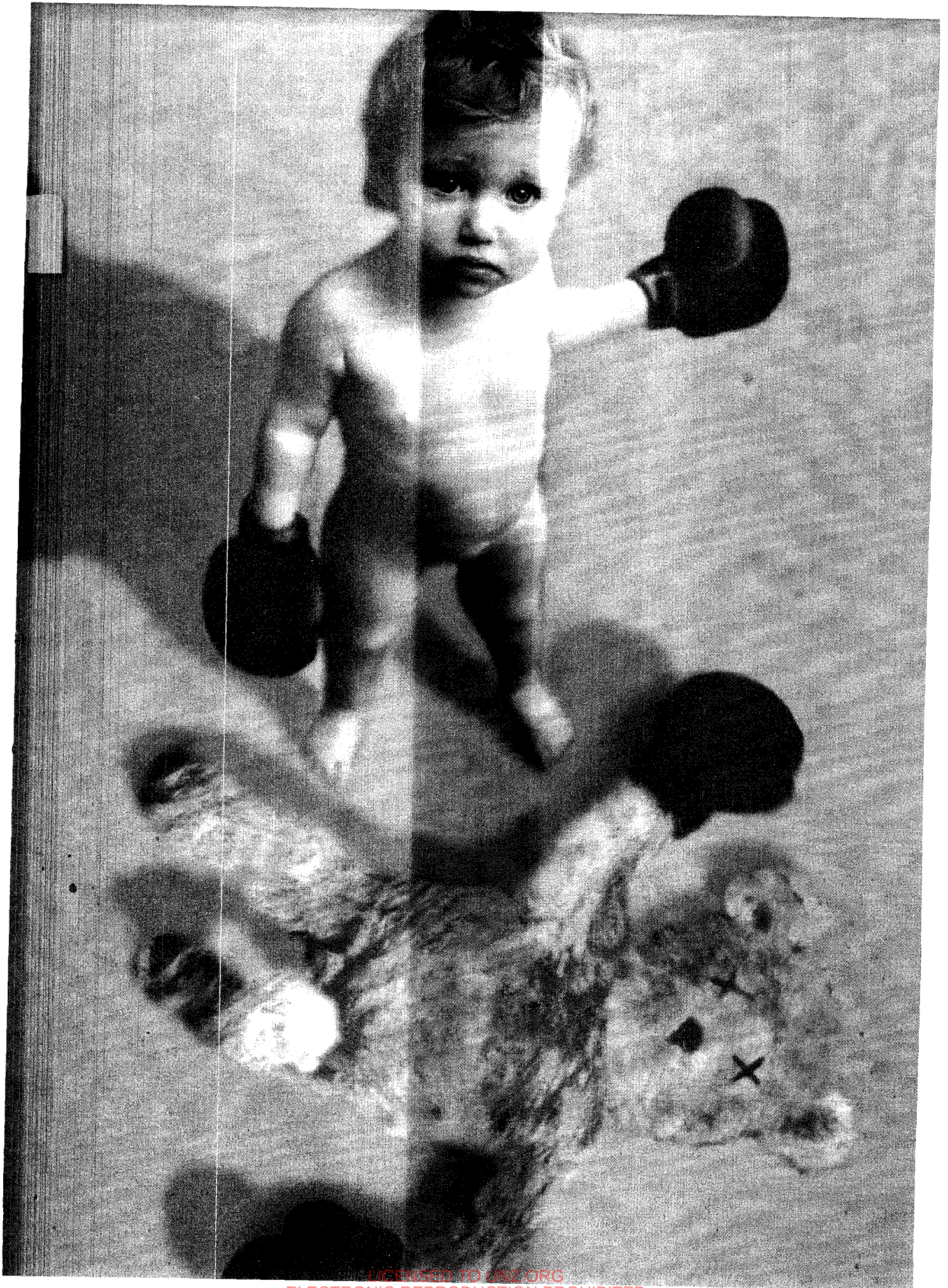
It's a holy war, of sorts, since "faith" is the divisive issue. The Establishment has a little faith, the New Breed perhaps far too much.

Of course, members of the Establishment would probably not care so much about the New Breed if they hadn't hitched a ride on the latter's frenzied trading. Towering fortunes have been built on the New Breed's hopes for a new house, Ivy League schools for the kids, a sunny Bermuda retirement. But the tower is looking wobbly of late. The ideological adversaries are realizing they are bound up together in a strange symbiosis. The New Breed could run at the first sign of trouble. We could all go down together. The biggest question in finance (next to the perpetual one about interest rates) is simply, *What is the small investor thinking?* The course of the empire depends on it.

Lately, with the nation's stocks pricier than ever in relation to corporate earnings, the call for the nation's investors to sober up has become increasingly shrill. Even before Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan made his endlessly deconstructed remark about "irrational exuberance" in the market, the good gray

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guardians of common sense had started to stack the sandbags. TODAY'S FINANCIAL EUPHORIA CAN'T LAST, wailed the *Journal's* editorial page.

Of course it can't last.

Or can it?

We are afraid to be in and afraid to be out. So we—or the fund managers acting as our proxy—bet both ways, jumping in one day and out the next. The Dow thus springs and plummets daily like a Superball in a gymnasium. Lately, some of us have been scouting around for defensive strategies, some means of having it both ways. We wonder, Are we the last suckers to be funnelled into a giant pyramid scheme? Or are we visionaries, in on the first furlong of a galloping twenty-first-century economy? It's a tough question.

KNIGHT KIPLINGER, 49, IS THE editor-in-chief of *Kiplinger's Personal Finance*. His grandfather founded the magazine in 1947, a time when a toaster was considered a luxury and stocks were considered suicidally risky, if not morally suspect, by a middle class still stinging from the Depression.

"We were telling people in 1950, 'You don't buy stocks with money you're going to need in the next five to eight years.' This has since become the mantra of growth-stock investing," says Kiplinger. Some 550 issues later, he's not sure the message—that the stock market is, by nature, a roller coaster—has entirely gotten through.

Sixty-three million Americans are now caught up in mutual-fund mania. We are in our seventh year without seeing a correction of 20 percent or more, and the current market run-up, with an average annual return of 14.2 percent since 1982, is the best ever. Things haven't been this good since, well, October 28, 1929. Of course, if there's a sudden, brutal correction and the neophytes are spooked, the "correction" could turn into a crash that lops thousands of points off the Dow. So far, of course, we've stood firm through sell-offs in July and December. But then, we still haven't felt the Big One. Not yet.

I'm one of those people who strike fear into the hearts of the Establishment, who will flee when the walls start shaking—or so they think.

It all started innocently enough. In eighth grade, my civics class played a "Wall Street" game, where we had to bet fake money on the real market. I scanned the stock tables and found one company

I knew, Greyhound, trading at \$2 a share. Greyhound buses were everywhere, I figured. And \$2? I could afford that in real money. I bet the busload on Greyhound. Three months later, it was at \$6. I had unwittingly hit a "three-bagger," to use a term I then did not know. I won the game without a single other trade. The payoff was a Big Mac. I never forgot the taste of easy victory.

A few years later, I wrote a school report on the federal bailout of Chrysler. President Carter was promising us Chrysler had no place to go but up. The stock was trading at \$6. I sold my father on the idea, and he bought in for \$1,000. Within the year, the stock hit \$10, then slowed. He sold and took a walk with his profits. This, I decided, was easy.

Within three years, of course, Chrysler was trading around \$40. Not that I cared. I was, by then, in college, concerned more with Tennyson than with 10Qs. The market tumbled 508 points on October 19, 1987, and I barely noticed. I had no money in the market at the time. I had no money, period. The only market I concerned myself with was the one for short fiction (it seemed a little bearish; it still does). My father, however, unloaded the few stocks he'd bought since Chrysler when they touched bottom. He didn't lose much, but he never went back to stocks, forever disgusted. Over the next three years, the stock market climbed back admirably, and I, meanwhile, entered the job market.

In 1990, I was a nearly penniless freelance writer living in New York. Saddam

World, the massive shifts of capital, the corporate restructuring of America. Hell, I, too, wanted a piece of tomorrow. A co-worker lent me a copy of *One Up on Wall Street*, by Peter Lynch, who had famously run the first groupie fund; Fidelity Magellan, and taught a generation of investors that they could get rich by investing in shops they noticed sprouting in their local malls. It was my indoctrination into the cult.

My first step was to commit to a 401(k)—any cash I could spare was directed into stock, specifically Vanguard's Windsor II fund. Over the next year, I started turning to the *Times* business section before the metro pages. Pretty soon, it came before the front page. Pretty soon after that, it came before sports.

By the summer of 1994, even my fairly stodgy growth-stock fund was outpacing the market's 10 percent average annual increase. But friends I never would have suspected of incipient yuppiness were suddenly gloating about their latest killings, their 50 percent returns in semiconductor, in biotech "sector" funds. Financially speaking, it was Friday night, the party of the century was raging, and I was home watching *All in the Family* reruns. It was time to grab a six-pack and head on over.

Sure, I wasn't making enough to invest that much. But I made a point of saving what I made. I took in a roommate and was soon piping my new revenue into the world economy's growth areas. The VCR I bought was made in Indonesia. Most of my screwdrivers and wrenches were made in China. Even the North American Free Trade Agreement finally became a reality. I took a hard look at "emerging markets" funds and noted that Morgan Stanley's fund for institutional investors had returned

over 80 percent the previous year. It couldn't miss. In September, I dumped some money into a new Morgan Stanley Emerging Markets Fund created for individual investors. In fact, I dumped a lot.

In December, the Mexican peso was devalued by 30 percent. The aftershocks shattered Latin American growth, and the emerging-markets index deflated by 30 percent. Shares I bought for \$13 tanked to \$9. This on top of a 4.75 percent "load" (a front-end fee) meant this suddenly devastated sector had to not only rebound but shoot up by 51 percent for me to just make my money back.

Behavioral economists have calculated that losing \$1,000 in the market hurts some 2½ times more than making \$1,000 feels good. A gross underestimate.

So far, of course, we've stood firm through sell-offs in July and December. But then, we still haven't felt the Big One. Not yet.

Hussein had invaded Kuwait, and the market had tumbled 19 percent. I didn't care. Then, over tandoori on East 6th Street, a friend with a mildly grown-up streak was talking about how "the Dow"—which I vaguely understood to mean "the market"—had soared from around 1,000 in 1980 to the preposterous level of 3,000. It did seem startling, even to me. I was sorry I hadn't just put some money, *any money*, into the market in 1980, so I could cash out now and buy, say, dessert, here, tonight. But I hadn't. So I didn't.

Later that year, I wrangled a job at a major magazine. The world at large suddenly seemed a bit more relevant, a bit more mine. Daily, I was reading of the industrialization of the Third

I felt better only after I saw a friend of mine who had wanted to be a novelist but had eventually taken a high-paying job in finance overseas. Before long, he had a broker at a major investment house. Soon, neither of us were talking about writing. We were talking IPOs, closed-end funds, P/E ratios. We contemplated the "beta" of various stocks.

His broker had tipped him off to a tiny, hot electronics company with big, muscular legs. So my friend dropped \$10,000 on it. It stumbled. A few months later, he was down \$6,000. I felt bad for him. Sort of.

But the casino is open all night. There was still time to win our money back. I started to cast about for the holy grail of equities—a stock that combined the security of a blue-chip with the upside of a riskier small-cap. I focused on Nike. The company's most electric poster boy, Deion Sanders, had just signed with America's Team, the Dallas Cowboys, and I knew a marketing bonanza when I saw one. Nike was also stomping its primary competitor, Reebok. It was attractive, even sexy.

I was also reading about ambitious new medicines being developed by the hypercreative Merck & Co. Merck had proved its mettle on Wall Street throughout the eighties, and now there were products in the hopper to combat osteoporosis, AIDS, even male pattern baldness. Merck's share value had gotten creamed when Hillary was setting about to revamp health care, but it had since snapped back from the low thirties to the mid-sixties.

I had worn Nike sneakers. I had never used Merck drugs. So, of course, I bought Merck, at 67. Within months, it was at 54 and Nike had rocketed past 100, from 72. My timing was so odd, I came to consider myself the Ornette Coleman of personal investing.

Last spring, I made one last push. I bought into two tech-heavy mutual funds overseen by a hot California manager. By July, the tech-freighted NASDAQ had slid 16 percent. At this point, I didn't even bother calculating my paper losses. I had shown up at the party, all right . . . and strolled zombielike through the crowd and into the deep end of the swimming pool. By late summer, Merck bounced back to 69 and I sold half.

Whoops.

It's an old saw among the Establishment that people don't sell when their stock is down. They wait until they get back to square one, *then* sell, just before the profits start rolling in. Within

two months, Merck was at 84.

To make things worse, I was starting to feel in my marrow that the five-year party was starting to break up. Multiples—the price of a share divided by the earnings of the company per share—were at record levels, near 20 for the Dow stocks. Multiples have traditionally been a benchmark of optimism. The higher they are, the giddier we feel. And if we all feel good, there must be something wrong. I was alarmed to read that many fund managers had been getting out even as they were using all of our money to sop up growth stocks.

Once you've accepted that you're living in a bubble, it's not hard to find something that could prick it. Corporate profits could finally stall, with boards of directors discovering that there's no

It could become the Pamela Anderson economy, pumped up and overheated. Inflation fears would push the Fed to raise rates.

more dead wood to ax out of the budget. The Japanese could stop buying reams of our Treasury bonds. The "Goldilocks" economy (not too hot, not too cold) could become the Pamela Anderson economy, pumped up and overheated to the point where inflation fears would push the Fed to raise interest rates. Interest rates, of course, are the pin aimed at any ballooning market. But other, less highly anticipated events have slaughtered bulls of yore. In 1973, when OPEC's embargo quadrupled the price of oil, stocks went on the decline for two straight years.

Overnight, I was reincarnated, from bull to bear. Still, I was a profit-minded bear. Looking for advice, I sought out other, albeit more grizzled, bears, looking to park myself on terra firma.

When one is hunting bear, something called the Rydex Urso Fund is a good place to start. "It's like a mirror image to the market," says Rydex president Skip Viragh. "We sell futures, which is essentially going short on the S&P 500. For instance, the S&P, on December 31 went down 1.73 percent. Our fund was up 1.88 percent. We've created this one vehicle for people who want to take some chips off the table or hedge some of their long positions."

Indeed, every spasm of fear in the market is felt by the folks manning the Rydex telephones. "Last summer, May through July, was very ugly. We had a lot of interest then," Viragh says.

Of course, since July, the S&P 500 is

up 16 percent. Over the past two years, it's up more than 60 percent.

I ask Viragh whether he's as pessimistic as his fund, which finished 1996 down 12.2 percent. "I don't care," he says. "We have funds that are long in the market, too. We've had two tremendous years, after all. There's still a fair amount of optimism out there."

This has suddenly become too cheery. I feel alienated. I want to talk to a *real* Kodiak.

"I'm very bearish," says Eric Ryback, who co-manages the Lindner Bulwark fund, from his St. Louis office. "If we haven't seen the top, we're very close. We are looking for '97 to be pretty bad."

Lindner Bulwark is "designed just for a bear market," says Ryback. "It shorts stocks, buys gold bullion, gold options, S&P puts." Shorts (or, bets on a stock's depreciation) account for 24 percent of the fund's portfolio. After getting pounded during 1995, a year the S&P went up 38 percent, Ryback apparently learned to pull

back on the number of S&P put options in his fund. This year, the fund was up an impressive 28 percent, and Ryback expects even better performance if and when the market slips.

I spring the Big Question on Ryback: Will the amateurs scatter at the first hint of trouble?

"It's very realistic that that could happen," he says.

So where else might we park our money in the meantime?

"Mmmmm," he considers. "Cash?"

Growl.

I keep hearing that my old nemesis, international markets, might actually make sense this year. In fact, I can't seem to find anyone who doesn't think it's time, again, for the great German-equity Oktoberfest. The Brazilian stock *carnaval*.

"If you have a very *large* move downward in the U.S. market, other countries tend to follow," says Gary Motyl, an emerging-markets-funds manager at Templeton. But under less dire circumstances, Motyl continues, "emerging markets are influenced much more by developments within those countries" than by developments in the American market. They could accelerate into the stratosphere while our market skids sideways.

"Some of the South American markets have been under pressure," Motyl says. "Also markets like Thailand and South Korea. They probably have a chance to stage a decent recovery. Many of the emerging-markets countries are going to be growing their

economies at two or three times the average of developed countries. People should have one third of their assets in international markets."

But once scorched, twice shy: *The rubles, marks, and drachmas of the world aren't going to consume another penny of my money*, I thought. I ask Douglas Chapman, a certified financial strategist with the Ford Financial Group in East Hanover, New Jersey, what he thinks of hedge funds like George Soros's thunderously profitable Quantum Fund. "Hedge funds protect themselves because they make bets that the market is going to go down as well as up. These guys are buying positions in companies at the same time as they're shorting the stock. If the stock goes down, the short goes up. They negate their risk."

This sounds enticing.

"But you need a minimum of \$200,000 to go into these funds."

Because I cannot invest Trump-like sums, I consider investing in Trump-like assets. A real-estate-investment trust, or REIT, is basically a mutual fund containing not stocks but stakes of shopping centers, office buildings, and apartment houses. REITs can return 7 to 8 percent dividends and you can write off some of the capital gains on your taxes. They even appreciate during times of inflation. But bears can feast on REITs, too, particularly if a recession or runaway inflation sours commercial real-estate rents.

"REITs have different performance characteristics from equities, and they don't move in lock-step with them," says Gus Sauter, who runs Vanguard's REIT Index Portfolio, which was up 30 percent since its inception last May. "There will be times when stocks will be under pressure and REITs are hanging in there. They're probably going to be under pressure, as well, if interest rates increase and real estate softens. But they may do better than stocks. And REITs tend to have a higher yield, and that gives them some support."

Sauter says that sometimes, troubling economic conditions can galvanize REITs. In the late seventies, inflation was upending the nation's portfolios, turning people away from stocks and toward art and antiques. But REITs did quite well, because "rental rates were going up quite dramatically, even faster than interest rates," Sauter says.

I think back to what Lindner's bearish Ryback told me. We might have a bad year? So what? That's one bad year after six good ones. And bears don't gen-

erally like to stick around. Bear markets are typically far shorter than bull markets (the one we slid into in July 1990 lasted only three months). Even I am starting to wonder whether I'm not being too skittish.

I figure Robert F. Dickey could sort things out for me. Dickey is managing director of technical analysis for the Minneapolis-based investment house Dain Bosworth. Dickey, to paraphrase James Taylor, has seen fire and he's seen rain. At the beginning of 1996, Dickey secured minor fame in the pages of *Business Week* by predicting the Dow would rocket to the then-laughable high of 6,300 by the end of the year. In a list of 45 analysts surveyed by that magazine, his was the highest call. The Dow ended the year at 6,448.27.

This year, Dickey went from No. 1 on that list to No. 45. His was the single most pessimistic call—4,400 by year's end. Dickey is suddenly so bearish, his favorite stock position for 1997 is Barrick Gold. What happened?

"The main reason I think the Dow will go down is inflation due to rising oil prices," he says. "Over the last twelve months, we've seen oil go from 17 to 26 a barrel. I'm from the old school that says eventually these oil prices translate into inflation throughout the economy. If the price breaks through 26, we're going to see a real problem on our hands."

Because I can't invest Trump-like sums, I consider investing in Trump-like assets—a real-estate-investment trust, or REIT.

And with inflation rising, the Fed would assuredly raise rates, so bonds would be out of the question. "I do think interest rates will be moving up, so bonds will underperform," says Dickey. "By the end of '97, gold will be a good place to be. But I've been telling people the best places to be for a market correction are energy stocks, which are going to do well with energy prices higher. Also the more traditional areas—food stocks and health-care stocks—because people are going to eat and go to the doctor no matter what the stock market is doing."

I ask whether he thinks the people like me will scatter when the trouble starts. Surprisingly, he says he doesn't think so.

"People have been conditioned over the last six years to buy the dips. We've had four different 10 percent pullbacks

in the nineties, and each one has been a golden buying opportunity, including the one we had in July '96. I don't think you're going to see any panic among investors until the market drops more than 10 percent. People don't panic until things are really bad."

But a Dow loss of 2,000 points is really bad, I remind him. Yes, investors will run when a long slide begins, says Dickey, but they'll come right back when the bottom becomes clear. We're too addicted, he says, to stay away.

"I don't think this will be a bear market that's going to last more than a few months," he concludes. "It will be three to four months in duration. Still, I'd call it a correction in an ongoing bull market that started in 1982. So I'm telling people to keep 20 to 30 percent cash, if they can, or even more. Because 4,400 will just be a golden buying opportunity."

In the very week I was hunting bear, the market was swooping and leaping 100 points. I, for one, am prepared. Small eddies of cash are collecting in my bank account, and for the first time in years, I'm buying into a money-market fund. I've also come to believe that checking the stock tables every day is a sign of hypochondria. My money continues to sail off to various mutual funds through payroll deductions, so I'm conscientiously dollar-cost averaging. When the market dips, I fancy that I'm buying more on sale, just as I would at Bloom-

ingdale's. A hidden advantage is that I perpetually confuse myself about how much I've bought at what price. It becomes harder to flagellate myself when the Dow inevitably flags. (But if the years since 1929

are prologue, the Dow will gain an average of about 10 percent a year. As Knight Kiplinger has pointed out, that would put the Dow at—yes!—700,000 by the year 2046.)

On top of that, we have a tax code that lets you write off your losses, a Congress full of people who want to change the law so you don't have to pay tax on your capital gains, and a voting populace whose only decipherable message in November was "We don't care what the president said to Paula Jones with his pants at half-mast. We want our 20 percent returns!"

But even Clinton can't throw his body in front of a correction. Or stop the New Breed's subsequent stampede out of the market.

"Every generation has to make its own mistakes," Knight Kiplinger says, ruefully.

Going Up?

LOCAL STOCKS WITH LOTS OF POTENTIAL BY ABBY JOSEPH COHEN

NEW YORK IS THE CAPITAL OF the world's strongest and largest economy—and home to (or close by) many fine companies that could hold their own in a well-rounded portfolio.

THE WEST COAST IS STILL HOME TO MANY of the most formidable technology companies, including Intel and Microsoft. Nevertheless, a persistent investor can find a few technology-related companies in the metropolitan area that might be expected to perform well in 1997:

■ **AUTOMATIC DATA PROCESSING (AUD)**, based in Roseland, New Jersey, provides computer-information services, including payroll and other back-office applications. It also offers software and database support to brokers and dealers. The company has historically generated relatively consistent earnings growth of about 15 percent per annum. Last week's close: \$43%.

■ **LUCENT TECHNOLOGIES (LU)**, of Murray Hill, New Jersey, is a major global producer and distributor of telecommunications systems and software. Lucent, which was spun out of AT&T in April 1996, is a leading player in this growth industry. Customers include local phone companies, Internet providers, and cable systems. Last week's close: \$47%.

FINANCIAL SERVICES IS LITERALLY A NEW York-based gold mine, as the city is the site of many of the most important U.S. and global companies. This concentration of one of the fastest-growing industries of the nineties has given a spectacular boost to local incomes and tax revenues:

■ **AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL GROUP (AIG)**, based in lower Manhattan, is a global insurance leader and one of the largest and best-managed companies in the field. The company offers broad lines of property and casualty insurance, life insurance, and annuities, and owns a ski resort in Vermont. Last week's close: \$110.

■ **CITICORP (CCI)** does business in 94 countries and is the leader in providing financial services to multinational cor-

porations. The company has \$270 billion in assets and ATMs that service customers in numerous languages throughout the world (not to mention several languages in Manhattan alone). Another plus: The stock trades at twelve times earnings. Last week's close: \$101%.

■ **TRAVELERS GROUP (TRV)** is the holding company that includes the well-known insurance lines Travelers and Aetna as well as Smith Barney brokerage ser-



vices and mutual funds. The subsidiaries cross-market their products to one another's customers. The company has generated 25 percent earnings growth per annum, and the stock trades at twelve times estimated 1997 earnings. Last week's close: \$44%.

IN THE CATEGORY OF SPECIAL SITUATIONS and cheap stocks:

■ Let's begin with **GENERAL MOTORS (GM)**. What? GM, a New York company? Indeed, General Motors kept its corporate headquarters in New York City for many years. GM is still a New York company for all those who consider the Dodgers a Brooklyn team. A few years ago, the company was hampered by a large unfunded-pension liability that has been dramatically reduced. The company now has about \$14 billion in cash and marketable securities on the balance sheet (that's about \$18 per share). Several new autos and trucks are slated for this year. The stock trades

at just seven times estimated 1997 earnings. Last week's close: \$59%.

■ Also in the GM Building is **ESTÉE LAUDER (EL)**, a global leader in skin-care, makeup, and fragrance products. Last year's first-half results were very strong, making for some difficult comparisons in 1997, but good growth is expected in the company's smaller brands and in its international operations. Last week's close: \$48%.

■ A few blocks south on Fifth Avenue is the flagship store of Saks. **SAKS HOLDINGS (SKS)** is expected to grow by offering fine apparel and accessories to clients in more locations, including Tokyo; Greenwich, Connecticut; and Charleston, South Carolina. Stores and catalogue sales also benefit from aging baby-boomers and their growing demand for luxury items. A new management team is aggressively marketing the Saks name. Last week's close: \$29.

■ **PFIZER (PFE)**, the pharmaceutical company, has generated strong growth through extensive research and development. An impressive array of new products, ranging from anti-arrhythmia agents to antibiotics to anti-ulceratives (and we're still only in the *a's*) should support 20 percent annual earnings growth. Last week's close: \$84%.

■ **TIME WARNER (TWX)**'s wide-ranging operations include books, magazines, broadcasting, cable properties, and a movie studio. These holdings make the company a daunting global competitor but also make the stock somewhat hard to value. With these seemingly disparate businesses, Time Warner is already a dominant force in developing and distributing entertainment products. Last week's close: \$37%.

■ **STEINWAY MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS (LVB)**, based in Queens for decades, now not only means fine pianos but also Ludwig drums and Selmer band instruments. This merged company was a recent public offering. Growth is expected in Asia and from better distribution elsewhere. Last week's close: \$17%.

■ Over the past year, several bagel companies with New York-sounding names and out-of-town addresses have become publicly traded. But as none of their products can compete with those from the little bagel shop down the block, I can't recommend the stocks.

Abby Joseph Cohen is Goldman, Sachs & Co.'s U.S. investment strategist.

TH



Squawk Exchange

TECHNO-NERDS ARE HYPING STOCKS AT A WILD COCKTAIL PARTY ON THE INTERNET. SHOULD WE LISTEN? BY NANCY HASS

BY NOW, EVEN MY GRANDMOTHER KNOWS the Internet isn't all it's cracked up to be. (Well, to be honest, I'm using some poetic license here, since she died years ago. But I'm convinced the backlash has been loud enough for her to hear anyway, wherever she is.) ■ Sure, it's a great way to send mash notes, scope out Web pages posted by weirdos living in trailers in the Midwest, and cheat on crossword puzzles, but we all know no one has figured out how to make big money on it. ■ That's changing. ■ Arguably the most successful planets in cyberspace right now are those revolving

around money. A burgeoning number of sites—both on commercial services and on the World Wide Web—are targeted at the small investor.

Most are simply online discount brokerages, conduits to conventional investment firms, or plain-vanilla research services supplying raw data on the market. There's big demand for these financial convenience stores; Forrester Research reports that 1.5 million Americans now do their investing electronically and predicts that by the year 2001, that number will rise to 9 million.

But beyond this mainstream rim lies a small subculture of Websites whose mainstay is the subversive exchange of knowledge used in the pursuit of profit.

These sites offer a running, almost literary narrative about the American business scene today. They range from highly professional, expert-heavy operations with plenty of well-known columnists to shoestring chat networks oozing personality, conspiracy theory, and downright

lunacy. If you're looking for inside info about blue chips like General Motors and Coca-Cola, this isn't the place for you. Given that the net offers a de facto social life to many a techno-geek, it shouldn't come as a surprise that these sites mainly concentrate on hyperactive, supervolatile high-tech stocks.

Despite their differences, all share a certain anti-Establishment fervor. They see themselves as jousting against the pin-striped elite, the little guys fighting the good fight against Uncle Moneybags. As an investor, you could come out ahead if you listen to their ongoing palaver about Intel and Microsoft carefully—that is, with a proper degree of skepticism.

Of course, the great strength of the Internet—anonymity—is also its greatest weakness; a faceless forum can be damaging when it comes to acting on advice or even gossip about what's going on inside a company. And despite the best intentions of the people who run these sites, hucksters—usually unscrupulous

brokers—can hype a stock while pretending to be precocious amateurs. That's why each site is spackled with disclaimers. The not-so-subtle message is an ancient one: *Caveat emptor*.

The pitfalls of online eavesdropping were vividly illustrated just last month. On the Website for a hot new company called Omnigene Diagnostics, a negative tidbit appeared about a threat to the company's core product, a diagnostic test for gum disease. It turned out the news had been posted by the company's Website manager, who had been enmeshed in a conflict with company executives. Though the motive was dishonorable, the negative posting was on the money. The stock, which had been plugged relentlessly on bulletin boards all over the Web, promptly nose-dived, and the Securities and Exchange Commission temporarily halted trading.

In recognition of the new medium's power, the SEC created a precedent: For the first time in its history, it broke the news of its action online.

The Motley Fool

(www.fool.com on the Web or keyword **Motley Fool** on AOL)

THE PREMIER INVESTMENT SITE IN THE cyberswirl—the Fool, as it is referred to by Netizens—is considered a model for entrepreneurs of all disciplines. Started in 1993 by brothers Tom, 28, and David Gardner, 30, the Alexandria, Virginia-based site began as a goof. The Gardners had been writing a financial newsletter and growing more and more disgusted by how easily the media were able to inflate stock prices through sheer hype. As an April Fools' Day prank, they decided to post information on Prodigy's Money Talk bulletin

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board about a fake penny stock for a toilet company trading on the fictitious "Halifax Exchange." The hoax worked brilliantly; Prodigy's audience was fed reports about the stock, whose value rocketed 3,000 percent in eight days, and everyone was clamoring for more info. America Online asked the Gardners to come onboard as one of the first "branded" original-content providers. Today, the Motley Fool has a free site on the Internet and holds its very popular and often contentious discussions on AOL.

The fools are a jolly bunch—the name comes from *As You Like It*. (Oddly for two computer guys, the Gardners were lit majors in college.) They favor a fairly aggressive portfolio anchored by blue chips but diversified with some pretty-high fliers. And they like to hold on to stocks for the long haul. A sound philosophy indeed. For those investors who want more safety, there is also a comparatively boring portfolio, called—you guessed it—the Boring Portfolio.

The Gardners believe that part of their mission is to educate the small fry. "We try to give parenting," says Tom, "because we worry that people are being taken advantage of." They revel in their image of Robin Hoods who steal investment know-how from the Wise and distribute it to the Foolish. But they are businessmen too. They make money not only from AOL subscribers but from selling advertising and flogging *The Motley Fool Investment Guide*. They know that the SEC is concerned about what they're doing. They know there are folks who would love to put them out of business. On their home page, under the heading **LEGAL STUFF**, browsers will find this message: "Thinking about suing us? Read this first, oh Wise one."

■ **Where to yak it up:** The top five

discussion folders are Real Estate, Biotech, AOL, Intel, and Novell. But there are hundreds of other bulletin boards.

■ **The groupies:** Despite its grassroots pretensions, the Fool has actually become somewhat—dare we use corporatepeak?—vertically integrated of late. At the top of the pyramid are the Gardners. At the bottom are all us poor slobes trying to figure out why we should in-



DAFFY DIGERATI: THE BROS. GARDNER.

vest in some wacky Palo Alto company that has no earnings. And in the middle is a group of about 100 anointed pundits with sign-on handles like the names of rap stars or CB truckers—MFCashflo, MFGoldbug, MFAttila, MFVenus. Many are investment pros and corporate executives. MFs post daily pitches, detailed reports highlighting potential investment opportunities. Most of these courtiers aren't paid but have gained Fool stature through the quality of their frequent postings on the bulletin boards.

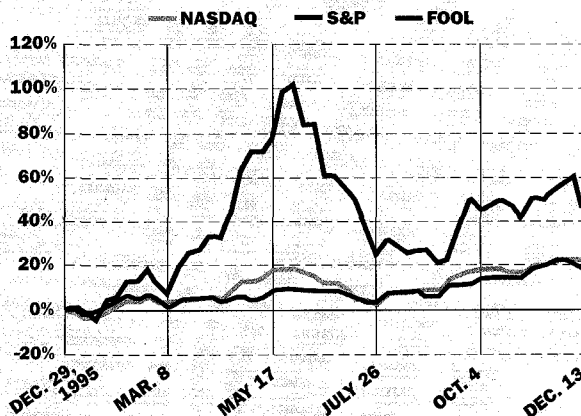
■ **Big Brother is watching:** MFs sweep the message boards and root out

troublemakers: no hyping or touting individual stocks, and absolutely no spamming (a trick often used by sleazy brokers who send the same message out across a series of boards). Fans are admonished to confirm all information gleaned on the site independently. "You should give the discussions about as much credence as you would something overheard at a cocktail party," says Tom. The Gardners also take care to announce their own trades a week ahead of time so they can't be accused of manipulating stock prices.

■ **Hype alert:** Ask anyone on Wall Street about the Fool and you will hear one word: *Iomega*. That's a small technology company the Fool championed early in 1994. Iomega, which makes a truly innovative external drive called the Zip, found itself the object of Fool worship. Every day, there are hundreds, sometimes thousands, of posts on the Fool's Iomega board. Really zany stuff, too—like the one from the Fool who grew up near Iomega's headquarters and sent his parents to stake out the company's parking lot on a Sunday to see how many employees were working. The buzz on Iomega drove the stock from a low of 5¼ in January 1996 to 55 that May, making some Fools paper millionaires. But the stock has proved volatile, falling to around \$17 a share in recent months. Some analysts worry that the Gardners and other self-styled online gurus threaten the stability of the market.

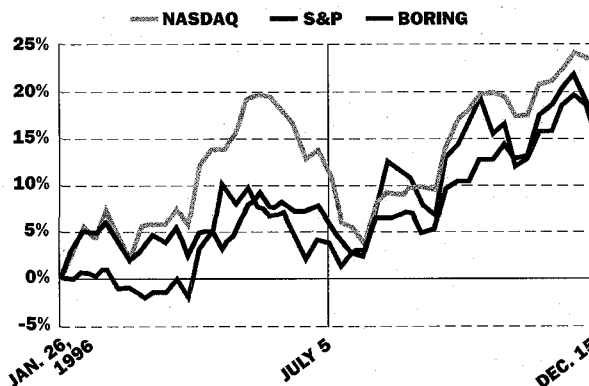
People also beat up on the Fool for its continued support of AOL's stock, in The Motley Fool's portfolio since the beginning. In May 1996, AOL peaked at 71; the stock is now at 34%, leading armchair observers to snipe that the Gardners are afraid to dump it and alienate their corporate parents. But the boys insist they are remaining true to the stock

THE MOTLEY FOOL PORTFOLIO



Current holdings: America Online; ATC Communications; AT&T; Chevron Corp.; General Motors; Iomega Corp.; KLA Instruments Corp.; Lucent Technologies; Minnesota M&M Corp.; 3Com Corp.

THE BORING PORTFOLIO



Current holdings: Borders Group, Inc.; Carlisle Companies; Cisco Systems, Inc.; Green Tree Financial; Oxford Health Plans; Prime Medical Services; Solectron Corp.; Tidewater, Inc.

because they believe in its underlying worth. "It's been our second-best overall investment," says Tom. "Even at the price it's at now, it's up 380 percent since we first bought it. We'd short it if we thought it could make money."

■ **Tolls:** Website is free; \$19.95 a month to access AOL, where you can post on the bulletin boards.

The Street

(www.thestreet.com)

THE PRESIDING INTELLIGENCE BEHIND this brand-new site is James Cramer, a hedge-fund manager and ex-*New York* financial columnist who helped found *Smart Money* magazine. Cramer is quick to point out that he is merely a major financial backer of this service (the other investor is *The New Republic's* Martin Peretz). He is not—we repeat, not—picking stocks.



HEAR IT ON THE STREET: DESAI AND CRAMER.

The reason he is so strident is that a couple of years ago, he was criticized for writing in *Smart Money* about stocks he owned without sufficiently disclosing that he owned some of them. Although Cramer was never cited for any actual wrongdoing, the issue became a hot button with the financial press. "I was completely humiliated," he recalls. "I didn't want to go out and show my face."

To prove that *The Street* is entirely independent, Cramer points to a recent slam published on the site of Cisco Systems. The networking company happens to be the biggest holding in Cramer's portfolio. "I thought the piece they ran was very wrongheaded," he says. "But I had to take my lumps."

The Website is run by Ravi Desai, formerly of the *Let's Go* travel-guide series, and Dave Kansas, a *Wall Street Journal* alumnus. *The Street* is a financial-media watchdog, heavy on interpretation, light on discussion. "If you watch CNBC and CNNfn, you see a lot of talking heads

who have no idea what they're talking about," says Cramer. "They're presented as gods, but they could just as easily be idiots." Cramer aims to document their track records and issue report cards for the fund managers. *Liar's Poker* author Michael Lewis contributes an occasional column, and Cramer writes a regularly featured column, "Wrong," which catalogues the sins of investment pros, including himself. "Basically, we call a bum a bum," says Desai.

■ **Big Brother is watching:** Cramer's lawyers went straight to the SEC to secure the agency's blessing on a system of safeguards for *The Street*. "I wanted to make sure I covered myself every which way from Sunday," says Cramer. *The Street* is based in a different Manhattan office building from Cramer, Berkowitz & Co. No one at the company can have any contact with the staff of *The Street*, and no one at *The Street* is allowed to own any individual stocks. Cramer has even hired a full-time compliance officer to maintain separation of firm and *Street*. "The person who violates this will not only be fired," says Cramer, his voice rising an octave, "he will be mortified for the rest of his life. I have been through the abyss of conflict, and I know it is ugly. I don't want to go there again."

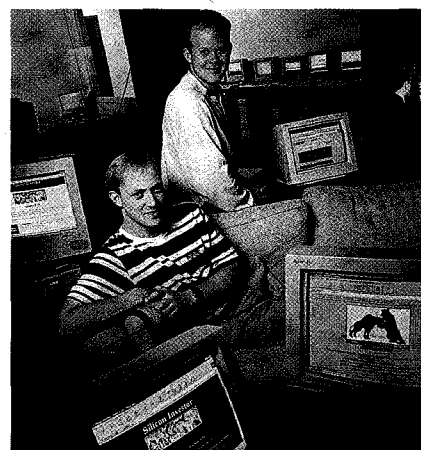
■ **Crystal-ball gazing:** "Dow 9,121. Up 39 percent. By year-end 1997... Coke trades to \$64 on a 40 multiple; Disney rallies to 92 without a problem—this is a stock that didn't blink when the company paid out \$90 million in shareholder earnings to that flashy deadbeat; PG gallops to \$136 (why not, it rallied 15 points on a really bad third quarter); Merck vaults to \$115 because it is Saint Merck again; GE jumps to \$137 on Jack Welch's positive outlook for his stock at some breakfast meeting with analysts; McDonald's figures out a way to restart US sales while international sales remain strong, for a move to \$60; JPM catches up to Citicorp's multiple and soars to \$140; Eastman Kodak joins the ranks of the anointed as George Fisher convinces Fidelity et al. that Kodak deserves a less cyclical, more technological multiple and mutual-fund buyers take it to \$100."—James Cramer ("Wrong," January 2, 1997)

■ **Tolls:** Buy \$12.95-per-month subscription (which includes daily e-mail summaries of the news) at the Website.

Silicon Investor

(www.techstocks.com)

OPERATED BY ANOTHER TEAM OF brothers, this site, started in August 1995, gets a whopping 75,000 visits daily. That's because, un-



CYBERKLATCH: BRAD AND JEFF DRYER.

like those of the Motley Fool, its discussions take place on the Web. The sons of a General Electric executive who got transferred around a lot, Brad, 26, and Jeff Dryer, 29, never stayed in one place long enough to make real friends. As kids, they developed a "pretty rich interior life" that included a stock-picking game their dad invented. "While other kids were playing hooky, we would go home and watch the stock ticker," says Brad, without a trace of pathos. Today, they run *Silicon Investor* from a 1,500-square-foot office in San Jose.

■ **Where to yak it up:** Fifteen hundred bulletin boards dealing with individual stocks. Four discussion areas include software, hardware, semiconductors, and communications.

■ **The groupies:** Tech professionals and CNBC reporters are known to graze here. The Coffee Shop (subtitled "The Place to Discuss Minute Subjects") is the most eclectic area and one of the most popular. Around New Year's, there were lively discussions on subjects ranging from Edward Albee's *The Monkey Wrench Gang* to the relative merits of Dom Pérignon and Moët & Chandon.

■ **Big Brother is watching:** The Dryers view themselves as traffic cops policing a site revolving around conversation, not sassy advice and clever graphics. They only rarely post publicly themselves. "It's not us who drive the force," says Brad with all the verve of a Sandinista. "It's the people who rise up." This is a dangerous game, but the Dryers work hard to make things safe. To begin with, they don't allow discussions of penny stocks in the main areas of their bulletin boards, relegating that kind of talk to a peripheral board.

If you're wondering how the Dryers make money, the answer is simple: They don't. They say their venture is financed by their own investments and family subsidies. Eventually, they hope to attract some advertising and maybe find a slot

SILICON INVESTOR SURVEY RESULTS

Ten Stocks with Highest Expected Performance in 1997

TICKER	COMPANY	BULLS	BEARS	EXPECTED GAIN IN '97	EXPECTED LOSS IN '97
JMAR	JMAR Industries	15	0	150%	-
AXC	Ampex	54	0	128%	-
RTEC	Ross Technology	10	0	127%	-
ZITL	Zitel	20	65	121%	-54%
RACE	DataRace	38	11	114%	-47%
AMTX	Amati	69	2	102%	-60%
TOYH	T-HQ	16	0	100%	-
VIAS	Viasoft	6	10	98%	-51%
IDC	Interdigital	10	0	98%	-
ANCR	Ancor	35	0	97%	-

on one of the commercial online services.

The Dryers, who concede they "have absolutely no life," monitor all communications and keep a sharp eye out for "flame wars" (two people personally attacking each other) and spamming. Five hundred souls have voluntarily offered personal profiles, including information on college degrees and the past 40 messages each has posted on *SI*. "That way," says Brad, "people can see what else they've been doing, so their credibility can be checked."

■ **Tolls:** Free to browse; register at the site. If you have an anonymous e-mail address, you must send a postcard with name, address, and e-mail address; the Dyers like to know who's talking.

Biz Insider

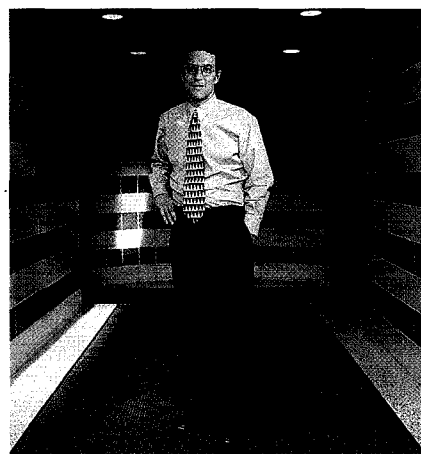
(Keyword *Biz Insider* on AOL)

"I'M NOT A STOCK PICKER," SAYS THE iconoclastic Herb Greenberg, around whose daily San Francisco *Chronicle* column this site is built. The fine distinction is that most of the people Greenberg talks to, and whose opinions he publishes, are stock pickers. "I don't give advice," he shrugs. "I am merely the messenger."

Greenberg tracks the *mishegoss* of the market. And while the column looks for opportunity, bad news warms his heart more than good. "If I can find a good fraud," he says, "I'm happier for it." Greenberg is celebrated for knowing when to tell people they should head for the lifeboats. He warned investors to beware of Stratosphere (a casino operator) when it was trading for \$8. Last week, it was going for just shy of a buck. Other prescient calls have included Imatron, Xylan, Discovery Zone, Manhattan Bagel, and Monterey Pasta. If you didn't invest in any of these during 1996, you should be very, very happy.

■ **The groupies:** Greenberg doesn't drop by his moribund chat room much, but he operates a series of message boards and occasionally responds to queries.

■ **Crystal-ball gazing:** Greenberg's "bearish bias" is borne out by his sources, who are predicting bad things for tech stocks like C-Qube, Apple, and, of course, Iomega. Greenberg recently



BAD-NEWS BEAR: HERB GREENBERG.

quoted technical analyst (and longtime bull) Rick Eakle as being very concerned that just ten stocks accounted for more than 40 percent of the gains in the S&P 500 for all of 1996, and just five accounted for more than half of the gains on all of NASDAQ. Eakle noted that two consecutive years of gains greater than 50 percent have, historically, almost always been followed by a year in which there is a steep correction.

CALL IT THE ANTI-FOOL: THE SHARK Attack, which shares America Online's Biz Insider site with Greenberg, caters to investors who trade aggressively and often, whose average

holding time for stocks is measured in days. Or hours. Investment decisions in these parts are driven by news, momentum, technical analysis—even the occasional rumor, if it looks credible enough to bump the market by a tick or two.

This confab is chaired by James DePorre, an attorney and CPA who gave up his practice when he lost his hearing. DePorre now trades full-time from his home in Anna Maria Island, Florida.

The Shark's best ride in the past twelve months has been Motley Fool darling Iomega. But he saw profit when the stock was on the way down, too. "The Fools made me a lot of money on that one," DePorre says, "first by creating euphoria, and then panic." DePorre took his worst drubbing on Orthologic, which was shortly trading at about one fourth the price it commanded when he climbed aboard.

■ **The groupies:** JungFool, Uncle Bux, Dr. Imbecile. The Shark Attack's chat room hosts as many as 300 pairs of wing tips during peak trading hours. Dialogue is rife with the arcane shorthand and frenzied expletives you'd expect to hear on the trading floor. Consider this advisory that appears on the screen as you enter Shark Attack: "Many of the participants are professional traders who earn their living by trading stocks. This is serious business for them. It is best if socializing and chit-chat can be kept to a minimum during peak-activity hours." (When is the last time you saw an online service discourage idle chatter?) There are 42 boards with 11,735 messages.

■ **Crystal-ball gazing:** Once you add all the Iomegas and Orthologics together, DePorre figures he was up by about 200 percent in 1996. But his is an aggressive trading strategy. Consider Osicom Technologies, a networking company, which received some poisonous publicity from *Business Week* recently (allegations that its share price has been rigged and manipulated by organized-crime figures). DePorre thinks the stock is undervalued. "Fair and present value are likely to be corrected shortly," he says, with the deadpan confidence of one who is a true connoisseur of risk. He's not too keen on the blue chips. "Large-cap stocks are overvalued, and I look for them to underperform small-caps in the coming year."

Ultimately, though, DePorre doesn't much care where stocks will be a year hence. Regardless of whether they are headed north or into the tank, he has a way to make money on them between now and lunchtime.

■ **Tolls:** *Biz Insider* is free with a \$19.95-per-month subscription to AOL.

MATTHEW FENTON

Stock Tips: 1997

SOME NOTABLE NEW YORKERS SHARE THEIR MARKET WISDOM FOR THE COMING YEAR—ON INVESTMENTS FROM GOLF TOGS TO CELL PHONES.



WILLIAM BRATTON
President, First Security Consultants
■ **Firearms Training Services.** "That's what I'll be buying this year. They had their IPO in November. I also just went on their board of directors."

REGIS PHILBIN
Host, Live With Regis & Kathie Lee
■ **"Intel forever. Time Warner may take forever."**



CINDY ADAMS
Columnist, New York Post
■ **Hewlett-Packard.** "It's a good-quality stock for the long haul. I personally prefer gold and diamonds, but my husband and my broker say I have to buy stock."

STANLEY ARONOWITZ
Professor, CUNY Graduate Center, labor expert
■ **IBM.** "I think they'll come out strong again this year after a ten-year depression. They might even make Microsoft look weak."

DOUG SCHOEN
Political consultant, Penn + Schoen
■ **Mirage Resorts.** "Given the reluctance of most jurisdictions to legalize gambling, I think that it's going to be those players who are already strong who will continue to dominate. And if they ever change the laws in New York, I'm sure they'll be active competitors."



ABE HIRSCHFELD
Real-estate developer
■ **Integrated Process Equipment Company.** "They're a computer-chip company. I bought them at 6, and they went up to 54; then they went to 10, and I bought some more. Now they're at like 18 or 19, and I'm buying them again. I think they will reach their potential again this year."

MARY BROSNAHAN
Executive Director, Coalition for the Homeless
■ **Wackenhut Corrections Corporation.** "Prisons are the only form of low-income housing Rudy and Pataki are interested in building. I see boom times ahead."



RUSSELL SIMMONS
CEO, RUSH Communications
■ "Generally speaking, I prefer to invest in convertible bonds, which protect my principal. I get a higher yield than the overall stock market, plus the convertible's price rises as the stock price goes up. My pick for 1997 is **Saks Holdings's** 5.5 percent convertible bond. Saks not only has strong same-store sales increases but is also expanding into affluent mid-size markets for added growth. On top of that, the convertible bond yields over 6 percent."



MARY HIGGINS CLARK
Mystery novelist
■ "In 1997 I plan to continue to cast my lot with blue chips such as **IBM, Microsoft, Du Pont, and Disney.**"

AL GOLDSTEIN
Publisher, Screw magazine
■ **Grand Metropolitan.** "They own Häagen-Dazs. I really know nothing about the market. Everything I've invested in has turned to shit. So I only invest in sex and food. That way I figure I'm helping my, you know, dividends."

HENRY STERN
New York City Parks commissioner
■ **Vanguard Institutional Index fund.** "If you can't beat the averages, join them."

NICHOLAS GRAY
Owner, Gray's Papaya
■ **Walt Disney Company.** "They seem to be so aggressive; the stock has grown ten times in the past twenty years. I think they're a company of the future."



DANNY MEYER
Co-owner, Union Square Cafe
■ **Checkpoint Systems.** "I built Union Square Cafe with the profits from the first Checkpoint stock I ever sold. I held on to the rest and kept buying while watching the stock grow something like fourteenfold since 1984. They make electronic-surveillance devices, sort of like those plastic tags in department stores."



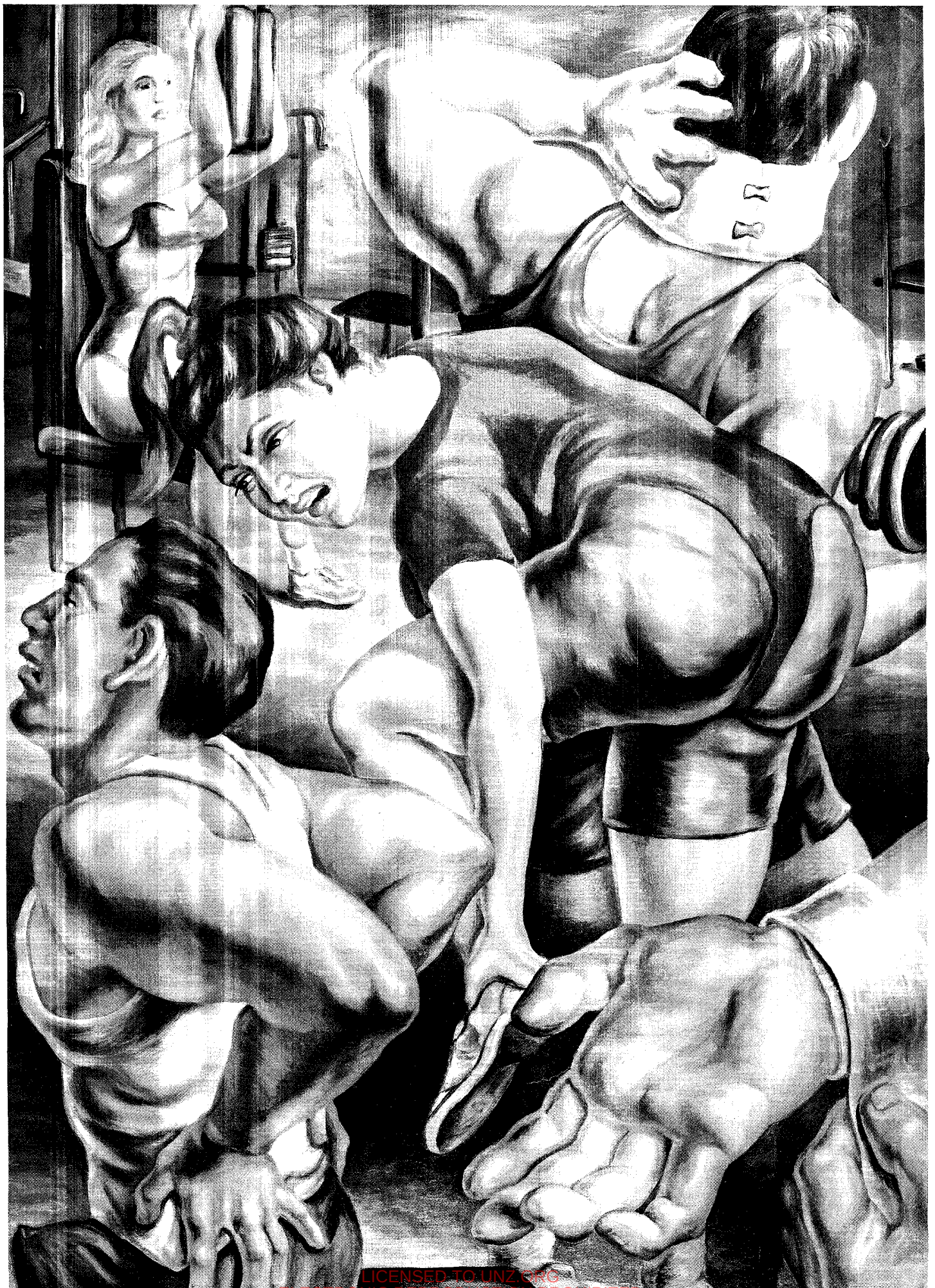
LINDA WELLS
Editor-in-chief, Allure
■ **Motorola.** "My investment adviser, who also happens to be my father, thinks they'll do well this year because their cellular phones are great."

JOHN GAMBLING
Host, "Rambling With Gambling," WOR-AM
■ **Robert Half International.** "The workforce is becoming more fragmented; RHI [a temp agency] has great potential to fill in the gaps."



MISA CHANG
Founder, Empire Szechuan restaurants
■ **Callaway Golf Company.** "We've no adequate explanation for the significant rise in golf apparel among our male customers. It is obvious it represents an important shift in consumer preferences. Clearly the aging of the baby-boomer population has something to do with it, and the trend is likely to continue throughout '97."

AL ROKER
NBC weatherman
■ **CML Group** (parent company of NordicTrack). "Everyone resolves at the new year to be healthy and exercise, so they invest in these fabulous, expensive exercise machines, and by May, they're used as expensive clothes hangers."

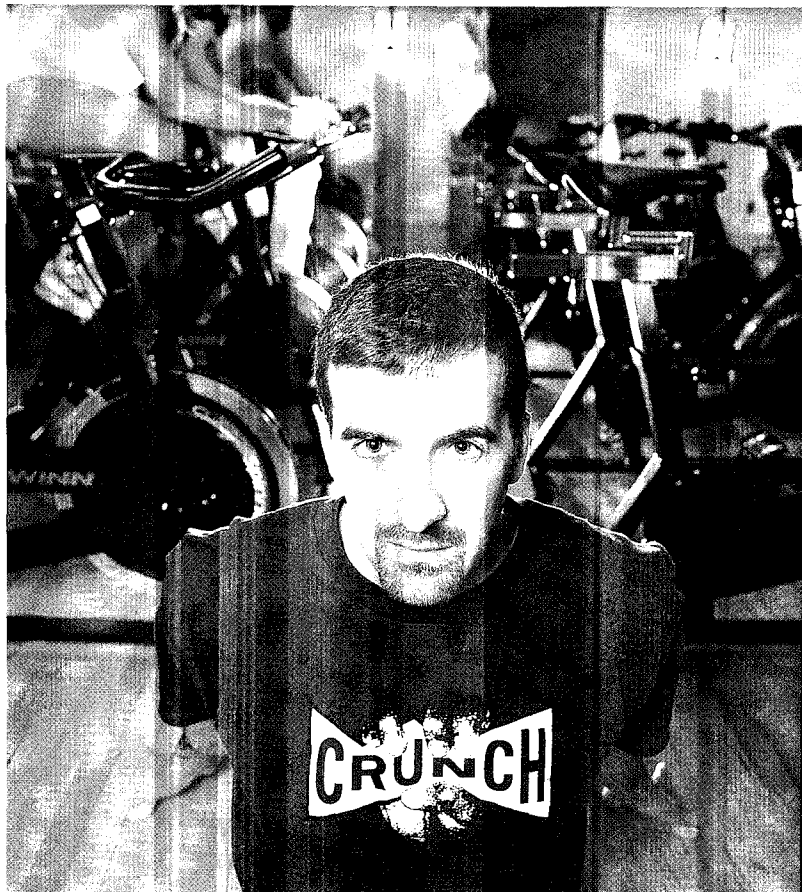


THE TROUBLE WITH GYMS

I USED TO BE ONE OF THOSE NEW YORKERS FOR whom the gym is a religion. I went at least three times a week for the better part of a decade, working out on the StairMaster, using the weight machines, stretching on the mats. I had a vision of what I wanted my body to look like, and of how I wanted to feel. And if I missed more than two days in a row, I felt logy and delinquent.

But I've lost my faith. It began with the Lady on the Treadmill. Every morning at my club, as I climbed the StairMaster (30 minutes, Level 7), I would see in front of me a heavyset middle-aged woman on a treadmill. I don't know what speed she

Your health club won't tell you this, but the trendy machine you're working out on might not make you fit and could even injure you if you don't use it right. By the way, did you notice your butt's getting bigger? By Ruth G. Davis



The Pled Piper of Spinning: Roger Harvey, vice-president and COO of Crunch.

had set it on, but it was clearly too fast; she was always puffing along frantically, holding on to the handrails for dear life. I was actually afraid that if she lost her grip she would fly backward and crash into me on my StairMaster.

As this was happening, I would occasionally catch the eye of the gym attendant and we would smile conspiratorially. But the attendant would never tell the Lady on the Treadmill to slow down. She just stood there, benevolently surveying the room, seldom intervening as my co-religionists flailed at the machines.

At the time, I felt superior to the Lady on the Treadmill, but it turned out—after some research on my part—that we were pretty much in the same boat. I, too, was using a machine at too high a level—wasn't I in good shape? And I, too, compensated by supporting some of my weight on the handrails, a common habit that puts stress on your back and your knees, can cause carpal-tunnel syndrome in your wrists, and also deprives you of most of the benefit of using a stairclimber.

I've never injured myself in the gym. But across the city, there's a small epidemic of people suffering from gym-related ailments, such thoroughly modern conditions as stairclimber knee, bench-press impingement, and step-stress fractures. Sports physical therapists are treating more people injured in gyms; a few clinics are even on the gyms' premises. The culprit isn't the machines themselves—they're safe if used properly—but that they are used in laissez-faire gyms that are reluctant to tell amateurs like me that we don't know what we're doing. Or that what we're doing—without the benefit of a \$60-an-hour personal trainer—isn't going to give us the body we think we're getting.

After a late-eighties boom and an early-nineties bust, health-club growth is strong again, fueled mostly by people

who are joining for the first time, are fairly out of shape, and don't really know much about working out—"the deconditioned," as they're referred to in the industry. Club growth has in turn bolstered the exercise-equipment industry, which more than doubled its sales of treadmills, stationary bikes, stairclimbers, weight machines, and other exercise equipment in the past seven years. Instructor-led aerobics classes have declined in popularity (remember the schedules with "Hi" and "Lo"?) while the numbers of people working out with both cardiovascular and weight machines rose nationally to 44.3 million people in 1995, up from 32.1 million in 1985, according to the National Sporting Goods Association. And given the rate at which boredom derails the pursuit of fitness, there's a huge market chasing the Next Big Machine. "You're constantly looking for something new that's going to resuscitate, so to speak, that's really going to burst onto the scene, that every club's going to have, and that every member is going to participate in," says Gregg Shapiro of the International Health, Racquet and Sportsclub Association (IHRSA). "The fitness industry is no different from any other industry; for instance, fashion is a good analogy."

Fashion is a good analogy indeed. It's just not a particularly comforting one.

THEY'RE NOT DONE YET WITH THE NEWEST CRUNCH, ON Second Avenue and 59th Street, the fifth Crunch to open in Manhattan. The walls of the retail area still need to be painted, and new lockers lie wrapped in cellophane, uninstalled, in the women's locker room, a room that is bigger than the original Crunch, on 13th Street, was in its entirety. The old Crunch was known for having great classes, and only classes, that you would pay for individually. But that business model has been replaced with the supergym concept. "We had more people who were interested in exercise equipment, so we added that into our mix," says Roger Harvey, vice-president and COO of Crunch. Harvey leads me over to the cardio area, where a fleet of 48 brand-new treadmills stand idle. "We're getting more," he says proudly.

Crunch also has several of this year's hot new machine—the Precor EFX544 Elliptical Fitness Crosstrainer, a cross between a stairclimber and a cross-country-ski machine. ("Elliptical" refers to the circular motion of the foot pedals, rather than up and down or back and forth. "It's on fire," says Nanette Pattee Francini of Reebok Sports.) On our way past the selectorized machines—the weight machines made by Icarian and others for every muscle in your body—we pass a strange-looking plastic-encased area known as the Hypoxic Training Room, where you can do the treadmill or the bike in an oxygen-depleted environment. "It's like how Olympic athletes train, by going into areas with high altitudes," Harvey explains. I ask who uses it. Harvey looks inside, where a very sweaty man with a protruding belly is on the treadmill. "This guy, I don't know, but he doesn't look like a professional athlete," Harvey says, having found the answer. "Anyone can use it!"

Outside the free-weight area, Harvey explains the principles of the Hammer Strength machines, which require more control and technique than the selectorized but not as much as the barbells. "You shouldn't really start using free weights unless you're instructed," says Harvey. "Well," he adds, "you can do anything you want."

Which is precisely Crunch's whole philosophy. "We try to have this atmosphere that's very welcoming and nonjudgmental, so that people want to come back," says Harvey. "The ex-

ercise component is important; we're going to focus on some of those areas, but the big key is getting them in the door the first time and then getting them to come back. There are some people who will come in and climb a stairclimber every day, and you can make arguments that you should do some kind of variance, but if they're happy doing it, then that's great. We're not going to try and impose a better way for them."

Even if the person on the stairclimber is holding on to the handrails?

"It's kind of tough," says Harvey. "Is it better for somebody

Even the highest of the high-end clubs can do only so much. "We try not to bug them when they're on the machines," says Esther Mermelstein, the manager of the Vertical Club. "It's a very tricky thing, but we do the best we can," says Reebok's Nanette Pattee Francini.

All gyms have orientations, and some even toss in free training sessions, but evidence suggests they're not working very well. In fact, the main incentive for an attendant to intercede seems to be the good old American lawsuit. "If somebody is doing something where they will injure themselves,

All gyms have orientations—some even throw in personal-training sessions—but they must not be working very well.

to come in and use the stairclimber and hold on—which isn't necessarily a physical problem where they're going to injure themselves, but they're not getting the full exercise benefit possible with the machine—is it better that they're here at all than not being here? It's better that they're here at all."

Crunch isn't the only gym with a lot of clueless people and not much supervision. "If I went and took you into one of our clubs, and we just stood in the corner and watched, we would see in practice what I would call the 'monkey-see, monkey-do effect,'" says Ann Marie Miller of New York Sports Club. "Which is, someone walks onto the floor, they gaze around, and they see a person who looks like they know what they're doing, and they're going to imitate what they think that person is doing, whether it's appropriate for that individual or not."

Monitoring everyone for bad technique, Miller says, would be impossible: "We're trying to help people understand our staff is there to help you." Which isn't exactly the same as tapping the Lady on the Treadmill on the shoulder and giving it to her straight. But after all, no gym wants to scare away members.

it's the responsibility of the club to correct them," says Ann Marie Miller. "Better that than getting a letter from a lawyer a couple of months later."

One gym, the new Equinox on East 85th Street, has a physical-therapy practice on the premises, which makes particularly good sense because more and more these days, the gym is where people happen to be injuring themselves.

"Neck problems, for example, that's from lifting weights—increasing the weights too fast or using improper technique," says Dawn Utstein, owner of Physio Sports Center. "If we see a back problem, it can be a step class or a spinning class. Patella femoral"—rubbing and swelling underneath the kneecap—"you get it a lot from cycling." Ninety percent of Utstein's practice here and at two other locations are patients with athletic injuries, and of those, Utstein estimates, 20 percent happened in a gym. Utstein is proud of her new facility, but these numbers don't reflect brilliantly on gyms. "It's a conflict for me," she admits.

Other sports therapists are also noticing growth in the number of gym-related injuries. "We see rotator-cuff stuff—shoulder impingement. It's from doing too much upper-body work, too much bench-pressing," says John Ferrari of Comprehensive Physical Therapy Associates. "A close second would be stairclimber knee, females with patella irritation."

"I see them frequently," says therapist Barbara Rose when asked whether any of her patients have gym injuries. "Low-back problems are the most common. Sometimes patients get shin splints from using the treadmill on too much of an incline."

"Of course, it's half our business!" laughs Risa Halpern of Plus One Fitness Clinic (strange, isn't it, that there is such a thing as a "fitness clinic"?). "Some people are hyper about going to a class every day, going to two classes in a row, and a lot of workout injuries are from overuse. Other times, people are under the illusion they can lift a heavier weight than they really can, or they're just not really aware of what it is they're doing."

Thirty-three-year-old Jon Berkowitz has injured himself twice and is now being treated at the Center for Pain Management. "One time, I hurt my lower back by being a hotshot and lifting a lot of weight on the bench press without warming up or without doing a light set," Berkowitz says. Now Berkowitz is suffering from a shoulder impingement, brought on by side raises with dumbbells and shoulder presses. What makes it worse is that Berkowitz is actually a freelance personal-fitness trainer. "I figured that because I knew a little more than the next guy, there are a few things I could get away with that maybe they couldn't."

Gym rehab: Physical therapist Dawn Utstein in Equinox's "Functional Room."



With outdoor sports like skiing, soccer, or basketball, there are always factors beyond control that might cause an accident. But the gym is a completely controlled environment. "I would say most gym-related injuries can be prevented with knowledge," says therapist Risa Halpern. "There's a lot that most people don't know. They go into a gym and they're like, 'Okay, let's work out!'"

WHAT THEY'RE LIKELY TO ENCOUNTER WHEN THEY GO INTO A GYM is a dizzying array of new machines as well as the latest trends in workouts. Nowadays, the hot thing is spinning. Spinning is an instructor-led cycling class that debuted on the mass market in a convention center in San Francisco in 1995. "It was a phenomenal response," says Gregg Shapiro of the IHRSA. "Initially, it was the whole idea that there was a new revenue opportunity and a new use for clubs in their aerobic studios, because basically you don't need to build a new studio for spinning." Now almost every major club in New York offers spinning classes. "We're adding them so fast I can't keep track," says Ann Marie Miller of New York Sports. Spinning is essentially high-speed stationary cycling, done to music on a clutchless bike, so you can't stop pedaling unless you take your feet out of the straps.

Crunch was largely responsible for introducing spinning on the East Coast, and on New Year's Eve, a small group turned up at the 13th Street club for the 6:45 P.M. class. "I want more 60-minute spins," said one woman in her thirties with very muscular legs. "I do it three times a week. I was a stepper for years, but I got stress fractures in my feet so I had to find something else. You're going to hate it the first time. I had to come back six times and now I'm addicted." As it turned out, the instructor never showed up (perhaps she had something better to do on New Year's Eve), but a Crunch employee turned off the lights, turned on the disco ball and the

rectly—which I did, some of the time). It doesn't even mean you'll be able to climb up stairs any better. Working out on a stairclimber mostly means that you'll be able to work out on a stairclimber better.

The same is true with a treadmill. Like the stairclimber, the treadmill helps move you through the exercise; all you're doing is picking up your feet while the ground moves beneath you. "The treadmill, done on a zero percent grade, is actually like walking or running downhill," says Stu Mittleman, a fitness coach and marathon runner. "I recommend using a 2 percent grade." When you run on a real surface, you have to move yourself forward, which is why going for an actual run, while more stressful on your joints and feet, is a lot harder to do and will make your calves more sore than going on a simulated run in a gym.

New York Sports's Miller admits that she now works out in the gym only to supplement other activities she does outdoors, like running and biking. "I hit a plateau of going to the gym, going to the gym, going to the gym—which is great, but it was not a way to measure, well, how far have I come? What am I doing?"

The strength-training machines pose a different problem: They work only specific parts of the body, which is fine if you work every muscle in intervals on a regular basis, but most people don't. "They open themselves up to what we refer to as muscular imbalances, and muscular imbalances can lead to a whole bunch of problems," says Dr. Tom Kaminski, an athletic trainer at the Department of Exercise and Sport Science at the University of Florida. "For example, if someone does a whole bunch of abdominal work and forgets about the muscles in the lower-back region, those individuals tend to have posture problems, because they're so strong in the front that they kind of pull forward. The muscles in the abdominal wall, those are the look-good muscles, the beach muscles."

"I'd be talking to editors, and they'd say, 'I'm not putting that a stairclimber gives you a big butt in the magazine!'"

music anyway, and let three women spin to their heart's desire. "It's not a fad; the fad stage lasts one year," says Crunch's Harvey, who has installed a total of 105 special spinning machines in his gyms.

Ann Marie Miller has a different observation about spinning. "Now I see in classes, if participants aren't instructed properly, when they go into the standing position, they're throwing their body forward and hanging over the handlebars. They're just turning those spinning bikes into the stairclimber of the nineties."

THE MOMENT I REALLY STARTED TO COOL ON THE GYM CAME NOT on a StairMaster but on the side of a mountain in Idaho. I had flown out there for a wedding, and a group hike was in the offing. I started out in the middle of the group with energy and confidence. I had, after all, been working out in the gym all those years and felt reasonably fit. After ten minutes, everyone had passed me. Half an hour later, everyone had reached the top except for me and another woman. At least the other woman had an excuse: Her antidepressant medication had caused her to put on twenty pounds.

My excuse was this: Working out on a stairclimber, while it burns calories and improves your cardiovascular system, doesn't necessarily mean you'll be able to climb a mountain any better, an activity in which you have to move your body upward against gravity (even if you use a stairclimber cor-

According to Kaminski, men also tend to do a lot of bench-pressing, which increases their chest and upper-arm muscles but not the smaller muscles in the rotator cuff that you need for throwing. "We have a tendency as the general public just to go into the gym, to exercise, to do what makes us feel good and maybe look good, but it may not amount to a hill of beans if we're out playing basketball or soccer on the weekend," says Kaminski.

Paul, a 33-year-old actor who rides the stationary bike and lifts weights at New York Sports, says, "I will go and play a sport like touch football, and the next day I will be in incredible pain. It's like, all the tiny muscles *between* the muscles you work at the gym, nothing's happened to them since the last time you played touch football fifteen years ago."

It's not that strength training on machines can't be beneficial. "I personally think the isolation of individual muscle groups is important, but the fact is that everything we do in our activities in daily living is whole-body movements," says Kaminski. "So eventually you need to pull it all together and do overall exercise as well."

THE RANKS OF GYM DROPOUTS HAVE GROWN SO MUCH THAT THERE are now people who specialize not only in their physical rehabilitation but in their deprogramming. "There is only one perfect piece of aerobic equipment in the world, and it's a jump rope. Nothing else comes close," says Edward Jackowski,



Back to basics: Edward Jackowski of Exude Fitness makes clients jump rope.

big butt in the magazine! There would be widespread panic!"

Other machines that have the opposite effect from what you would expect are the Butt Blaster and abdominal-resistance machines that twist from side to side and actually thicken your waist. "People are often surprised. They do these weighted abdominal machines and they find they can't fit into their pants," says trainer Stu Mittleman. Some gym employees will acknowledge such fallacies—if they know about them and if you ask them. "It's not the gym's fault; they just don't have the knowledge," says Jackowski. "In a health club, the client's always right, and in here, the client's never right. That's the difference. Because if they were right, they wouldn't be here! Gyms are wonderful for my business, because people join and go and fail, or people join and don't go, so the more gyms that go up, the better I do."

More important than signing up new members to a gym is getting them to renew. And as gyms are realizing that results are the single best motivation, they're starting to sound themes similar to Jackowski's. "We feel the direction for 1997 is personalized attention," says Tom Kyme, program director for New York Health & Racquet Club. "When people join the club, they have these original goals, and a lot of times we've noticed that although some people do make improvements, a lot of people don't, a lot of people drop out, and we want to bring the focus back to the real reason they joined in the first place."

The hitch is, you have to pay for it. Personal Best is what New York Health & Racquet Club is calling its new personal-trainer program. Crunch calls its the Resolution; Equinox calls it E-Max. Currently, 10 to 20 percent of members of most gyms have worked out with a personal trainer, but a marketing blitz might change those numbers. "I'm expecting 55 to 60 percent," says Kyme. "I don't think it's going to be a question of expense; it's a question of, do they really want to see results? What do they want to accomplish?"

In other words, it's not enough that you pay to go to a gym anymore; now everybody has to have a personal trainer. "What I'm finding is that people who don't have a trainer are bored right now," says Rich Barretta, the head trainer for Equinox. "In the seventies, it was running; in the eighties, it was going to health clubs; in the nineties, it was hard-core lifting weights and everyone wanted to be bigger, and now we're getting out of that; about 20 percent of the people are getting into more sports activities."

That means that people are getting into more activities that occur *outside the gym*, and gyms are trying to make sure members don't abandon them for good by offering trainers to get people in shape for those activities. Which is not a bad idea, just fairly expensive, and perhaps something you could do on your own with a little preparation, but then you might be missing out on the latest fitness fashions. "I'm trying to develop into the future and I'm taking you with me," says Barretta, giving the hard sell. "So as new trends and new things come across, I'm your first line, I get it first, you're going to learn it from me."

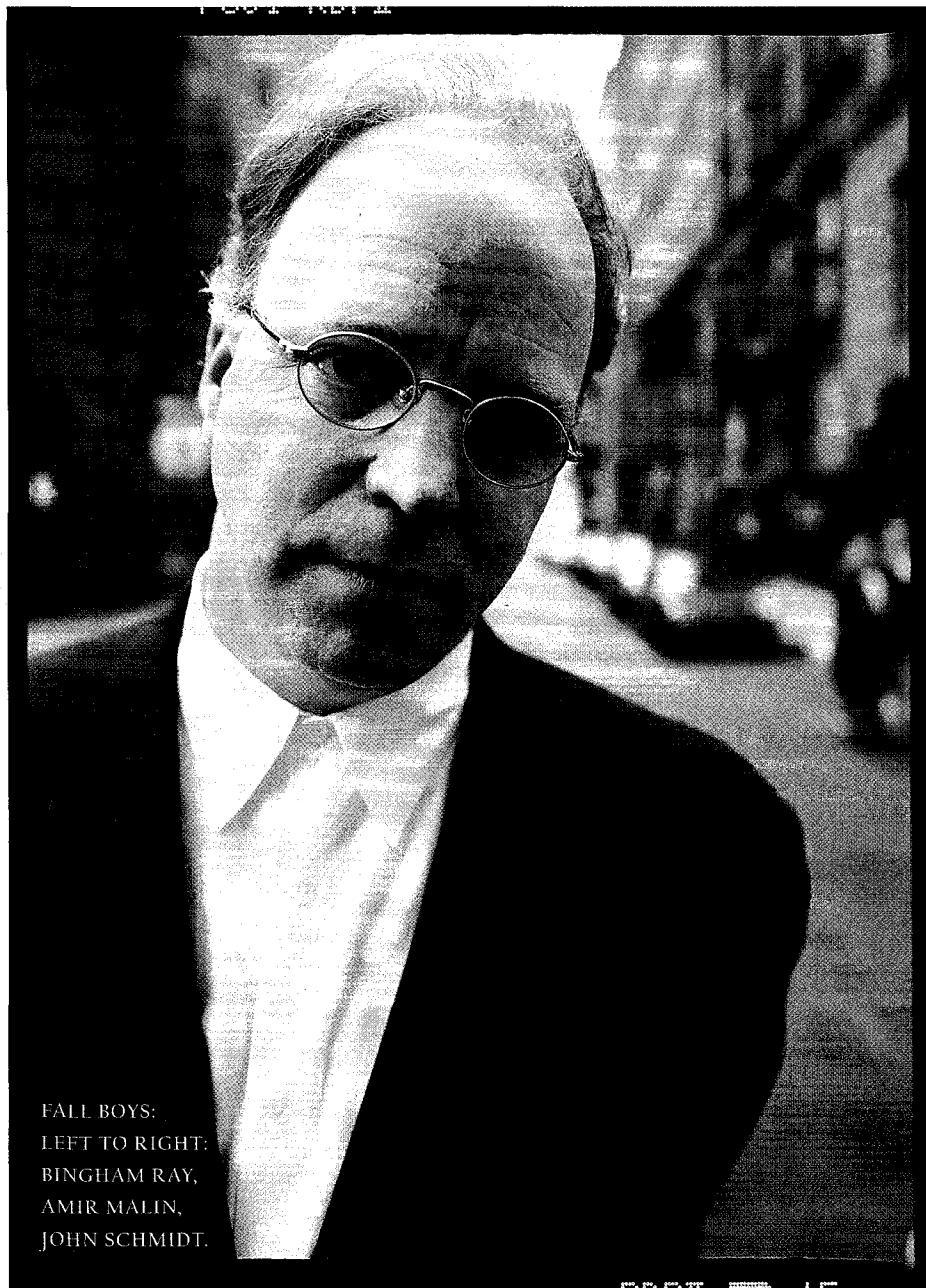
ABOUT EIGHT MONTHS AGO, BEFORE I KNEW ANY OF THIS, I stopped going to the gym. I started running, taking yoga classes (a *real* yoga class, at Jivamukti Yoga Center on Second Avenue), playing tennis, and riding an ancient Tunturi exercise bike at home. In other words, I stopped "working out" and started exercising. I guess you could even call it cross-training, although I prefer to look at it as just doing a bunch of different things that I think are fun. As a result, I lost ten pounds. My stocky, out-of-whack gym body be- (continued on page 80)

founder of Exude Fitness. Jackowski has no medical training, only an undergraduate degree from Baruch College. In short, he is a businessman, but what he's trying to sell is results. "In the first five years of my business, I would go into the health clubs, I'd go up to Mrs. Smith, and I'd say, 'You know what, Susan? It ain't happening!' That's how I would get clients."

Six years ago, Neal Gordon, then the general counsel for Cartier, was working out with a personal trainer at the Atrium Club, now the New York Health & Racquet Club, where he would warm up and be led through a weight-lifting routine. "Every so often, my kids and wife would say to me, 'Your body doesn't seem to be changing,'" he says. Jackowski set him up with a routine of jumping rope, riding the stationary bike, and doing other light weight-bearing exercises. "You would find me jumping rope in the hallways of the best hotels in Europe—I jumped rope in the hallways of the George V once!" Gordon says. "I lost so much weight, I had to start eating differently to put it back on. Now I watch people every day in the gym and they're just going through the motions."

Jackowski believes that most people working out are doing so not just incorrectly but inaccurately for what they want to achieve and for what type of body they have. For example, Jackowski says, women who use a stairclimber will find it actually increases the size of their buttocks and thighs (the exceptions to the rule are smaller-framed women with boyish figures). Now, this is something that I know to be true from personal experience, but I never expected it was a common affliction. "What happens with people on steppers is, they're not losing fat at the same rate that they're building muscle. That's why they keep getting bigger," explains Jackowski. "In the early nineties, I would be talking to glossy-magazine editors and they would say, 'I'm not putting that a stairclimber gives you a

Move over, Miramax. Younger, hungrier, artier October



FALL BOYS:
LEFT TO RIGHT:
BINGHAM RAY,
AMIR MALIN,
JOHN SCHMIDT.

The Guns

lms is upstaging New York's indie establishment.



RDP



RDP 15

of October

BY PAT WECHSLER

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NICK CARDILICCHIO

FOR NEW YORK

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IN THE BALMY PREDAWN HOURS OF MAY 21, BINGHAM Ray was guzzling vintage champagne amid the glamorous turbulence of Cannes's Majestic Hotel bar and wondering who was paying for it. Not that he really cared. Mike Leigh's latest movie, *Secrets & Lies*, had just swept top prizes for best film and best actress at the world's most-talked-about film festival, and the Danish film *Breaking the Waves* had taken an impressive second. Ray, whose October Films owns the U.S.-distribution rights to both movies, was exultant, and well on his way to getting justifiably looped. Could life get any sweeter? ■ Just hours later, ruffled, hung-over, and utterly exhausted, Ray climbed aboard Delta Flight 83 to New York, crammed his carry-on into the overhead compartment, and squeezed into an economy-class seat. Only feet away, Erica Steinberg, a mid-level publicity executive at October's Disney-owned competitor, Miramax—until this year New York's perennial favorite for the

Riviera trophies—slunk into business class. "Here was Bingham—all alone, passed out against the window," recalls Howard Feinstein, a journalist who returned home on the same flight as Ray. "To look at him, you'd never have suspected he was the toast of Cannes." Still on a shoestring, October may have figured out how to win the prizes, but it hasn't tapped into the indie gold mine just yet. But it would require near-monkish restraint for Ray and his two partners not to at least ask themselves, "Is it finally our turn?" Certainly, other people in the industry are beginning to wonder.

EDGY, PASSIONATE, AND VERY HUNGRY, October Films is everything Miramax was at the start of the decade, just before it took off with *The Crying Game*. Thanks to its smash success at Cannes and a storm of critical praise at home, the Greenwich Village-based October is moving out of bargain-basement indie-film distribution and into the strobe-lighted opulence enjoyed by Miramax and other art-house divisions of the Hollywood studios. When October Films began five years ago, with no money and only one film, few would have predicted its success. But then again, it's hard to foresee a year as good as 1996 turned out to be for the company. Once an arty and unprofitable Hollywood backwater, independent film has exploded

over the past decade, eating into the luster and profits of the big studios. At Miramax, Bob and Harvey Weinstein became bona fide movie moguls by scooping up small gems like *sex, lies, and videotape* and generating seven- and eight-digit box offices on savvy marketing and self-generated buzz. Bob Shaye, who created New Line Cinema by selling such campy classics as *Reefer Madness* to college campuses, pulled a similar magic act by producing big profits from low-budget flicks like *Nightmare on Elm Street* and *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*. Their success helped change indie film into seriously big business—the kind that propelled Disney to buy Miramax for \$80

million in 1993 and Ted Turner to pay \$506 million for New Line the same year.

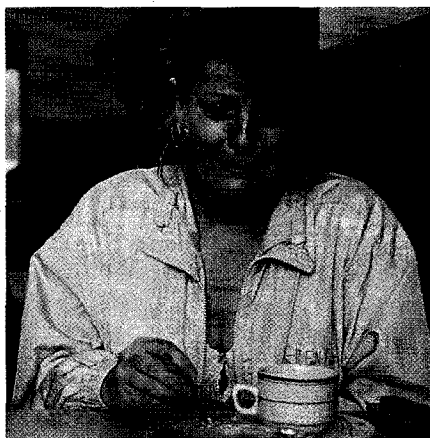
Since then, independent film has become considerably less independent. And even Miramax—which enjoyed an unprecedented winning streak for the first half of the decade—has shown signs of creeping corporate sclerosis. Its critics charge that it has become too big, too commercial, too removed from its roots. When filmmaker Jim Jarmusch took the stage at the New York Film Critics Circle dinner to denounce Miramax, the audience responded with whistles and cheers. (Miramax boss Harvey Weinstein declined repeated requests for an interview.)

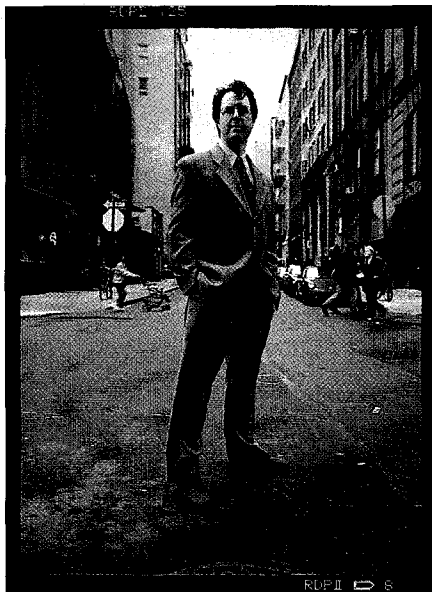
Born of the same entrepreneurial spirit that launched its much larger rival, October has succeeded largely by presenting itself as a kinder, gentler alternative, willing to take risks on unknown actors and the artistic visions of its directors—however uncommercial they may be. But whether fortunes can be forged on such earnest foundations still remains to be seen.

"OCTOBER'S NOT DOING NIGHTMARE ON ELM Street—they haven't had films with that kind of box office," admits director Abel Ferrara, one of a burgeoning group of renegade auteurs—including Leigh and David Lynch—who have hooked up with the company. "But one of us is going to give them a really big film, and then . . . It only takes one."

Though Cannes put October on the radar screen, it was the subsequent torrent of Stateside awards that made the industry take notice. Early this month, *Breaking the Waves*—a haunting passion play about the relationship of a postmodern saint with her husband and her God—swept the National Society of Film Critics's awards, winning for Best Film,

OCTOBER FEST: BRENDA BLETHYN IN *SECRETS & LIES*; LARS VON TRIER'S *BREAKING THE WAVES*.



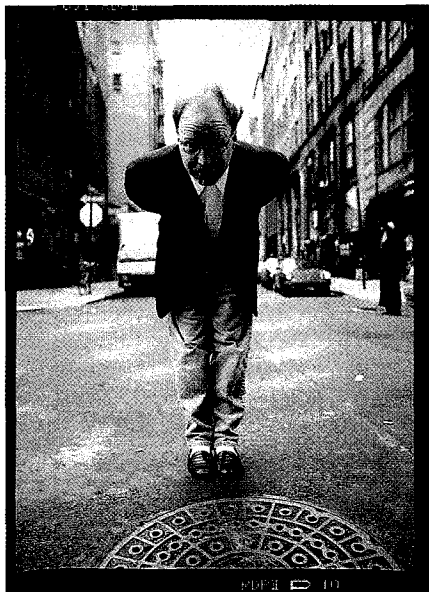


STREET FIGHTERS: SCHMIDT, RAY, AND MALIN ARE HOPING TO BEAT MIRAMAX AT ITS OWN GAME.

Best Actress, Best Director, and Best Cinematographer. In December, the New York film critics honored *Breaking's* Emily Watson as Best Actress and Lars von Trier as Best Director. Their L.A. counterparts showered *Secrets & Lies*—which stars Brenda Blethyn as a white, lower-middle-class Brit sought out by the black daughter she'd given up for adoption—with prizes for Best Picture, Best Actress, and Best Director. Both films went on to win Golden Globe nominations from the studio-centric Hollywood Foreign Press Association for Best Picture and Best Actress. And both are serious Oscar contenders. The success has caught even Ray by surprise. "I am passionate about these two films," he says, "but I wouldn't have predicted this."

IN CONTRAST TO THE BLUSTERY bravado of Harvey Weinstein, the men who founded October in 1991 are low-profile and self-consciously quirky. Ray, a Scarsdale-born-and-raised cinephile, sports trademark Bermuda shorts whether he is trotting around a sun-washed Mediterranean film festival or in subfreezing temperatures at Utah's Sundance. His co-founder, an eccentric bald bohemian named Jeff Lipsky, is a native New Yorker.

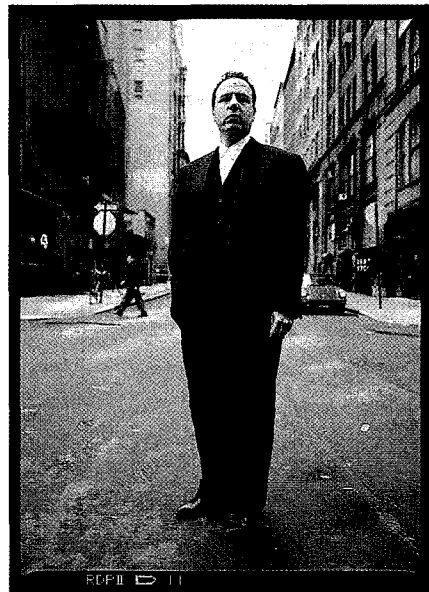
Although they started October in California, where both had been involved in acquisitions and marketing for established distributors, the pair moved the firm east to New York a year later, back



to the main American market for the foreign-language films they loved. Soon after, they teamed up with Amir Malin and John Schmidt—both more buttoned-down than they and both with serious financial backgrounds. Malin, an Israeli-born Long Islander who had started the film distributor Cinecom and helped produce such films as *A Room With a View* and *Matewan*, was to be the organization's deal-maker. Schmidt, an Upper East Side-bred Ivy Leaguer who had once been the chief financial officer of Miramax, was to handle strategic planning and finance. Together, they set out to replicate Miramax's success.

Just as the public came to identify Harvey Weinstein with Miramax, Ray and Lipsky became the public face of October. While the two founders combed the film-festival circuit in search of product, Malin shouldered the less glamorous, more profitable task of overseeing the firm's Millennium Films venture, the No. 1 supplier of worldwide premieres to HBO. Last year, Malin estimates that as much as 35 percent of October's more than \$30 million in revenues came from that unit, which distributes genre films that will never be theatrically released.

As October's stream-of-consciousness business plan became more formalized, the firm attracted its first investor, the top drawer Allen & Co., which in turn lured other prestigious backers, including Siegler Coltery, Steinhart Baer Productions, and Carl Marks & Co. With each new investor, the partners were forced to cede a little more equity and control. The volatile Lipsky eventually found their meddling too onerous (and investors found him too unconventional



and ornery). He left the firm in 1995 to produce his own film *Childhood's End* and to start yet another distribution company of his own.

Today, with 25 employees and a roster of more than a dozen movies this year, October is waiting for its own *Pulp Fiction* or *Crying Game*—a film that would elevate it to the lofty level of its high-profile competitors. But even though its biggest-box-office movie before this year, *The Last Seduction*, grossed a mere \$6.5 million—small change by the Weinsteins' standards—the company has attracted a steady stream of suitors. "We've been approached by a couple of studios about the possibility of selling October or setting up some kind of partnership," says the 42-year-old Malin. "We feel strongly that we don't want to sell out. But a strategic partnership would allow us to maintain the direction of the company but expand the scope."

Another indication that October has burst into the big leagues: HBO just quietly signed a multi-million-dollar pay-television deal with October for its theatrical releases—just like a deal it struck with Miramax in 1989 and similar to the contracts it maintains with all the majors. Insiders estimate October will collect between \$20 million and \$30 million from the three-year deal.

"In the spring, October told us they had two pictures that were going to be very strong this year," says Steve Scheffer, president of film programming, video, and enterprise at HBO. "Everybody says things like that, but not everybody's right."

Scheffer says HBO is taking an active role in helping independents like October

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PATRICIA ARQUETTE IN DAVID LYNCH'S *LOST HIGHWAY*; MATTHEW HARRISON'S *KICKED IN THE HEAD*.

compete with the studios. "Like Miramax, they're very smart, very talented, and very passionate," he adds. "They seem to have a vision—they know where they want to go."

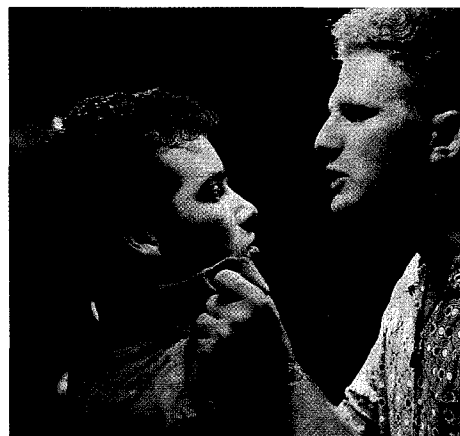
But today's playing field is a lot more uneven than the one Miramax entered a decade ago. The acquisition teams that are going after more thoughtful, arty movies—divisions such as Sony Classics, Fox Searchlight, and Fine Line Features—tend to have studio money backing them and managers who are less fearful of a losing financial quarter or two. At Miramax itself, now part of the Disney empire, the Weinsteins may still retain entrepreneurial airs, but they now rely heavily on Mickey's war chest to back them up on big deals.

Because of this, the cost of distribution has increased steadily. "What kind of business is this when someone pays \$10 million for *Spitfire Grill* or *Sling Blade*? Or \$5 million for *Swingers*?" asks Schmidt, with sincere incredulity. "It just has to be a case of *My dick's bigger than yours*."

Nonetheless, next month October will release a film for which industry sources claim the company paid close to \$10 million. David Lynch, the filmmaker responsible for *Blue Velvet* and *Wild at Heart*—as well as the Gen-X hit TV series *Twin Peaks*—is now about to open *Lost Highway*, starring Patricia Arquette and Bill Pullman.

"I am one of the luckiest directors around to be with a company like October," enthuses Lynch. "They truly love the films they acquire, and they're interested in making money. But *not* at the risk of hurting the director."

October bought *Lost Highway*—a hallucinogenic trip through such preferred Lynchian terrain as sex and violence—when it was still in production, in an at-



tempt to avoid the kind of festival one-upmanship that pushes prices through the ceiling. (*Lost Highway* is already one of the hottest tickets at the upcoming Sundance Film Festival.) Again, the distributor depended on relationships it established with Lynch through *Nadja*, a campy vampire film he executive-produced, and with the film's producer, Ciby 2000, which also produced *Secrets & Lies*.

"A success with *Lost Highway* would take us to a whole different level, and could become our prototype for the future," says Malin. "I would be very disappointed if we don't beat the *Secrets & Lies* box office by a lot. But even on a film that we wanted as much as this one, we will never bet the store."

For October, which operates out of the recently renovated second floor of the landmark Bayard-Condict Building at 65 Bleecker Street, it's all pretty high-altitude flying. This is a company, after all, that's still shocked by the fact that it must pay \$500 a ticket for each attendee—"even the nominees!"—to the Golden Globe Awards ceremony on January 19. "We budget very carefully," says Ray. "And while the awards mean bigger box offices, they also mean spending more on promotion and advertising."

Though critical acclaim does not always translate into big box office, *Secrets* has scored well on both fronts, with a domestic take that is approaching \$7 million. With October's ancillary video and television deals factored in, the film will be Mike Leigh's most profitable to date.

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN Leigh and October has always been a close one. It was Leigh's third film, *Life Is Sweet*, that launched the distributor in October 1991. "It was clear to both of us that this was the perfect film for us, but we couldn't raise the money," Lipsky recalls.

But Leigh and his producer Simon Channing-Williams knew and liked Lipsky, who had successfully marketed the filmmaker's second film, *High Hopes*, before leaving Skouras Films to start up October. "Simon said to hold on," Lipsky recalls, "and in a week he was able to raise the money we needed from European investors. Simon didn't help get us started, he got us started."

In the end, Channing-Williams managed to rustle up \$400,000 for marketing and \$50,000 each for the partners to live on. There was no advance at all paid to Britain's Channel Four and British Screen, which had put up the money to produce the film. "There were millions of pitfalls in going with a new distributor," Channing-Williams explains. "But here I had two guys who felt passionately about the film, and it was the only film that they were going to care about. You have distributors who pick up films like they are wallpaper and others who pick them up like old masters. Which do you think will do a better job? The nice part about Bingham and October is that even as they've grown, they still have been able to maintain that passion."

Leigh points out what happens when the passion is missing. "I have had the unfortunate experience of having a distributor [who] basically didn't like my film," Leigh says, in a not-so-veiled reference to Fine Line, which marketed his fourth film, *Naked*, after outbidding October. "Bingham and the others operate with the enthusiasm of a master chef who wants you not just to eat but to savor your food. They are immensely human, very committed, no bullshit. When they say they are going to spend this or they are going to do that, you believe them, you trust them."

"If a distributor doesn't like a film or will only like it if he can cut it," Leigh adds, "then he shouldn't take it."

Another potshot, presumably at Harvey "Scissorhands" Weinstein, who is well known for having never met a movie that couldn't be twenty minutes shorter. "I literally break into a cold sweat when my producers discuss doing business with certain American distributors," jokes Leigh, who, like other directors with such personal visions, tends to bristle at interference from the commercial side of the business.

October, on the other hand, asserts that while it will occasionally suggest cuts or even titles—Bingham Ray helped select *Secrets & Lies*—it will never demand compliance. "If I have an opinion, I express it," Ray says. "It is up to the filmmaker whether he wants to listen."

Indeed, in 1996, October found itself

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distributing two films that ran almost three hours long, both with incredibly difficult-to-market themes. "No theater owner likes to see a film like this coming his way," Ray says. "It means fewer shows a day and fewer people willing to sit through such a long movie."

The two, of course, turned out to be prizewinners—*Secrets & Lies* and *Breaking the Waves*—with the latter being the far greater challenge. Despite his formidable talent, Lars von Trier is notorious for his eccentricities and intractability, and has intimidated distributors. October, which distributed von Trier's four-hour long *The Kingdom*, was a notable exception. To reward the distributor's loyalty, von Trier made certain that Bingham Ray was one of the first to see a script for *Breaking the Waves*.

As a result of frenzied competition and skyrocketing prices, more distributors are attempting to lock up films early in their development, and after reading *Breaking*, Ray rushed to make an offer. "In the end, Bingham was the only one willing to take the risk, and we feel an obligation to support distributors willing to do that," says Vibeke Windelov, one of the Danish executives with von Trier's production company, Zentropa. "Sony told me this year at Cannes that if they had known it was Lars, they would have fought for it. But everyone knew it was Lars all along."

Which probably spelled trouble to many distributors. For one thing, von Trier rarely travels: His phobias prevent him from taking trains, planes, or buses. Ray thought he had convinced the director to come to the Cannes festival from Copenhagen via train, but before von Trier even made it to the German border, he'd bolted the train and made arrangements to return home. After Cannes, von Trier refused to do any more interviews anyway, and the film's stars—Watson and Sweden's Stellan Skarsgård—were essentially unknown in the United States.

But even if it had stars and a cooperative filmmaker, *Breaking* would not be an easy sell. October's uninspired marketing effort didn't help matters: an initial poster that gave no inkling of the film's depth and pathos, a British trailer that was not even remade for U.S. consumption, and no television campaign. Fortunately, the film's ecstatic critical reception and the excited word of mouth that followed made up for the lackluster effort. The deficient marketing of *Breaking the Waves* points up one of the biggest obstacles to October's future growth: If it wants to be as big as Harvey—at least figuratively—then it is going to have to be a lot more



DEAD POETS: CHRIS PENN AND BENICIO DEL TORO IN ABEL FERRARA'S *THE FUNERAL*.

clever about its marketing, and perhaps a bit more ruthless.

And then there's the press: It is a rare Miramax movie that can't finagle its way onto the covers of the "Arts and Leisure" section of the *Times* or at least a few magazines. October still seems to operate under the quaint delusion that somehow a film's quality will speak for itself.

The promotional void at October was precipitated by the departure of Lipsky, who had led October's marketing efforts. To promote *The Last Seduction*—which starred the then relatively unknown Linda Fiorentino—Lipsky relied upon the obvious attributes of the sultry star and a shrewdly filed and well-publicized lawsuit against the Academy, which had disqualified the film for Oscar consideration because it had first appeared on HBO. Although October lost the Oscar challenge, the film and its star were hits. Jokes Lipsky: "It was almost pulling a Harvey."

After Lipsky quit in 1995, marketing responsibilities were split between Ray and Malin. But Ray spends most of his time traveling to festivals, and Malin's first priority is deal-making. Since then, October's marketing efforts have been notoriously uneven. To correct the problem, October recently hired away Stacy Spikes from Miramax to head up its marketing division. His first order of business: making October competitive at the Oscars.

THIS MONTH, MEMBERS OF the Academy—predominantly L.A.-based and almost all with studio affiliations—are trooping to theaters and screening rooms to review this year's nominees. And while 1996 was hailed as the year of the independent film,

almost all of the other so-called independent contenders—*The English Patient* (Miramax-Disney), *Fargo* and *The Portrait of a Lady* (Gramercy-Polygram), and *Shine* (Fine Line-New Line-Turner-Time Warner)—were either produced with studio money or are now being marketed and publicized with megamogul dollars and clout.

"If October's films win any nominations, it will be because their quality couldn't be overlooked—certainly not because of any well-planned Oscar campaign," says an L.A.-based Academy member and veteran movie publicist. "October has been almost nonexistent." Even so, *Secrets & Lies* and its star, Brenda Blethyn, are likely to be nominated for Best Picture and Best Actress. *Breaking the Waves* and its star, Emily Watson, remain long shots. "Nobody here is a member of the Academy, and that hurts," admits Ray. "And we're based in New York, which is another strike against us. But if we, as the underdog, go out and spend for a super-lavish campaign, I think it's going to smell. I'd rather stay true to who we are, to what our films are."

Still, like the industry itself, October's identity is rapidly changing. The partners already have plans to start up an international division in the next several months, and have considered acquiring an interest in movie theaters.

These new enterprises, however, are consistent with October's original master plan. But the company is also developing a far more dangerous new interest in film production. Miramax's performance in this arena should serve as a cautionary example: Often the least impressive of Miramax's films are the ones that the Weinsteins decided to produce themselves—the ones in which screenplays are constantly rewritten and budgets broken. But despite its longstanding aversion to producing its own films, October, too, seems to be succumbing. Their most recent venture is the \$4 million *Kicked in the Head*, a film starring Fiorentino and directed by relative newcomer Matthew Harrison. October was brought into the project by the film's producer, veteran Barbara De Fina, and its executive producer, Martin Scorsese—who was kind enough in the past to involve October in what became one of its most unsuccessful films to date, *Search and Destroy*.

"We're not looking to make the same mistakes as others," insists Malin. "We hire producers. Sure, I visited the set, and John did, too. But after all, it *was* right around the corner."

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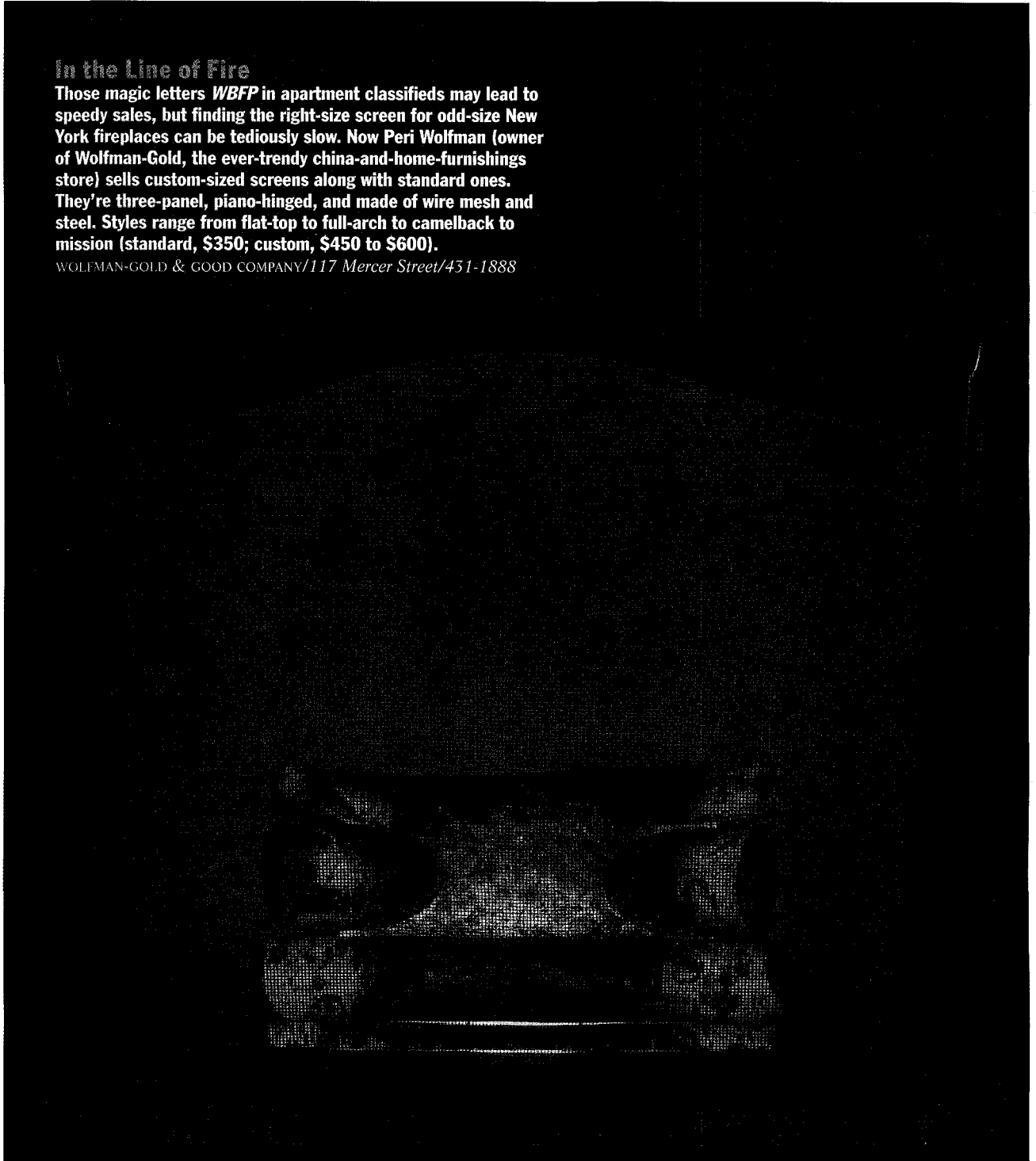
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BY CORKY POLLAN

In the Line of Fire

Those magic letters **WBFP** in apartment classifieds may lead to speedy sales, but finding the right-size screen for odd-size New York fireplaces can be tediously slow. Now Peri Wolfman (owner of Wolfman-Gold, the ever-trendy china-and-home-furnishings store) sells custom-sized screens along with standard ones. They're three-panel, piano-hinged, and made of wire mesh and steel. Styles range from flat-top to full-arch to camelback to mission (standard, \$350; custom, \$450 to \$600).

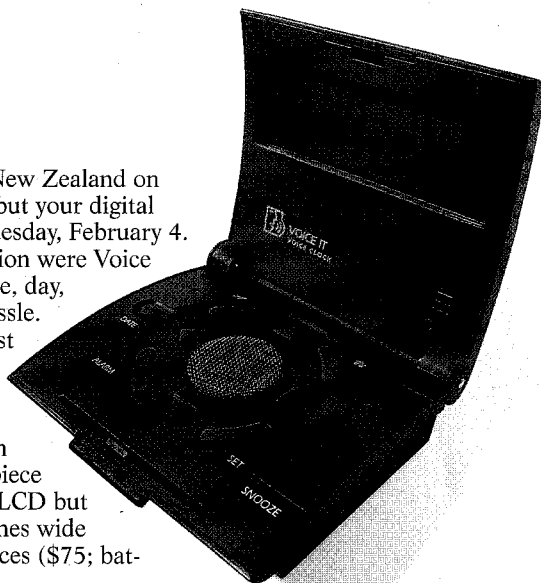
WOLFMAN-GOLD & GOOD COMPANY/117 Mercer Street/431-1888



Pillow Talk

Dead-tired, you land in New Zealand on Wednesday, February 5, but your digital alarm clock still reads Tuesday, February 4. If your traveling companion were Voice Clock, correcting the time, day, and date would be no hassle. It's voice-activated, so just tell the clock to make the necessary changes. If, come 6 A.M., you decide to sleep late, you can tell it that too. The timepiece has a large, luminescent LCD but is still just over three inches wide and weighs only five ounces (\$75; batteries not included).

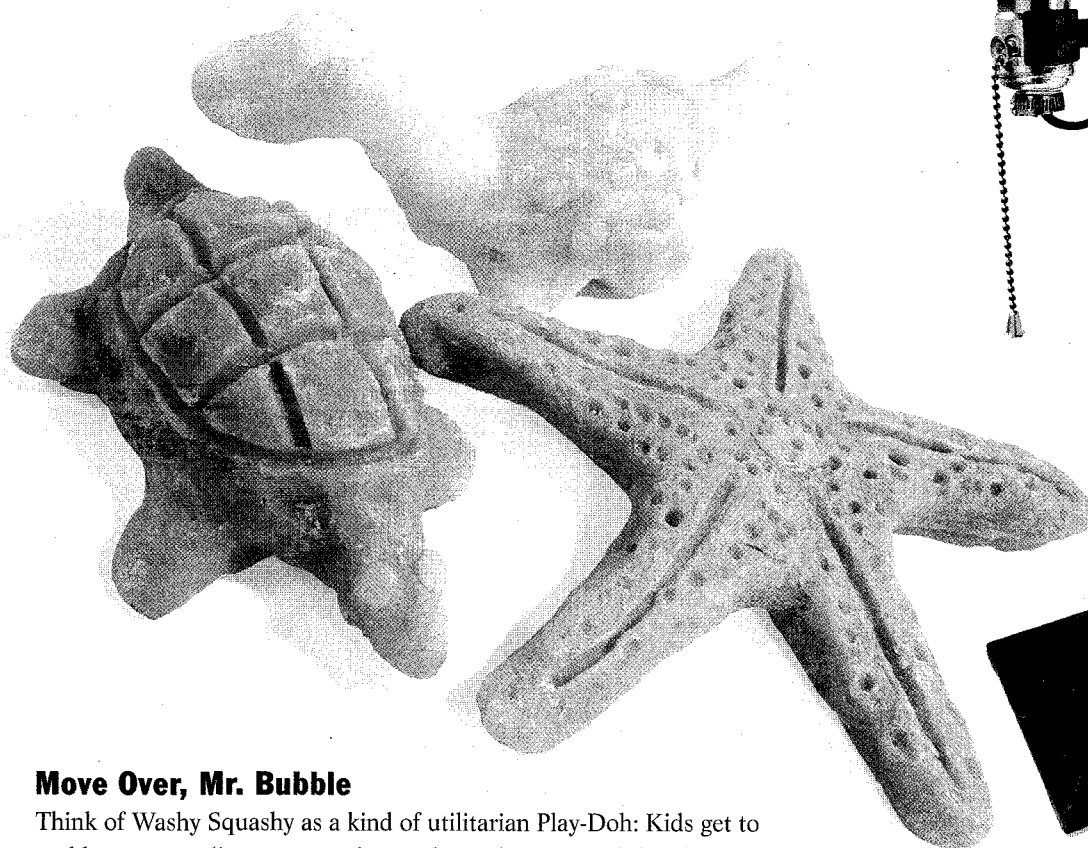
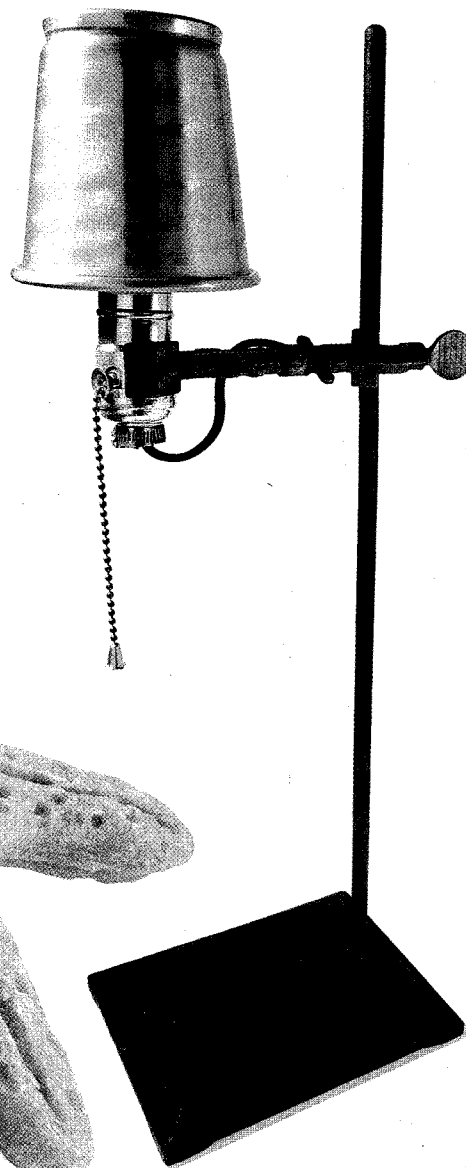
BROOKSTONE/18 Fulton Street, South Street Seaport/344-8108; and 16 West 50th Street/262-3237



Chemical Reaction

Annick de Lorme and Catherine Glazer prove that old adage about necessity and invention. When they couldn't find great lamps to go with the country (à la Provençal) furniture in their Bond Street shop, the partners scoured the city for vintage chemists' ring stands and old aluminum shades and concocted these nifty table lights (\$80).

CAP SUD/50 Bond Street, near Lafayette Street/260-9114



Move Over, Mr. Bubble

Think of Washy Squashy as a kind of utilitarian Play-Doh: Kids get to mold monsters, dinosaurs, turtles, snakes, whatever, and then have sudsy fun scrubbing themselves with their creations. Made by Sun-Feather, an upstate-New York herbal-soap company, the modeling bars are scented, all-natural, and nontoxic and come in lemon, tangerine, and mint (from \$7.99 for a single bar to \$14.99 for a set of three).

S. FELDMAN HOUSEWARES/1304 Madison Avenue, near 92nd Street/289-7367

Pot Luck

*A smorgasbord of sales—on pots, pans, pedicures, pumps, and Pratesi—
and for dessert, sales tax gets suspended for an entire week.*

TAX EVASION? NO NEED TO skip town to skip tax this week. From January 18 to January 24, New York City becomes a no-sales-tax zone for clothing and footwear purchases under \$500.

Christian Right

PARISIAN SHOEMAKER CHRISTIAN Louboutin, who manages to infuse the concept of the dainty shoe with a bit of funk—think pointy toes, plush velvets, and such—is closing his New York shop at the end of the month. Until then he's selling most of his handmade Italian footwear at prices wholesale and below. Shoes that retail for \$370–\$475 at Saks and Barneys are now \$80–\$200; boots that retail for \$550–\$850 are \$200–\$250. On sale as well are the shop's fixtures and furniture—including an Hermès desk from the thirties (\$6,500). *Christian Louboutin, 30 E. 67th St. (737-3333); all major credit cards; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; 1/13–31.*

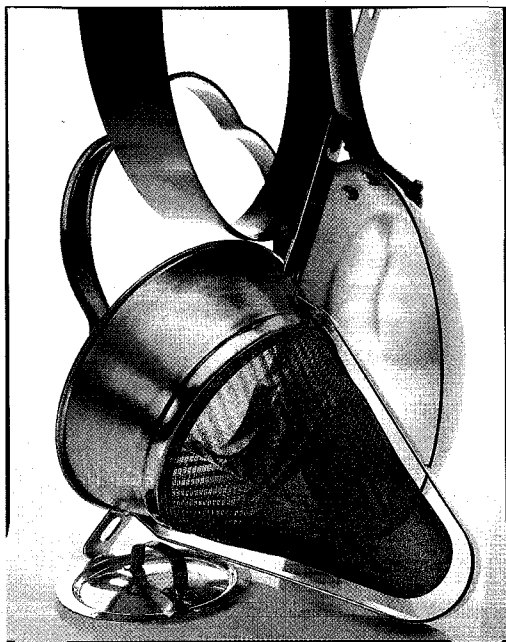
Sheet Music

PRATESI—WHOSE FINE LINENS ARE A TACTILE lullaby—is having a sale with such discounts as: king-size duvet covers, were \$1,200–\$1,800, now \$390; square shams, were \$200–\$630, now \$45–\$90; neck-roll pillows with covers, were \$110–\$340, now \$35–\$55; patterned towel sets (two wash, two hand, two bath), were \$480, now \$240. *Pratesi, 829 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (288-2315); all major credit cards and checks; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; 1/13–31.*

All in the Family

THE FORMER OWNERS OF THE DISCOUNT shop Damages now run a showroom

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.



Slick culinary types rely on *Lamalle Kitchenware*, the *Flatiron* depot for cookware, cutlery, bakeware, and other tools. For the next two weeks, most everything in the store is on sale at 30 to 50 percent off, including *Mauviel* French copperware and *Sitram's* stainless-steel cookware. *Lamalle Kitchenware, 36 West 25th Street (242-0750; all major credit cards and checks; Monday–Friday 9–6, Saturday 10–6; 1/15–1/25.*

filled with clothing by *Dolce & Gabbana* and the like. For the next ten days they're opening it to the public with prices below wholesale. For example, blouse, retail \$400, here \$75. *Subito, 390 Fifth Ave., entrance on 36th St., suite 611 (290-2646); checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 9:30–4; 1/13–23.*

La Vie en Rose

AN UNASSUMING PARLOR OF ROSY PINK charm, *Faina's European Skin Care Center* is having a few specials this month, including: body scrub with massage, was \$90, now \$69; facial, was \$60, now \$48; manicure-pedicure, was \$48, now \$35; full-leg bikini wax, was \$56, now \$38; facial, massage, manicure, pedicure, and snack, was \$200, now \$145. *Faina's European Skin Care Center, 157 W. 57th St., suite 304 (245-6557); all major credit cards; Mon.–Fri. 10–8, Sat. 9–5; 1/13–3/1.*

Office Party

IF THE NOTION OF ATTRACTIVE OFFICE furniture intrigues you, head to *Napier + Joseph + McNamara*. The showroom is clearing out floor samples with discounts up to 68 percent off list price. So, a *Halcon* cube table, was \$918, now \$290; a *Davis* triangle table, was \$791, now \$300. *Napier + Joseph + McNamara, Ltd. 150 E. 58th St., second floor (753-8906); checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 9–5; 1/13–17.*

Wit on Wooster

THOUGH MOST OF THE WHIMSICALLY patterned rugs designed by *Christine Van Der Hurd* end up in homes, a few also cover the floors of retail institutions like *Bendel's* and *Escada*. The limited-edition and custom-made carpets, now on sale, are priced as follows: wool hand-knotted area rug, five by seven feet, was \$3,000, now \$1,800; wool dhurries, five by seven feet, were \$580, now \$300; handmade silk dupioni cushions, were \$280, now \$190. *Christine Van Der Hurd, 120 Wooster St., fifth floor (343-9070); checks accepted; Fri. 10–7, Sat. and Sun. 11–6; 1/17–19.*

Also on *Wooster Street*, *Modern Age* gallery is discounting selected items. For example: *Philippe Starck* bar stool, was \$243, now \$170; leather sofa by *Alessandro Mendini*, was \$4,700, now \$3,317. *Modern Age, 102 Wooster St. (966-0669); all major credit cards; Mon.–Fri. 1–6, Sat.–Sun. 12–7; 1/13–31.*

Hoop Dreams

RUDOLF JHANNA DESIGNS—BEST KNOWN for their cufflike earrings—recently set up a showroom in New York. This week, the Russian-born jewelry designers are discounting their bijoux—mostly platinum and eighteen-karat gold with diamonds and other gems—at prices ranging from \$700 to \$7,000. For example, cuff earrings, were \$1,840, now \$1,290. *Rudolf Jhanna Design Studio, 18 E. 53rd St. (755-4334); by appointment; 1/13–16.*

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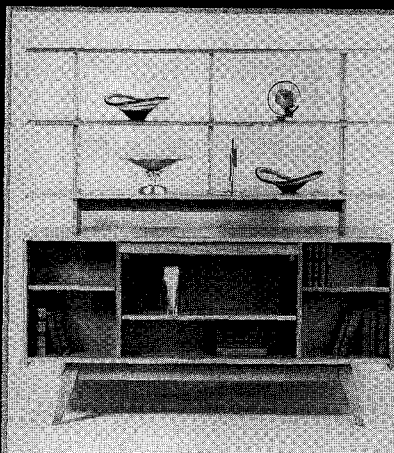
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MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Cold Maids

The serving class revolts, quietly, insidiously, in Claude Chabrol's chilling 'La Cérémonie,' turning Breton bourgeois existence into a real horror show.



Isabelle Huppert makes a star turn as Jeanne, an evil postal clerk to whom the world is an insult.

MANY MOVIES GO "BOO!" AND SCARE US FOR A moment or two, or perhaps for a dream or two; and some movies are shocking or sensational enough to leave us high or frazzled. But only a few movies are truly frightening. From the beginning of Claude Chabrol's *La Cérémonie*, it is impossible to feel anything but a deep sense of foreboding, and the foreboding only gets worse and is finally fulfilled beyond our wildest dreams. Chabrol, 66, a star of the New Wave as early as 1958, has made many malicious thrillers in his long career (*La Femme Infidèle*, from 1969, is perhaps the best), but he's never worked before with this kind of devastating malevolence. *La Cérémonie* is not always fun to sit through, but it's an amazing experience, and the movie seems larger in memory than it does when you're squirming in the theater. After all these years, Chabrol's taste for blood and murder—the movie is adapted from a novel by the British mystery writer Ruth Rendell—has yielded a powerfully tragic view of the world.

Chabrol has always sprung the most violent acts from quiet observation. The sinister lurks in commonplace relations that gradually slip. In the opening scene, Catherine (Jacqueline Bisset), a very well turned-out upper-bourgeois lady, meets Sophie (Sandrine Bonnaire), a prospective housekeeper, in a café somewhere and persuades her to come to work in her big house in Brittany, where she lives with her husband (Jean-Pierre Cassel) and their two children. From Bisset's kindly, upholstered

manner, we get the sense that Catherine is used to having her own way, that she is gracious because she can afford to be. As for Sophie, Bonnaire, paler than death, has an unnerving flat stare and a way of pausing before responding, as if Sophie needed to urge herself, at every moment of conversation, to join the human community. The women make their deal, but we're vaguely depressed by the gulf between the powerful lady and the parched, silent, work-hungry young woman. The unease is gently underlined by Bernard Zitzermann's cinematography, which is soaked in the gray-skied melancholy of northern France, and by the beautiful but gloomy chamber-music score written by Chabrol's son Mathieu.

Sophie moves in with the family, and after a while, everything goes haywire. But from the beginning to the end, the style of the movie remains ironically flat-toned and matter-of fact. Chabrol lets his actors carry the emotions; he never uses camera technique to create extra tension, never accelerates the rate of cutting. His diffident manner offers a bleak assumption about the nature of reality. Chabrol wants us to think of horror not as some aberration that crashes in on life, accompanied by sound and fury, but as part of life's normal dumb functioning. This, of course, is a notion of horror that none of us is prepared to accept: Chabrol's calm turns out to be a sly act of aggression against the audience, against *us*—an audience composed of people (Chabrol must feel) rather like Catherine and her family, who are inclined to take their comforts for granted.

It's not that the people living in the big Brittany house are bad. The worst you can say about them is that they are obsessed, like the wealthy everywhere, with food and comfort and the perfection of their personal and social arrangements. They believe a housekeeper should be efficient, and Sophie is. She is also insultingly silent and withdrawn. By not responding to their small acts of benevolence, she robs them of an element of their self-love (they need to think of themselves as kindly). They are too dense and self-involved to see that Sophie is illiterate and deeply ashamed of it, and that she hides, lies, hangs up the phone, runs all over the town—does anything to prevent being discovered. A frightening gap opens between masters and servant.

La Cérémonie is about the injuries and humiliations of

class—but finally it is about much more than class, and that is why the picture is so unsettling. Sophie, it turns out, attracts a woman friend in Brittany—a local postal clerk, Jeanne (Isabelle Huppert), who is as chatty and assertive as Sophie is morose and reserved. The tiny Huppert, who has played so many meek and frightened women, is brazen this time, a true devil doll. Her Jeanne is a liar and a sneak, scaldingly rude, with a giggling sense of violation. Chabrol plays with us: At first, Jeanne and Sophie, who form a secret friendship, might seem like slightly eccentric outsiders. But their friendship, we find out, is held together by each of their having gotten away, in the past, with a serious crime, and their pranks seem meaner and meaner. At Jeanne's insistence, they collect clothing that has been donated as charity to the local church, and Jeanne, in front of the donors, runs through the castaway clothes, contemptuously throwing most of them away, as if she were personally offended by the shabby nature of the goods. Everything insults Jeanne; she could take up arms against the weather. It takes us a while to realize that the two working-class women are madly egotistical and hard-shelled, that they are indifferent to kindness, and that Jeanne in particular is not just naughty and unsocialized but chaos itself.

In the hands of these two, civilization falls to pieces. Their playful friendship, piqued by anger—most of it unjustified—at the wealthy householders, becomes incomparably sinister. Jeanne urges Sophie on to acts of vengeance, and defiance turns into active loathing. In the end, *La Cérémonie* is only nominally about class warfare. The movie is really about the tiny cracks running through a beautifully formed bowl, the cloud passing across the sun on a perfect day—the moments of slippage and incomprehension, the faults of life itself. Watching *La Cérémonie*, you may think there is something wrong with class relations, but you may also think there is something wrong with the universe—egotism, stubbornness, defensiveness, the awful other-annihilating hatred that comes out of difference. What begins as a tight little horror thriller becomes a metaphysical rumination on the inevitability of tragedy in an imperfect world.

I may be drawing rather portentous meanings out of *La Cérémonie*, but Chabrol's tone is anything but portentous. Right up to the final scenes, when violence explodes, the movie remains devoted to the social moment, the personal encounter, the little lapses in comprehension and sympathy. Murder lurks in silence, in the awful complicity between hopelessness and anger. It is precisely because this movie about the end of civilization remains so civilized in its demeanor—can irony go any further?—that one goes out into the dark with a genuine case of the shudders. ■



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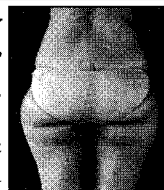


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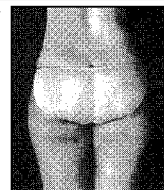
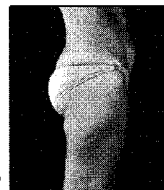
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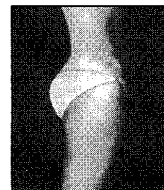
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THEATER JOHN SIMON Arch Tectonics

José Rivera's 'Cloud Tectonics' is a coy fantasy set in Los Angeles. Charlayne Woodard's 'Neat' is not.

Pregnant pause: Camilia Sanes in *Cloud Tectonics*.

JOSÉ RIVERA'S *Cloud Tectonics*, A COMPANION PIECE to his *Marisol*, is a fantasy about a mysterious young woman who lives outside the laws of time. The subject has been encountered before, notably in Robert Nathan's *Portrait of Jennie*, Benn W. Levy's *Mrs. Moonlight*, and several plays by James Barrie. It may be that the Puerto Rican-born Rivera discovered some of those during a long sojourn in England. But he certainly came under the dangerous influence of South America's magic realists, and the yet more dangerous spell of myth merchant Joseph Campbell. And though I am skeptical about the value of writing courses, I am sorry to read this from Rivera: "The only writing class I took was a poetry-writing class which I really hated."

Too bad. One way or another, all playwrights should study poetry, because it is much closer to drama than are the various forms of nontheatrical prose. The reason is that poetry and drama are modes of writing that must communicate more through the ear than through the eye. And the biggest problem with *Cloud Tectonics* is that—fatal for a fantasy—it fails as poetry. This despite its boasting a powerful epigraph from Pablo Neruda.

Aníbal de la Luna lives in Los Angeles (as Rivera did for six years—another dangerous influence) and has a job and a girlfriend. One night of torrential rain, he gives a lift to a pregnant and desperate young woman waiting at a bus stop but unable to get a bus or hitch a ride. Her name is Celestina del Sol: Men, the names tell us, are from the moon, women from the sun, and please disregard previously imputed origins. Celestina (think Heaven rather than Fernando de Rojas's classic *La Celestina*) has, like an elephant, been pregnant for two years, searching all the while for the man who impregnated her.

Notwithstanding his protestations, she ends up in Aníbal's rather unusual bed floating high above his living room, but not until Aníbal's brother, Nelson (both men bear conquerors' names), drops in after six years. A soldier who must meet with his C.O. in Death Valley on the morrow, he passionately proposes to Celestina and enjoins her to wait for him. When he returns the next day, two years have passed—and that's only the half of it.

Aníbal speaks no Spanish. "All I know is *coño* [cunt]," he says. "Well," replies Celestina, "*coño* is useful." "No more earthquakes for 150 years," runs another bit of dialogue. "In Los Angeles that's forever." But the time Aníbal and Celestina spend in their exalted bed seems good for only one quickie, and in Los Angeles that's nothing. Celestina vanishes, to return 40 years later to a decrepit, moribund Aníbal, who doesn't recognize her. She rubs his feet, and his Spanish becomes fluent. "It comes from her after she rubs his feet," Rivera explains. "The body knew what the mind had forgotten." But Aníbal never spoke Spanish, which should make it hard even for his feet to recall it.

Both John Ortiz (Aníbal) and Javi Mulero (Nelson) are fine, though they hardly suggest brothers, but in a play where you don't know what the point is, that may be part of the point. Camilia Sanes, who has already played Celestina in Louisville and La Jolla, is interestingly quirky but neither mysterious nor alluring. That may corroborate the motto from Neruda: "Oh, let me remember you as you were before you existed," i.e., as Rivera imagined her.

The play gets a snazzy production with spare but evocative scenery by Riccardo Hernandez, simple but suitable costumes by Anita Yavich, and devilishly clever lighting by Frances Aronson. Tina Landau directed with bravura verging on glitziness.

What to make of *Cloud Tectonics*, which feels more Angeleno than metaphysical, though Tim Sanford—Playwrights Horizons' artistic director—compares it to *The Divine Comedy*, with which Rivera modestly concurs? I'd say that it is, like, totally awesome, and almost endurable.

SUCH IS NOT THE CASE WITH *Scapin*, WHICH BILL IRWIN CO-ADAPTED from Molière (with Mark O'Donnell), directed, and plays the title part in. Irwin began as a terrific mime. Then—although mimes, like children, should be seen, not heard—he took on speaking parts, and got away with it. But directing is something beyond body-, face-, and even mouth language. A director must play God, a role even God had problems with, and Irwin flubs. I had to do something I've never done

to either the Roundabout or Molière: leave at intermission.

If you saw Jim Dale play Scapin superbly at BAM and beyond some years ago, try to forget it as you stoop to this revival. Try also to forget Molière, whose zesty "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*" emerges here as a flat-bottomed "Why did the boy get on the boat?" And I wonder what Molière would have thought of Scapin's addressing the audience as "Roundabout subscribers," which surely militates against the play's ecumenical appeal.

There are ideas in both Douglas Stein's décor and Victoria Petrovich's costumes, although not necessarily the right ones. The cast has been directed into so many mini-Irwins, which is consistent but also constricting. And Irwin himself seems to be falling back on old tricks: whether that is *his* limitation or that of every mime, I'm not quite sure.

THE VERSATILE ACTRESS CHARLAYNE WOODARD offers the second installment of her one-person autobiography, whose title, **Neat**, refers not to the work but to the name of a brain-damaged aunt with whom the adolescent Charlayne shares the spotlight. I find memory-monodramas—especially overexplicit, overacted ones in which a strapping adult impersonates caterwauling kids—extremely taxing. Let me propose a general rule: If you must share your growing pains with us, try to do so with a minimum of funny voices, wallowing on the floor, and racing around like a mad mustang. This is theater, after all, not charades. If you feel that two hours of this might pall without such goosing, best drop the project altogether.



Land mime: Bill Irwin in *Scapin*.

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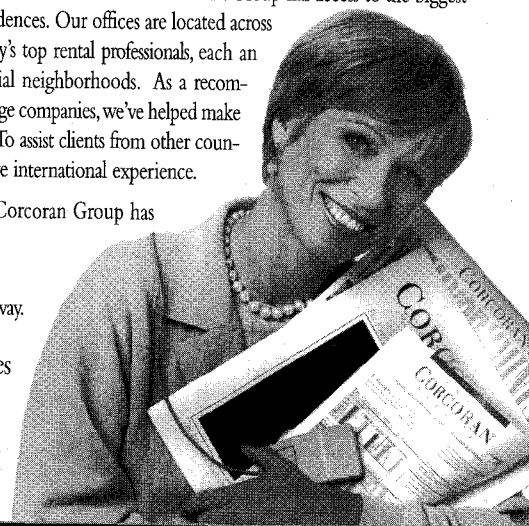
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A composer's first and second thoughts: Not everyone thinks Puccini's 1906 *Madama Butterfly* deserves top billing.

ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR WAYS TO TURN something old and familiar into something new and different, the record companies are once again drawing on musicological discoveries to give their latest releases a bit of an edge. This time, it's not period instrumentation—truly an old story by now—but an invitation to reassess a composer's discarded first thoughts on much-loved scores, operas especially. Last fall, the Erato label created a mild stir by issuing Michael Kaye's new edition of Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann*, the most authentic version yet of opera's famously confused repertory staple. *Hoffmann* fans have been having a grand time arguing over the pros and cons of this "new" score, released to coincide with a City Opera production based on Kaye's painstaking research. Now they can start in on *Madama Butterfly*, various versions of which have also been thoroughly investigated by Kaye and can be heard on a new recording from Vox.

Textual problems are less extreme here than with *Hoffmann*, but Puccini, an inveterate tinkerer, made many alterations to the score after its disastrous premiere at La Scala on February 17, 1904. He revised the opera for a production in Brescia three months later and again for the Paris premiere in 1906,

when *Butterfly* finally took the form we know today. The opera that had been such a fiasco at La Scala was never entirely forgotten, though. That version, say its partisans, shows us what the composer really intended before worried impresarios persuaded him to divide the long second act in two, soften Pinkerton's character by playing down his xenophobia, turn *Butterfly* from a self-sacrificing mother into a passive victim, and remove all the politically incorrect slurs on Japan and America. After undergoing all those "improvements," the stark "Japanese Tragedy" conceived by Puccini had, for some, become a maudlin melodrama.

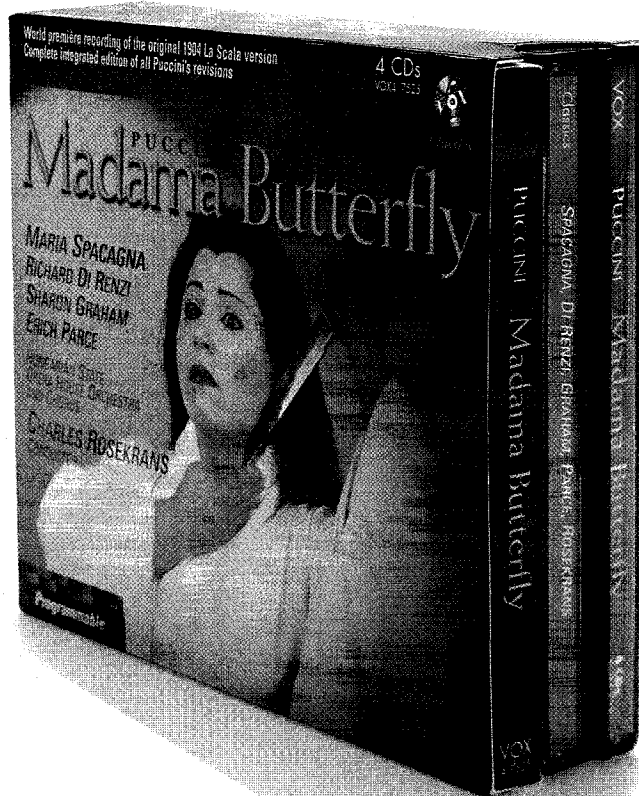
The earlier version has been in the City Opera's repertory for the past several seasons, and now *Butterfly* collectors can explore it even more thoroughly on Vox's recording. These four budget-priced CDs contain the complete opera as it was first performed at La Scala, followed by variants from the Brescia and Paris versions of the score, an arrangement that allows listeners with CD changers the option of programming whichever *Madama Butterfly* they prefer.

This is certainly an enterprising and intriguing set of discs, even if it fails to convince me that the Ur-*Madama Butterfly* is the one to hear and see. Yes, the material restored to Act I may sharpen the clash of cultures and add a darker dimension to the drama, but in practice it only clogs the action—Puccini's forte, after all, hardly lay in social commentary. More important, since the composer made a number of major improvements in the score—in particular the music that introduces *Butterfly* and reappears at the conclusion of the love duet—it seems perverse to reinstate the weaker original.

On the other hand, Puccini did get Act II right the first time. Its 90-minute length may have tried the patience of first-nighters at La Scala, but that is hardly an issue today—*Butterfly*'s all-night vigil is a wonderfully sustained piece of mood painting that should never again be interrupted by an intermission. Tenors will probably miss Pinkerton's intrusive and sugary "Addio" more than the audience will, an omission compensated for by the longer, crueler confrontation between the cad's two "wives," *Butterfly* and Kate. The geisha's suicide is tauter and more effective as revised, but I'll never understand why Puccini excised *Butterfly*'s heartbreaking plea to Suzuki—"Fammi bel-la!" ("Make me beautiful!")—when he shortened the preparations for Pinkerton's return.

As knowledgeable about Puccinian thickets as he is about Offenbachiana, the indefatigable Kaye has cleverly sorted out all the textual complexities in the accompanying booklet, although listeners must still track their own path through the forest of options. Presiding over the Hungarian State Opera Orchestra, Charles Rosekrans leads a workmanlike performance starring Maria Spacagna, a soprano who has made something of a cottage indus-

(continued on page 66)



THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET PETER KAMINSKY

Family Style

*Brooklyn's Tin Room Cafe offers Italian dishes with a Mexican accent;
at a Thai Mom-and-Pop shop in Queens, savor the best chicken feet in town.*

ON THE BROOKLYN WATERFRONT, THE string of restaurants that begins at the light-bedecked River Café, marches past the wondrous Patsy Grimaldi's Pizzeria, and ends at the nineteenth-century building that houses **Tin Room Cafe** (5 Front Street, at Old Fulton Street, Brooklyn; 718-246-0310) calls to mind a Tony Walton stage set from his *Mary Poppins* era. The wide expanse of the East River, the looming Brooklyn Bridge, the constant river traffic, and the towering backdrop of lower Manhattan all heighten the theatrical effect.

Tin Room Cafe is the labor of love of Bruce Mendes, whose uncle owns Philadelphia's famed Old Original Bookbinder's Restaurant (cans of Bookbinder's signature clam chowder and lobster bisque are available from the grocery store and sandwich shop that is joined at the hip—actually joined at the stove—to Mendes's restaurant). In the evening, Mendes, in a smart suit and tie, has an assured table-side manner first developed at the Valley Forge Hilton and perfected at Manhattan's Bosco (where he met chef Roberto Padron).

The front room is a long, narrow space dominated by a copper-topped mahogany bar. Celery-colored tin wainscoting, a red-velvet swag across the front window, and very lazy ceiling fans combine with opera playing in the background for an atmosphere that is restful and unhurried. The simple off-white back dining room is a high-ceilinged and comfy nook. Outside, in the garden, Mendes plans an alfresco dining space where he will present small operatic performances in the warm months (if there's dinner theater, then why not dinner opera?).

Padron's dishes are mostly Italian with occasional Mexican accents. At other times, they are just personal interpretations of well-established themes. Take the bruschetta. Rather than a cold tomato salad on a piece of toast, Padron serves his on warm focaccia—made very crusty thanks to a healthy shot of potato flour in the dough. A topping of warm tomatoes and barely melted mozzarella completes the dish. My ultra-picky younger daughter (age 6) delivered what was, for her, very high praise when she observed, "It looked really gross, but it was really good."

Gnocchi with roast tomatoes and basil were soft and light, gaining substance from strips of sautéed veal scallopini. If there were any misses on the menu, I thought the pastas promised more than they realized. With fish, however, Padron did marvelously. Trout sautéed in sage and brandy butter was superb, the forceful sauce lending flavor but not overpowering the delicate trout. Salmon en papillote was moist in a sauce of butter, steaming



juices, and hot pepper. The veal chop, marinated in wine, lemon juice, garlic, and rosemary, was topped with a very Mexican pico de gallo of tomato, onions, avocado, and jalapeño peppers that was sharp and bright tasting. I liked the lobster risotto a lot, but purists may find it more like a paella than a classic version of the dish.

On two visits, the pastry chef was absent, moonlighting in a musical for children. Devotees of dramatic desserts, however, will feel well served by the pyrotechnic bananas Foster flambé prepared at tableside by Mendes. Finally, freshly made sandwiches (eat-in or take-out) justify an East River crossing, in particular the warm focaccia piled high with prosciutto, mozzarella, tomatoes, and arugula.

Tin Room Cafe is open daily 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m. There is a small but excellent and moderately priced wine list, mostly Italian, and beer. Entrées, about \$14; pastas average \$10, sandwiches and appetizers \$5.50. A.E., C.B., D.C.

WHEN ANDREW CARMELLINI, SOUS-CHEF AT THE WIDELY ANTICIPATED Le Cirque 2000, recommended **Sripraphai** (64-13 39th Avenue, Woodside; 718-899-9599) as the best Thai restaurant in town, I took that as professional advice worth following, which is how I found myself in Queens in a nondescript dining room whose only evidence of Siamese provenance was the irresistible aroma emanating from the kitchen.

This is literally a Mom-and-Pop restaurant, Mom being Sripraphai Natnititada and Pop her husband Nopadol. The thing I really like about this restaurant is that all the

No bridge too far: Even the sandwiches at the Tin Room Cafe are worth a river crossing.

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dishes taste different. Quite often in American Thai restaurants, one dish blends into the next and all of them share the twin shortcomings of too much fish sauce and an excess of sugar. Sripraphai's fare is light, varied, and full of fragrant herbs.

The old standbys are there, but done to a tee. Pad Thai is sprightly and not gloppy when doused with the little saucerful of lemon juice that comes with it. The sates are seasoned but not overly so, and the peanut dipping sauce is non-cloying. A little plate of chilies, onions, and cucumbers in vinegar coolly complements the rich sate. Of special note among the cold salads was one featuring papaya slivers with string beans, chili peppers, tomato, chopped peanuts, and fish sauce.

A bit further off the beaten palate, we sampled steamed giant mussels in a basil broth. Duck set afloat in a bowl of green curry and coconut milk was bracing and hearty. Shrimp paste and fried rice came studded with little bits of sweet and crispy pork and slices of omelet. When I asked what yum ka-kai was, I was told "Americans don't like this." Of course we took this as a challenge, but one not too onerously met as we downed a serving of cool, gelatinous, and spicy chicken feet.

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET

Least I give the mistaken impression that I knew very much about what I was ordering, Sripraphai offers a book full of photos of the various dishes that I found indispensable. I was struck by the composition of a fish-and-vegetable dish and ordered it. I was rewarded with a meal that originates in the southern villages of Thailand, its centerpiece a small fish that I was advised was a salted Thai mackerel (I am a fisherman, and it looked like no mackerel I have ever seen). Some batter-fried green vegetables, also Thai, are served on the same plate, and so are hearts of bamboo. All of this is dipped in a sauce of chili paste, lemon, garlic, and secret ingredients I couldn't puzzle out. It is a great dish, combining many flavors and textures behind the beguilingly simple façade of a plain fish with a side of two vegetables.

"We change ingredients if a customer requests. Some people are allergic to things or they just don't like certain things, so we are happy to put other things in our dishes," Sripraphai told me. That is a customer-is-always-right attitude that characterizes the greatest restaurants, even if they happen to be humble little places in Deepest Queens.

Sripraphai is open daily 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. To get there, take the No. 7 train to 61st Street and Woodside Avenue. Walk three blocks along Roosevelt Avenue to 65th Street and make a left, and the restaurant will face you. Entrées, about \$6.50. Cash only.

try out of the title role on the regional circuit over the past fifteen years. Her voice has thickened and curdled a bit since I last saw her Butterfly about a decade ago, but this remains an honest, committed interpretation.

NO OPERA GAVE VERDI MORE TROUBLE THAN **Don Carlos**, his longest, most ambitious, and possibly greatest stage work. Between its premiere at the Paris Opéra in 1867 and the performance of his final revision in 1884, the composer continually worried over the score as he translated the text into Italian, lopped off the first act, made additional interior cuts, and rewrote much of the music—some sections, like the great confrontation between King Philippe and Rodrigue at the end of Act II, exist in four versions. Curiosity about how the original *Don Carlos* might play today has been on the rise, and the most recent resurrection occurred last spring at Paris's Théâtre du Châtelet, a performance recorded live and just released on EMI Classics.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Actually, what we have here is not the pure 1867 Paris score but a strange hybrid, apparently devised by the production's conductor and director (Antonio Pappano and Luc Bondy) and the British critic Andrew Porter—a generous three and one-half hours' worth of music, much of which will be new to those who know the opera only from its performances at the Metropolitan. There are valuable reinstatements from the original score—the agonizing father-and-son face-off between Carlos and Philippe after Rodrigue's assassination, for example—but we are also given a good deal of rejected earlier material in preference to the revisions. Although it's good to hear all this unfamiliar music, much of it vintage middle-period Verdi, in nearly every case the composer's last thoughts are preferable.

This is a superior performance, though, and that alone makes EMI's recording more than a curiosity. For one thing, it is sung in French, the language that Verdi worked with at every stage of the composition; it fits the music far more naturally than the awkward Italian translation. Pappano leads the Orchestre de Paris in an interpretation that has grandeur and dramatic coherence, and the cast is mostly in excellent form. As Carlos, Roberto Alagna has finally found a role that brings out the best in his plangent tenor; Karita Mattila's luxuriant soprano fills out Elisabeth's music gorgeously; Thomas Hampson's dreamy Rodrigue could not be more to the point; and if Philippe sits rather low for José Van Dam, he still sings the king with an elegance and a nobility that escape most basses. Only Waltraud Meier's smeared vocalization of Eboli disappoints, but not enough to ruin one's pleasure in this fascinating, fresh view of *Don Carlos*.

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

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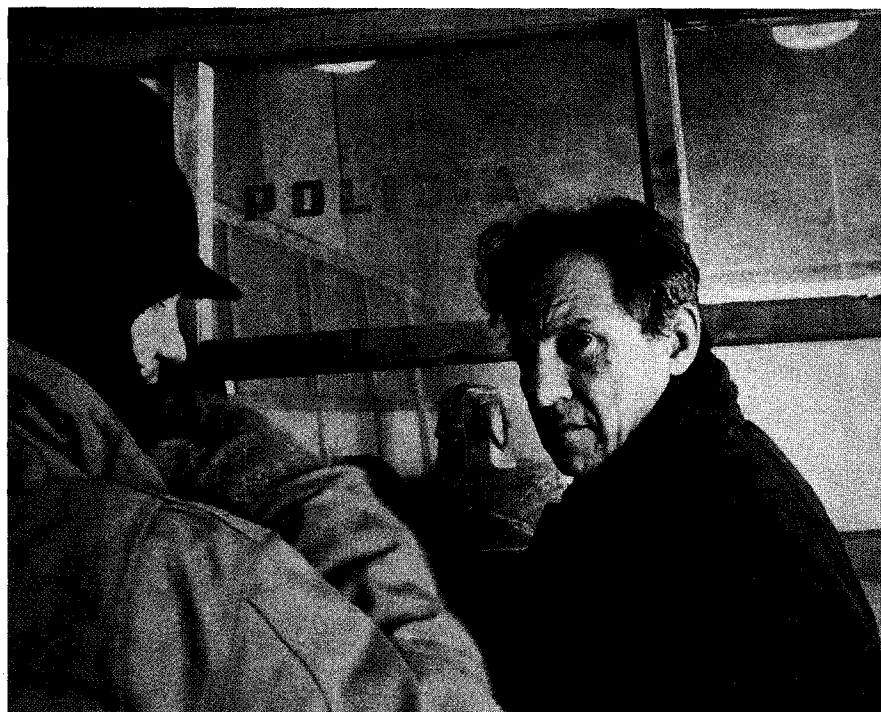
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Model Behavior

Toy soldiers, pin-up dolls, and cowboys and Indians make serious social commentary in photographer David Levinthal's captivating tableaux at ICP (page 82)

movies

Albino Alligator... Old-School Pulp Fiction



Opening Cinema Verité

In *'Ulysses' Gaze* (which won the 1995 Grand Jury Prize at Cannes) Harvey Keitel, above, is "Mr. A," a cipher whose trek through Mostar and Sarajevo—in search of lost film reels—documents the devastation in the Balkans. Opening January 17 at Anthology Film Archives.

New Films

Albino Alligator—Three small-time hoods, on the run from the law, take refuge in a local bar—only to realize that there's just one way out. With Matt Dillon and Skeet Ulrich. Directed by Kevin Spacey. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Area theaters.*

Beavis and Butt-head Do America—MTV's most famous losers embark on an ill-considered trek across the country. Directed by Mike Judge. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Beverly Hills Ninja—Chris Farley stars as a would-be martial-arts master who attempts to save the life of a mysterious woman. Directed by Denis Dugan. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Area theaters.*

★Big Night—Sometime in the late fifties, in a nowhere resort town on the Jersey Shore, two brothers, Italian immigrants, desperately try to keep a gourmet restaurant afloat. The older brother, Primo (Tony Shaloub), is a superb chef, a solemn worshiper of Bolognese and Roman kitchens. But his kid brother, Secondo (Stanley Tucci), knows that the local customers are not ready for risotto. Down the road, an older Italian

immigrant, the vulgarian Pascal (Ian Holm), runs a successful red-sauce joint. Pascal is at home in the America of huge, finned Cadillacs and get-rich-quick schemes, and Secondo wants to imitate him. But he can't do it: He's trapped by his love for his stubbornly honorable brother. Pascal offers the men one last chance: He invites his friend, the band leader Louis Prima, to come to the brothers' restaurant, and the men throw everything into a great banquet. The food should be so good, Primo explains, that you will want to die. And in some ways, he is right; the banquet brings everything to a crisis and an end. Directed by Campbell Scott and Stanley Tucci. (Denby; 10/28/96) (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Cinema 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Breaking the Waves—Lars von Trier's bizarre love story about a sheltered Calvinist girl who believes she can make her paralyzed husband walk again by taking other lovers. Starring Emily Watson and Stellan Skarsgard. (2 hrs. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse.*

La Cérémonie—See David Denby, p. 60. (1 hr. 51 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Citizen Ruth—Laura Dern stars in this comedy about a single, glue-sniffing, brain-damaged woman whose desire to have an abortion sparks national debate. Directed by Alexander Payne. (2 hrs. 6

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

The Crucible—Arthur Miller's play about the Salem Witch Trials, appearing as it did at the height of the McCarthy period, must have made a powerful impression. Coming out now, the material requires some historical interpretation, and that's what it doesn't get. In the beginning, Salem's teenage girls rush from their beds at dawn and dance around a fire in the woods, and director Nicholas Hytner keeps his distance. Discovered, and terrified of punishment, the girls accuse their elders of casting spells on them, and the Satan-haunted religious community of Salem instantly falls apart. The principal engine of the plot is Abigail (Winona Ryder), a young woman in love with John Proctor (Daniel Day-Lewis), a married farmer. Frustrated, and sure she can get Proctor back, Abigail becomes a vengeful hypocrite; she accuses Proctor's wife of witchcraft and destroys anyone else who gets in her way. This is strong stuff, but Hytner is more efficient than expressive. (Denby; 12/2/96) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

Daylight—Sylvester Stallone is a New York City cabdriver who attempts to rescue trapped commuters from a crumbling tunnel filled with explosives. (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Chelsea; National Twin; 84th Street Six.*

★The English Patient—In Italy, in October 1944, the French-Canadian nurse Hana (Juliette Binoche) tends, in his final days, a mysterious "English patient" whose body was horribly burned when he was shot out of the sky by the Germans. The patient (Ralph Fiennes) is actually not English but a Hungarian count. Before the war, Count Almasi had led a party of European explorers and map-makers in the Sahara—a highly fashionable and educated group, including the crisply articulate married beauty Katherine Clifton (Kristin Scott Thomas). As Almasi lies dying in Italy, he recounts to Hana the story of his passionate affair with Katharine. After an embarrassingly masochistic performance in *Strange Days*, Fiennes has recovered his spirits; his count is a formal and demanding fellow, witty but not good-humored. As Katherine, Scott Thomas has a bladelike finesse and strength. She provokes Fiennes, teases his rigid formality, and she is provoked herself, stirred by something proud and romantic in his nature. After a very tense and even wounding dance of flirtation, these two make love, and we can see that the freedom of the screen—so much derided recently—actually means something. (Denby; 11/25/96) (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 2-4; New York Twin; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Evening Star—Shirley MacLaine reprises her role as crankpot Aurora Greenway in this sequel to *Terms of Endearment*. Directed by Robert Harling. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *19th Street East; 34th Street*

Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema.

Everyone Says I Love You—In Woody Allen's new musical, the gesture toward song or dance is meant to be enough, a sign of the irrepressible lyric impulse that exists in everyone. So Allen uses actors with no training as singers, actors who may have never sung professionally in their lives—Allen himself, Julia Roberts, Tim Roth, Alan Alda, and many others—and they warble in their thin little voices, and there's no exhilaration, no release. The movie is a comedy about a large, rich, mixed-up New York family, with first marriages, second marriages, stepchildren, and friends, all of them falling in and out of love, usually at the drop of a hat. The movie is easy to sit through and hard to get excited about. None of the love affairs gets more than brief, anecdotal treatment. The dancers are pros, however, and Allen, working with choreographer Graciela Daniele, shows some talent for satirical dance routines. He should do another musical, and this time risk the danger of real emotion. (Denby; 12/9/96) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *New York Twin*.

Evita—Eva Perón (Madonna), born in 1919 in a small town, escapes from illegitimacy and poverty to Buenos Aires; she becomes a dance-hall girl, a mediocre radio and film actress; she sleeps with colonels, drifts upward, and winds up as the wife of Juan Perón (Jonathan Pryce), who is elected president of Argentina. She becomes a political figure in her own right, a benefactress of the poor, a savior, a saint, yet she's blind to the police power and torture that keeps her husband in power. She dies of cancer at 33 and is embalmed, and offers redemption to the people. The life of the actual Eva Perón is a black comedy of major proportions; it is a life that can be approached only with irony—or with an exuberant appreciation of the grotesque. *Evita* is grotesque, all right, but it lacks even a tinge of self-awareness or wit. Nor is Eva Perón a fully articulated person with individual emotions. Writer-director Alan Parker sticks to the strategy that worked in the theater: Andrew Lloyd Webber's music is sung and played throughout. This is a weird, terribly distant piece of moviemaking. Holding pictures of Evita, crowds appear at political rallies; gather outside the palace as she is dying; attend her funeral; engage in vague insurrectionary activities. *Evita* is a kind of fascists' pseudo-opera. After a while, we realize that we're being pressed into that crowd of awestruck worshippers. (Denby; 1/6/97) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square*.

First Strike—Jackie Chan stars as a Hong Kong-based cop who must retrieve a missing nuclear warhead. Directed by Stanley Tong. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza*.

★**The Garden of the Finzi-Continis**—In Ferrara, in the

late years of the Fascist period, the Finzi-Continis, a family of aristocratic, land-holding Jews, live in an immense house, and from within this safety and enclosure seem barely aware of the horror gathering outside. The head of the family is some sort of scholar or antiquarian; his two grown children, Micòl (Dominique Sanda) and Alberto (Hemut Berger), hothouse beauties, lie about the house in elegant tennis whites and silk gowns. The anti-Semitic laws give the Jews of Ferrara no place to play, so the Finzi-Continis open their gates: A number of handsome young people enter, including Giorgio (Lino Capolicchio), a middle-class boy who has loved Micòl since childhood. But Micòl has no sexual interest in the fair-haired, smooth, and gentle Giorgio (she takes up with a much coarser man); and Giorgio's pursuit ends in one of cinema's great images of erotic exclusion as a naked Micòl stares defiantly at her anguished admirer. The movie is so powerful because it looks back at a particular moment of preoccupation, furiously poised just before annihilation. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Denby; 11/18/96) (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema*.

Ghosts of Mississippi—The point of Rob Reiner's new movie is that racism is still alive in the South. The film chronicles the efforts of Myrlie Evers (Whoopi Goldberg), widow of slain civil-rights leader Medgar Evers, to bring justice to Byron De La Beckwith (James Woods), who was tried twice for the murder of her husband in the sixties, both trials ending in a hung jury. In the late eighties, Myrlie finds an ardent young prosecutor, Bobby DeLaughter (Alec Baldwin), who fights to reopen the case. Despite the disapproval of all the white folks in Bobby's circle—the ghosts—he does go after the madly gleeful De La Beckwith. *Ghosts* is the kind of film that no one who is not actually a violent racist could argue with. Baldwin soberly explains the necessity of justice over and over, to his wife, to his boss, to his children, and after a while, we begin to feel like children ourselves. (Denby; 1/13/97) (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Ziegfeld*.

★**Hamlet**—Kenneth Branagh updates the setting from medieval times and a shadowed, cavelike palace to the nineteenth century and a full-dress court that is brilliantly lit. When Hamlet tells Horatio of the king's drinking habits, we see Claudius (Derek Jacobi) rushing to the royal bedroom with Gertrude (Julie Christie), downing glass after glass of wine held out to him by uproarious courtiers. As the principals plot and scheme and manipulate one another, we are never allowed to forget that the future of the state is at issue. Claudius has not just killed Hamlet's father; he has denied Hamlet the throne. This Hamlet very much wants to be king. The play, of course, is exhaustingly long, and the lack of intimacy in Branagh's conception places added stress on our endurance. Yet there are

many brilliant moments. Branagh straightens out the sexual life of the court: Hamlet and Ophelia (Kate Winslet) have been to bed (Branagh shows the lovemaking), and they have a palpable physical need for one another. When they are wrenched apart by the meddling grown-ups, and Hamlet then mistakenly kills Polonius, Ophelia's insanity is deeply moving—not the usual wan flutter of Elizabethan butterfly wings but grief-struck rage in a padded cell. (Denby; 1/6/97) (4 hrs.; PG-13) *Paris Theater*.

I'm Not Rappaport—Walter Matthau and Ossie Davis play two grave-diggers who meet each day in Central Park and philosophize. Written and directed by Herb Gardner. (2 hrs. 16 mins.; PG-13) *First & 62nd St. Cinema; Regency*.

Inside—A teacher (Eric Stoltz) in apartheid South Africa is jailed on charges of treason. Directed by Arthur Penn. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema*.

★**Jerry Maguire**—The huge amounts of money the sports agents in *Jerry Maguire* can snag for their clients in multiyear contracts and endorsements drives everyone crazy—and none more so than the great Jerry Maguire (Tom Cruise), who keeps his high clear and pure in a steady stream of winning, adulation, and sex. Jerry, as it turns out, is miserable. He writes a soul-searching memo—a "mission statement"—and distributes it, asking that the company handle fewer clients and give them more personal attention. Jerry is thrown out within a week. Everyone drops him except for a single client, Rod Tidwell (Cuba Gooding Jr.), who is a promising pro player but not quite a star. And Dorothy (Renee Zellweger), an accountant from the office, stays with Jerry, too, and falls in love with him. Cruise, of course, has played different versions of this part in the past—the nice thing, however, is that now he's playing this role with greater physical freedom and richness than before. He shows us there's a terrifying abyss under the confidence. Written and directed by Cameron Crowe, *Jerry Maguire* captures the American whirlwind of success better than anything in recent movies. At the same time, Crowe shows a striking gift for intimacy. (Denby; 12/16/96) (2 hrs. 20 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Plaza Twin*.

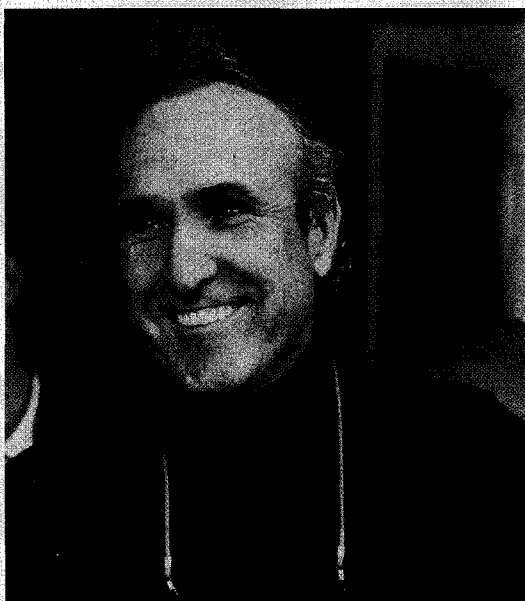
Mars Attacks!—Tim Burton's satirical mash note to the sci-fi fever of the fifties, starring Jack Nicholson as both the president of the United States and a shady real-estate developer. Also starring Glenn Close and Annette Bening. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas*.

Marvin's Room—Diane Keaton and Meryl Streep star as estranged sisters who struggle to reconcile when one is faced with a terminal illness. With Leonardo DiCaprio. (1 hr. 38 mins.;) *Village East; Lincoln Square*.



One Shot Melody Makers

Since they began harmonizing in Bed-Stuy more than 34 years ago, the Persuasions have covered the works of such disparate artists as Bob Dylan, Curtis Mayfield, and Men at Work; been lauded in the pages of *Rolling Stone* and *The Village Voice*; evoked ardor from the calloused souls of Tom Waits and Keith Richards, all the while toiling in—surprise!—relative obscurity. **Spread the Word: The Persuasions Sing Acappella**, an inspiring documentary about the groundbreaking quartet, seeks to rectify the latter. At the Walter Reade Theater, January 17 and 18. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.)



Happening The Write Stuff

Writer-director Ron Shelton (above), whose ostensible subject—athletic competitiveness—is a metaphor for sexual on-upmanship, speaks about his craft and screens such stellar works as *Bull Durham* and last summer's *Tin Cup* at the American Museum of the Moving Image, January 18 and 19. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

Message to Love—Murray Lerner's documentary on 1970's Isle of Wight Festival, featuring performances by Jimi Hendrix, Miles Davis, the Who, and Leonard Cohen—plus a few stellar rock-star tantrums. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) *Film Forum*.

Metro—Eddie Murphy stars as a wise-cracking cop who must get serious when faced with a serial killer. With Michael Rappaport. Directed by Thomas Carter. (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Area theaters*.

Michael—Writer/director Nora Ephron's comedy about a seriously flawed angel (John Travolta) living in a small town. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Beekman; Orpheum; 84th Street Six*.

Mother—Albert Brooks (who also wrote and directed) plays a mediocre novelist, twice divorced, who moves back in with his mother (Debbie Reynolds) to thrash out his Oedipal kinks. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Tower East; UA East; Lincoln Square*.

My Fellow Americans—James Garner and Jack Lemmon play two bumbling ex-presidents who are forced to embark on a cross-country road trip when scandal brews in Washington. Directed by Peter Segal. (1 hr. 41 mins.; PG-13) *Gemini Twin*.

One Fine Day—Michelle Pfeiffer and George Clooney play two single, harried, working parents who meet cute, fight cute, and fall in love. Directed by Michael Hoffman. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Village East; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; National Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights*.

101 Dalmatians—Disney's live-action remake of the animated feature, with Glenn Close as Cruella DeVil. Directed by Stephen Herek. (1 hr. 43 mins.; G) *Village East; Crown Gotham; Embassy 2-4; Sutton; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema*.

★The People vs. Larry Flynt—In the fifties, Larry Flynt and his brother, Jimmy, suffer through a dirt-poor, sub-Huck Finn boyhood in rural Kentucky. Twenty years later, Larry and Jimmy are running topless clubs in Ohio, satisfying customers and hurting no one. (That, at least, is the way the

movie tells it.) Larry (Woody Harrelson), who sleeps with all the girls, is a free man, unburdened by refinement or civility. He's willing to try anything. Why not put pictures of a naked Jackie O. in his new slick-paper mag, *Hustler*? The money is just lying on the ground. Even in his early Czech movies, Milos Forman demonstrated his pleasure in raffishness, and this time he's raised rotgut courage to the status of truth: The unguarded shall be holy. Larry and his tarnished inamorata, the dancer Althea Leasure (Courtney Love), deliver pornography without apology or disguise; their ambitions are so straightforward, and they exist on such easy terms with their flesh (their own and other people's), that they burn away the hypocrisy of anyone hung up on appearances. But the filmmakers make the mistake of turning Larry Flynt into a moral hero and martyr. The movie suggests no way of criticizing Flynt that isn't hypocritical, and liberal sanctimoniousness begins to overwhelm this screenplay. (Denby; 12/23/96) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Chelsea West; Murray Hill Cinemas; Gemini Twin; Lincoln Square*.

Portrait of a Lady—It is unfair to compare a movie to the classic book it is based on, but reading the book can sometimes help one understand what has gone wrong in the movie. This adaptation, directed by Jane Campion, sticks to Henry James's plot, yet it is essentially a solemn art exercise, not a work of art. The newly wealthy American, Isabel Archer (Nicole Kidman), exercising her freedom in defiance of all common sense, makes a disastrous marriage to a dilettante and a poseur—Gilbert Osmond (John Malkovich), an American expatriate living in Italy with no ambition beyond perfecting his taste. In short order, Osmond drains Isabel's pocket, and her spirit. There is some physical eloquence in the settings, but we are puzzled. How did Isabel get stuck with such a monster in the first place? What is she thinking? Why does she stay with him? She seems a mere victim, and readers of the book will miss the intellectual fire of James's heroine as well as the flowing commentary that makes Isabel's situation so moving. Campion and screenwriter Laura Jones ignore James's brilliant social comedy—the witty play of English and American customs, the perfect manners that yield confrontations more bruising than we moderns, with our alleged directness, ever approach. The way Jones and Campion have refashioned the material, Isabel isn't really a heroine. James had in mind something very different, and the changes are crippling. (Denby; 1/13/97) (2 hrs. 24 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square*.

The Preacher's Wife—In this remake of 1947's *The Bishop's Wife*, Denzel Washington plays an angel sent to intervene in the lives of a local preacher and his family. Directed by Penny Marshall. (2 hrs. 4 mins.; PG) *34th Street Showplace; Embassy 1; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza Twin*.

Ransom—The movie has one effective sequence: New York millionaire Tom Mullen (Mel Gibson) and his glamorous wife, Kate (Rene Russo), are doing a charity event at the Delacorte Fountain with their little boy (Brawley Nolte) in tow. They allow the boy to play with his kite a few feet away from them, they see him, and for an instant they take their eyes off him—and then he's gone. It's the ultimate fulfillment of New York paranoia, and it's chilling. But that's it. What happened to director Ron Howard's steady calm, which was so admirable in *Apollo 13*? This movie isn't about a

bank heist or a terrorist attack; it's about the kidnapping of a child, and one wants more repose and reflection, a greater intimacy. (Denby; 11/11/96) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village East; Embassy 2-4; Sutton; 86th Street East*.

The Relic—A thriller about a biologist (Penelope Ann Miller) investigating a series of bizarre deaths at the Chicago museum where she works. Directed by Peter Hyams. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Manhattan Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova*.

★Ridicule—As screenwriter Rémi Waterhouse and director Patrice Leconte tell it, wit rules the court of Louis XVI so thoroughly that a man who says something brilliant at a dinner party or recovers quickly from another man's insult finds himself rewarded with the king's favor. On the other hand, if the same man begins an insult that peters out, he receives derision so acute and persistent that he might be required to absent himself from France altogether. What makes the situation even more frightening is that the king himself does not possess wit and sometimes has trouble recognizing it. Wit, as it is conceived here, reveals nothing of character; its very point might be to conceal it. But the director finds these people out; he is more ruthless than the king. (Denby; 12/9/96) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

Scream—Director Wes Craven's self-referential, post-modern take on scary movies. With Drew Barrymore, Neve Campbell, and Skeet Ulrich. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea; Astor Ulrich; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 62nd and Broadway; New Coliseum*.

Screwed—A documentary about the life and times of pornographer Al Goldstein. Directed by Alexander Crawford. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village*.

★Secrets & Lies—At the center of Mike Leigh's great new comedy is a lovelorn mother with two illegitimate daughters. Cynthia (Brenda Blethyn), past 40, is a desperately sweet white woman who has never received much affection from anyone. She gave away her first daughter, conceived when Cynthia was 15, without looking at her, and has lived in a prison of suspicion with the other, Roxanne. The other wing of Cynthia's family is dominated by her heroically amiable brother, Maurice (Timothy Spall), a large and prosperous man who is one of the rare human beings genuinely pained by egotism and orneriness in other people. Into this noisy glen of magpies steps Cynthia's other daughter, an elegant, accomplished black woman named Hortense (Marianne Jean-Baptiste). Her adoptive parents have died, and despite her success and evident self-possession, she feels lost. Hortense presents herself to Cynthia, and the discomfort and confusion and anguish that follow are a comic harvest without rival in recent movies. (Denby; 9/30/96) (2 hrs. 22 mins.; R) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

Shine—This much-hyped movie is pretty bad, but you should see it anyway for Geoffrey Rush, the Australian theater actor who plays the real-life pianist David Helfgott, and who turns David's compulsive speech into the very music of the soul. As screenwriter Jan Sardi tells it, David Helfgott suffered through a cramped, driven childhood in the house of Polish refugees who lost their relatives in the Holocaust. The father (Armin Mueller-Stahl) bullies his talented son into winning competitions, then crushes the boy with guilt when he tries to leave home to continue his career. Bent over from fear, skinny and pale, all glasses and big hands, the teenage boy is so spooked that he collapses smack-bang on the piano as he completes a performance of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3. After shock treatment, he winds up in the bin, then makes a long climb back. *Shine* is meant to chronicle the triumph of the human spirit, but it's mostly a crock. (Denby; 12/2/96) (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square*.

Sling Blade—A mildly retarded young man—who slew his mother with a sling blade when he caught her having sex—is released, against his will, from an insane asylum. With Billy Bob Thornton, who wrote and directed. (2 hrs. 14 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center*.

Some Mother's Son—Historical fiction about two

women who are drawn into Ireland's political turmoil when their jailed sons go on a hunger strike. Directed by Terry George. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center*; *Lincoln Square*.

Star Trek: First Contact—Captain Picard (Patrick Stewart) and the rest of the Enterprise-E crew battle some aliens for control of the earth. Directed by Jonathan Frakes. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center*; *First & 62nd St. Cinema*.

Swingers—A comedy about a tight-knit group of would-be hipsters who immerse themselves in Los Angeles's "cocktail nation" scene. Directed by Doug Liman. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Screening Room*; *Carnegie Hall Cinema*; *Sutton*.

Turbulence—A captured criminal (Ray Liotta) hijacks the plane transporting him to prison. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin*; *19th Street East*; *34th Street Showplace*; *Criterion Center*; *86th Street*; *First & 62nd St. Cinema*; *84th Street Six*; *New Coliseum*; *Nova*; *Olympia Cinemas*; *Plaza*.

Les Voleurs—A detective investigating his brother's death becomes ensnared in a web of familial sexual intrigue. Starring Catherine Deneuve. Directed by Andre Téchiné. (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema*; *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

The Whole Wide World—The true story of the romance between a young schoolteacher (Renee Zellweger) and the hermetic writer who created "Conan the Barbarian" (Vincent D'Onofrio). Directed by Dan Ireland. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG) *Carnegie Hall Cinema*.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Breaking the Waves*; *Citizen Ruth*; *Shine*; *Sling Blade*; *Some Mother's Son*; *The Crucible*.

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America*; *Turbulence*.

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Screwed*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Message To Love*; *The Jew*. (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Inside; La Cérémonie*; *Les Voleurs*; *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*.

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Swingers*.

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *101 Dalmatians*; *First Strike*; *Jerry Maguire*; *Marvin's Room*; *One Fine Day*; *Ransom*; *Secrets & Lies*; *The English Patient*.

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America*; *Evita*; *Ghosts of Mississippi*; *Mars Attacks!*; *Michael*; *Mother*; *Portrait of a Lady*; *The People vs. Larry Flynt*.

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Scream*; *The Relic*.

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *First Strike*; *Jerry Maguire*; *Michael*; *The Evening Star*; *Turbulence*.

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *One Fine Day*.

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *The Evening Star*; *The Preacher's Wife*; *The Relic*; *Turbulence*.

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America*; *Daylight*; *Mars Attacks!*; *Mother*; *One Fine Day*; *Scream*; *Shine*; *The Crucible*; *The English Patient*; *The People vs. Larry Flynt*; *The Relic*.

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Evita*; *The People vs. Larry Flynt*.

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Evita*; *Michael*; *The English Patient*; *The People vs. Larry Flynt*.

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Romeo and Juliet*.

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Unhook the Stars*; *Microcosmos*.

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Scream*.

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Crucible*; *One Fine Day*.

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Swingers*; *The Whole Wide World*.

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Big Night*.

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Shine*; *Evita*.

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Jerry Maguire*; *Michael*; *Set It Off*; *Space Jam*; *Star Trek: First Contact*; *Turbulence*.

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *101 Dalmatians*.

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Breaking the Waves*.

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *The Preacher's Wife*.

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *101 Dalmatians*; *Ransom*; *The English Patient*.

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Evita*.

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America*; *The Relic*.

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Daylight*; *One Fine Day*.

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Hamlet*.

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Beavis and Butt-*

head Do America; *First Strike*; *Mars Attacks!*; *The Relic*. **Sutton**—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *101 Dalmatians*; *Microcosmos*; *Ransom*; *Swingers*.

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Bound*; *First Wives Club*; *High School High*; *Romeo and Juliet*; *Sleepers*; *The Long Kiss Goodnight*.

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Ghosts of Mississippi*.

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Marvin's Room*.

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Scream*; *Turbulence*.

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *101 Dalmatians*; *Evita*; *Ransom*.

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Michael*.

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *I'm Not Rappaport*; *Portrait of a Lady*; *Scream*; *Star Trek: First Contact*; *The Evening Star*; *Turbulence*.

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Jerry Maguire*; *My Fellow Americans*; *The People vs. Larry Flynt*.

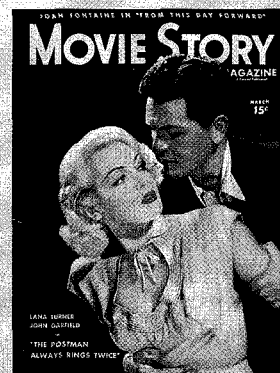
New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Everyone Says I Love You*; *The English Patient*.

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400)

Retrospective Pulp Fiction

Over the next five weeks, Film Forum is running one of the most visually and verbally stylish series in recent memory.

Chandler, Hammett, Woolrich & Cain—named after the four dime-store novelists who often adapted their own, and others', works for the screen—kicks off with a heretofore-unseen cut of *The Big Sleep* (through January 19). Howard Hawks's original, 1945, version of the Humphrey Bogart-Lauren Bacall classic—which had gone through drastic revisions and reshoots in an attempt to add more crackling, caustic flirtation between the two stars—was a critical and commercial success, despite a plot so muddled that even Chandler admitted he didn't know which of the characters committed the crucial murder. Hawks's original cut contains eighteen minutes of additional footage (including a scene in which Bogart's Marlowe explains much of the confusion) and is truly the gem amongst 37 noir offerings. Others not to be missed for compelling (if lesser) reasons:



NOIR

PHANTOM LADY (January 22)

THE THIN MAN (January 26-27) and
AFTER THE THIN MAN (January 29)

1931's **THE MALTESE FALCON** (January 20-21) vs.
1936's **SATAN MET A LADY** (January 23) vs. 1941's
THE MALTESE FALCON (January 26-27)

FEAR IN THE NIGHT (January 30)

DOUBLE INDEMNITY and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**
(January 24-25)

SLIGHTLY SCARLET (February 11)

IDIOSYNCRATIC APPEAL

A rarely screened film directed by Robert Siodmak, who produced some of the most imitated techniques of the genre—except for a highly inventive, never-replicated sexual scene involving a drum set.

See them for the sheer pleasure of martini-swilling swellness and rapier-sharp wordplay.

Of the three versions, *Satan* is most easily dismissed. And while the 1941 remake with Bogart as Sam Spade is a classic, Ricardo Cortez's 1931 Spade has been much underrated.

It's got *Star Trek*'s DeForest Kelly as a suspected homicidal maniac.

Strangers marked the sole collaboration between Hitchcock and Chandler, who adapted from the Patricia Highsmith novel. Brilliant double feature.

One of the few noirs ever shot in color—by cinematographer John Alton, a legend in the genre.

Beavis and Butt-head Do America; First Strike; Jerry Maguire; Mars Attacks!; Michael; One Fine Day; The Preacher's Wife; The Relic.

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Mother.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Mother.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Scream.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) 101 *Dalmatians; Daylight; First Strike; Michael; The Preacher's Wife; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Big Night; La Cérémonie; Les Voleurs; Ridicule; Secrets & Lies; The English Patient.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Evita; Jerry Maguire; Mars Attacks!; Marvin's Room; Mother; One Fine Day; Portrait of a Lady; Shine; Some Mother's Son; The Crucible; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) 101 *Dalmatians; The Relic.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *First Strike; Scream; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *First Strike; The Relic; Turbulence.*

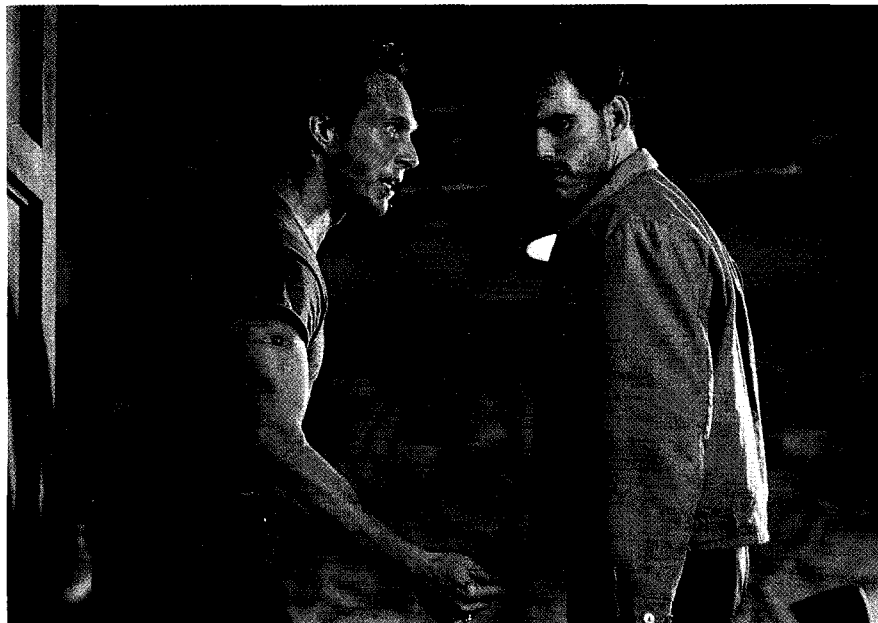
Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Turbulence; Mars Attacks!.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *I'm Not Rappaport.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) 101 *Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; First Strike; Ghosts of Mississippi; Jerry Maguire; Mars Attacks!; Michael; Ransom; Scream; The People vs. Larry Flynt; The Preacher's Wife; The Relic; Turbulence.*



Opening Stars and Bars

Kevin Spacey joins the ever-swelling ranks of actor-directors with 'Albino Alligator,' in which William Fichtner (left) and Matt Dillon (right) play two hapless hoods trapped in a local bar by the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms in a Waco-style standoff. Opens January 17.

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) 101 *Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; First Strike; Ghosts of Mississippi; Scream; Space Jam; The Preacher's Wife; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *The English Patient; Michael.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) 101 *Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; First Strike; Ghosts of Mississippi; Jerry Maguire; Michael; Ransom; Scream; The People vs. Larry Flynt; The Preacher's Wife; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) 101 *Dalmatians; Ghosts of Mississippi; Jerry Maguire; One Fine Day; Ransom; The People vs. Larry Flynt; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *One Fine Day; The Crucible.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *First Strike; Ghosts of Mississippi; The Relic.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Breaking the Waves; Evita; Jerry Maguire; The English Patient; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; First Strike; Michael; Scream; The Evening Star.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *First Strike; Scream; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *First Strike; Scream; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) 101 *Dalmatians; Daylight; First Strike; Mars Attacks!; Scream; The Preacher's Wife; The Relic.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Ghosts of Mississippi; Jerry Maguire; Michael; One Fine Day; Turbulence.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Jerry Maguire; One Fine Day; Scream; The Relic.*

Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Jingle All the Way; The Preacher's Wife.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Jerry Maguire; The Preacher's Wife.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *First Strike; Ghosts of Mississippi; Scream; The Relic; Turbulence.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) 101 *Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; Evita; First Strike; Jerry Maguire; Mars Attacks!; One Fine Day; The Evening Star; The People vs. Larry Flynt; Turbulence.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *First Strike; Jerry Maguire; One Fine Day; Scream; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bay-side (428-4040) 101 *Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Evita; Mars Attacks!; Mother; My Fellow Americans; Ransom; The Evening Star; The Preacher's Wife.*

Cinema 5—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; First Strike; Michael; Scream; Turbulence.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) 101 *Dalmatians; Mother; Ransom.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *One Fine Day; Shine; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *First Strike; Scream; The Preacher's Wife.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) 101 *Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Daylight; Jerry Maguire; Mars Attacks!; Michael; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) 101 *Dalmatians; First Strike; Michael; The Relic.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Mars Attacks!; The Crucible; The English Patient.*

Fresh Meadows—190-02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Daylight; Evita; Ghosts of Mississippi; Jerry Maguire; Mother; One Fine Day; The Evening Star; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *First Strike; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Ghosts of Mississippi; Jerry Maguire; Scream; Turbulence.*

MovieWorld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) 101 *Dalmatians; Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Jerry Maguire; Michael; One Fine Day; Ransom; The Relic; Turbulence.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Flirting With Disaster; My Fellow Americans.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *First Strike; Turbulence.*

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *First Strike; Ghosts of Mississippi; Scream; The Relic.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Jerry Maguire; Michael; One Fine Day; The People vs. Larry Flynt.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Evita.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) 101 *Dalmatians; Jerry Maguire; Michael; One Fine Day; Ransom; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) 101 *Dalmatians; Jerry Maguire; Michael; One Fine Day; The Relic.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Beavis and Butt-head Do America; Evita; First Strike; Ghosts of Mississippi; Jerry Maguire; Mars Attacks!; Michael; Mother; One Fine Day; Ransom; Scream; The Evening Star; The People vs. Larry Flynt; The Relic; Turbulence.*

Photograph by Jim Shelton/Miramax.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"The Art of Screenwriting: A Weekend with Ron Shelton." 1/18: *Tin Cup* (1996). 1/19: *Bull Durham* (1988) and *Cobb* (1994). Shelton will be present at all screenings. 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); \$7.

Anthology Film Archives—1/13: *Si Versailles M'était Conté* (1953). 1/13-16: *Through the Olive Trees* (1994). 1/14: *Diary of a Country Priest* (1950) and *Les Trois Font la Paire* (1957). 1/15: *Assassins et Voleurs* (1956) and *Wings of Desire* (1988). 1/16: *Night & Fog in Japan* (1960) and *Remontons Les Champs-Élysées* (1938). 1/17-19: *Ulysses' Gaze* (1995). 1/18: *Marie Menken II* and *Home Sweet Home* (1982). 1/18 and 1/19: *2 x 50 Years of French Cinema* (1995). 1/19: *The Great Blondino* (1967), *Blue Shut* (1970), *Permissive Society* (1975), *Mike Leigh Season* (1982), *Short & Curlies* (1987), and *A Sense of History* (1992). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); \$7.

Cinema Village 12th St—1/15: "Screw the Mouse: Rip-Offs, Parodies, and Deviant Versions of Disney Cartoons and Characters." *Birth of Betty Boop (or My Life As a Dog)*. "Hong Kong Sexploitation." 1/16 and 1/17: *Liu Jai: Home for the Intimate Ghosts* (1990). 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363); \$8.

Donnell Media Center—1/15: *M'Liss* (1918) and *The Dragon Painter* (1919). 1/16: *Ingmar Bergman (1971)*, *Bertolucci Shoots "1900"* (1975), and award-winning film and video from the thirtieth annual New York Expo of Film and Video. 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

A Different Light—1/19: *The Blue Lagoon* (1980). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—"Chandler, Hammett, Woolrich & Cain." Through 1/19: *The Big Sleep* (1946). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); \$8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"The Sixth Annual New York Jewish Film/Video Festival." 1/14: *Family Album/Nobody's Business* (1986), *Everlasting Joy* (1996), and *Benya Krik* (1927). 1/14-16: *Tears of Stone* (1996). 1/15 and 1/16: *Romance of a Horse Thief* (1971). 1/15, 1/16, and 1/18: *Holy Week* (1996). 1/15 and 1/18: *Can Memories Be Dissolved in Water?* (1996) with *Day of the Bath* (1994). 1/16: *Intimate Stranger/Nobody's Business* (1996). 1/18: *Sliticks in American Flicks* (1903-1940). 1/19: *A Life Apart: Hasidim in America* (1996), *Avoda* (1930s), *Never, Again, Forever: The Jewish Defense League* (1996), and *The Abraham File* (1996). Special Screening. 1/17 and 1/18: *Spread the Word: The Persuasions Sing Acapella* (1995). (The Persuasions will perform live after the 8 and 10 P.M. showings on 1/17.) 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); \$8.

French Institute—1/14: *La Vieille dame indigne* (1965). 1/21: *Les Visiteurs* (1993). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 5th St. (355-6160); \$7, \$5.50 seniors.

Japan Society—1/17: *Village of Eight Gravestones* (1977). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); \$7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"All the Boys and Girls of Their Age." 1/13 and 1/14: *L'Incruste* (1994). 1/13 and 1/16: *Peace and Love* (1994). 1/14 and 1/18: *Brothers* (1994). 1/16: *Too Much Happiness* (1994). 1/17: *Travolta and Me* (1994), *Portrait of a Young Woman at the End of the Sixties*, in Brussels (1994), and *Cold Water* (1994). 1/18: *Wild Reeds* (1994). 1/19: *U.S. Go Home* (1994). "Left, Right, and Center: American Non Fiction." 1/13 and 1/17: *The Battle of Russia* (1943). 1/14: *War Comes to America* (1945) and *The Negro Soldier* (1944). 1/14 and 1/18: *The Battle of China* (1944). 1/17: *Divide and Conquer* (1943) and *The Battle of Britain* (1943). 1/19: *Death Mills* (1948), *Nuremberg* (1948), *The Autobiography of a Jeep* (1943), *The Town* (1944), *Window Cleaner* (1945), and *The Land* (1942). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); \$8.

Symphony Space—1/21: *Breathless* (1983) and *They Live By Night* (1948). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); \$8.

Whitney Museum of American Art—Opening 1/16: "Charles Atlas: The Hanged One." 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); \$8.

Henderson continued from page 25
all of them are poised for a leap into feature-film work.

Space Jam's Joe Pytko also approves of the trend, and sounds an even more pragmatic note: "Directors used to shoot two or three movies a year," he says. "Now it can take two or three years to develop a single project." So Pytko uses advertising assignments to keep his favorite crew of designers and cinematographers together, and also as a way to keep abreast of new technologies, especially in CGI, or computer-generated imagery.

Commercials, these directors agree, actually have a more demanding audience than movies because viewers will see a TV spot dozens, even hundreds, of times. (Who, other than someone in thrall to *Paris Is Burning* or *Valley of the Dolls*, would sit through a film that many times?) "It's the repeat viewership that kills us," says Johnny Semerad of Quiet Man, a New York special-effects company. Semerad shudders when recounting his travails in syncing dialogue to the lips of "talking" chimps in Pytko's recent HBO commercial.

On an afternoon in December, Semerad sat before the Flame, a computer that manipulates digitized film or video, putting the final polish on a commercial that will debut during the Super Bowl. Observers were sworn to secrecy, so suffice it to say that the spot (also directed by Pytko) includes an homage to a popular sci-fi movie of a few years back. It turns on a kind of in-joke—that the commercial's enormously sophisticated visuals weren't technically possible when the movie being spoofed was first released. Blow-you-away clever, the ad will leave viewers wondering, "How'd they do that?"—just as they were after seeing the postproduction wizardry Semerad had done for Tostitos, Lincoln Mercury, and Pizza Hut.

"Which came first?" Semerad asks pointedly, "the Diet Pepsi spot with James Cagney, or Tom Hanks and JFK in *Forrest Gump*?" The answer, of course: Diet Pepsi.

Clayton Hemmert, Semerad's partner at Quiet Man, is similarly brash in claiming a pioneering role for advertising as he demonstrates the ability of an AVID editing machine to "composite," or mix live-action footage with cartoons, mattes, and blue- or green-screen photography. Hemmert refers to such cinematic trickery as "the cheat of it," and says, "Adding flash to save a weak idea is much easier than it was five years ago."

Exactly the problem, says Barry Sonnenfeld, whose movie *Men in Black*, a comedy with Tommy Lee Jones and Will

Smith, will be out in summer '97. "The reason films are getting more and more horrible is because of commercials," he argues—even though his own impressive client list includes Reebok and Dr. Pepper. Sonnenfeld claims to like postproduction more than any other part of filmmaking but is leery of relying on special effects, as they can shift a director's focus away from the set.

"Rather than getting the best performances while actors are there," he explains, "some directors will shoot lots of coverage [the same scene shot from multiple angles], with plans to whip up excitement during editing."

He contends that many of today's films, as a result, have a visual style similar to TV commercials: a too-frequent use of close-ups and hyperactive editing. "All those explosions and stunt men flying through candy glass!" Sonnenfeld exclaims. "I wouldn't know how to make such a movie."

Michael Bay, who clearly does know, is quick to defend what he's learned from his advertising jobs. How to shoot efficiently, for instance. A complicated car chase like the one featured in *The Rock* might have taken a director with less experience four weeks, he points out, but he shot it in ten days.

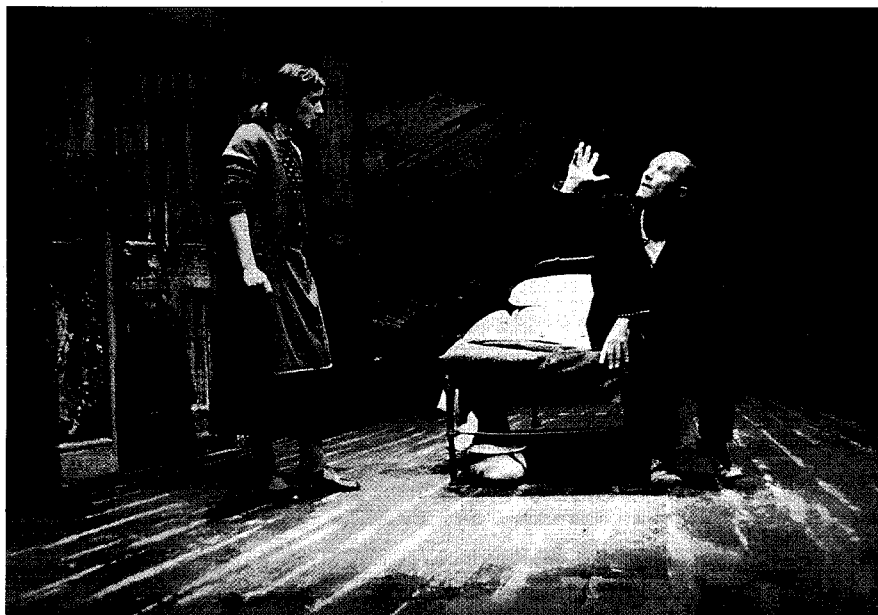
While Bay admits to being irked by some of the harsh reviews his films have received (including in this magazine), he says his gloom hasn't lasted for long. "Reporters love to trash commercial directors," he says, "but I added it up the other day, and the combined gross of my first two movies is somewhere near half a billion dollars."

An impressive track record, but Bay still probably couldn't get work from Nina DiSesa, executive creative director at McCann-Erickson. (McCann, you'll recall, just happens to be the agency that lost the Coca-Cola account a couple of years back to Mike Ovitz's CAA—an ignominy that in many ways presaged L.A.'s muscling into advertising.) Unlike her peers who are anxious to hire a director fresh from a movie job, DiSesa prefers to use people who have a "commitment to the work, and aren't just filling in their schedule." Furthermore, she's skeptical of whether Hollywood talent can really deliver the goods.

"I've seen it succeed, and I've seen it fail miserably," she says, reeling off a few choice examples of recent campaigns. "Spike Lee and Nike, or the Coen Brothers and Dime Savings Bank? If you've got a good match-up like these, there can be magic," says DiSesa. "But when you have David Lynch doing an Alka-Seltzer commercial, that's a waste of his talent and the client's money."

theater

Mother Courage...Irish Troubles...Moving Day



Opening Cross to Bear

Sebastian Barry mined his own great-grandfather's life for *Steward of Christendom*, a harrowing look at the inner conflict of one Thomas Dunne, torn between Catholicism and the crown in turn-of-the-century Ireland. At BAM Majestic Theater through February 23.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus—Mega-selling author John Gray turns his relationship manual into a one-man show. \$20–\$55. 1/27–1/31 at 8, 2/1 at 2 and 8, 2/2 at 3. *Gershwin Theatre*, 51st St. and Broadway (307-4100).

Three Sisters—Scott Elliott's all-star production of Chekov's classic tale of yearning. With Billy Crudup, Amy Irving, Eric Stoltz, David Stathairn, Lili Taylor, and Jeanne Tripplehorn. \$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Previews start 1/22 for a 2/13 opening. *Roundabout Theater's Stage Right*, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Shakespeare's early comedy about infidelity and friendly deception, in a production direct from Shakespeare's Globe, London. Starring Mark Rylance, Anastasia Hille, Jim Bywater, and Lennie James. Directed by Rylance. \$10–\$25. 1/9–1/11 at 7, 1/12 at 2 and 7:30, 1/17 at 7, 1/18 at 2 and 7, 1/19 at 3, 1/24 at 7, 1/25 at 2 and 7, 1/26 at 1. *New Victory Theatre*, 209 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. \$22.50–\$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre*, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. Savion Glover is on vacation 1/10–1/19. There will be no performance on 1/19, as the cast will be in D.C. performing at the Inauguration. \$20–\$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador*, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, (of course, with an assist from

T. S. Eliot. \$37.50–\$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater*, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Ann Reinking is suavely slinky with a demureness that oozes sex; Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness. And James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If *Chicago* in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. (Simon: 12/2/96) \$47.50–\$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. No performance 1/19. Opened 11/14/96. *Richard Rodgers*, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. \$60–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *James Theatre*, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Tracy Nelson as Rizzo 1/20–2/2, and Jasmine Guy thereafter. \$30–\$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 2/23. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre*, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

An Ideal Husband—His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with bitingly logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival of this 1895 play, which uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception, now has an American cast, which includes Stephanie Beacham, Kim Hunter, James Warwick, and Nicky Henson. \$30–\$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Ethel Barrymore*, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair*, the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. \$25–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre*, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.

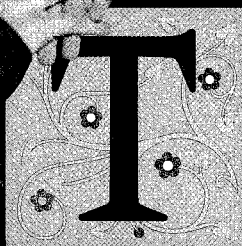
Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schönberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. \$15–\$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theatre*, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.

Photograph by John Haynes.



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--Liz Smith, Syndicated Columnist



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-- Clive Barnes, NY Post

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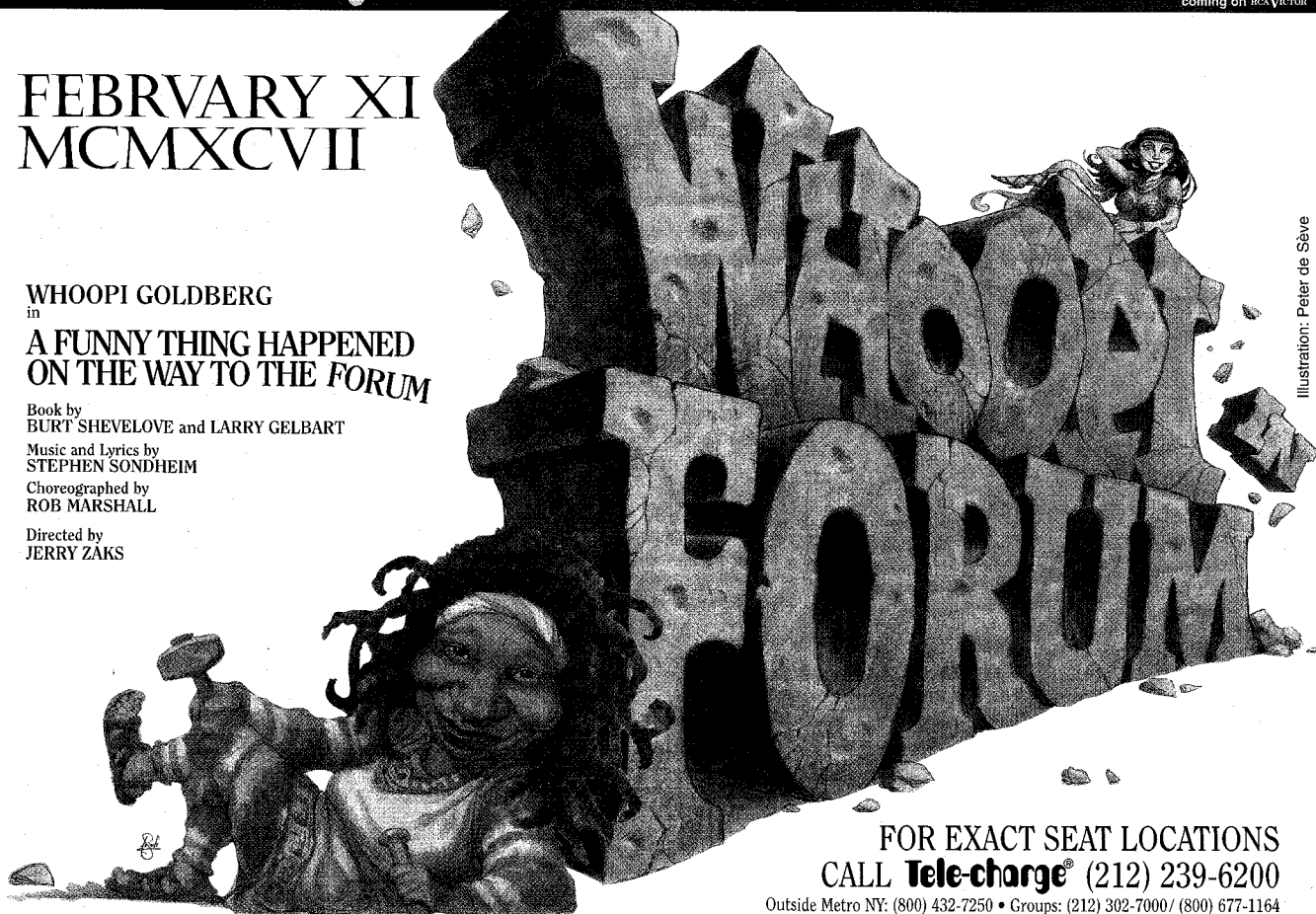


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Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Patti LuPone (*Evita*) as the great *monstre sacrée* herself. \$32.50–\$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. No performances 1/6–1/12. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schönberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$15–\$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

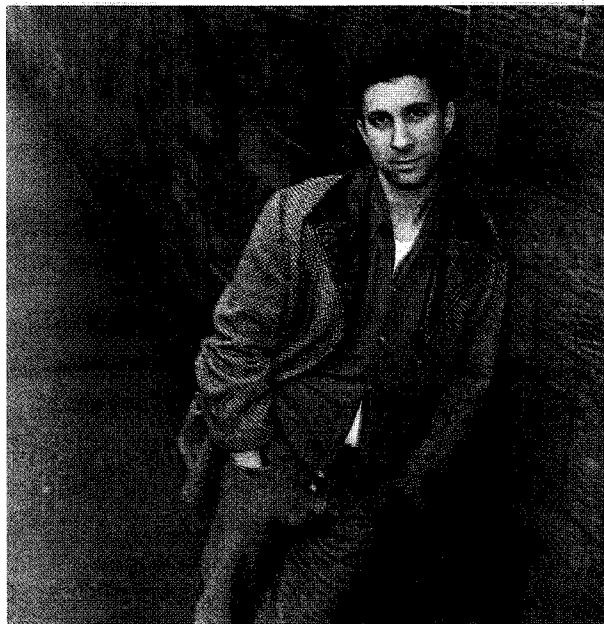
Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea*. For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. \$40–\$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 12/18/96. *Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. \$15–\$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Present Laughter—A clever fellow, this Scott Elliott, but now he has gone too far. The director has taken Noel Coward's sleek, sophisticated comedy and staged it as the crassest farce. Garry Es-sendine, the fey, egocentric, matinee-idol hero, is doubtless modeled on the author himself, but Coward never fully emerged from the closet. It is not for Elliott to out one of his plays. Here the women are made shriller, sillier, or more predatory than called for, the men more effete, narcissistic, overtly homosexual. Frank Langella does ample justice to Elliott's Essendine: One wonders what he could have done with Coward's. (Simon: 12/2/96) \$15–\$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/18/96. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. \$30–\$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100).* 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only



Talent Elegiac Domain

The characters in Tom Donaghy's plays could have walked out of an Edward Hopper painting: exhausted, hard-working people, the kind who are uncomfortable talking about themselves. Their loneliness is palpable in the playwright's clipped dialogue—and lingers long after the curtain comes down. In Donaghy's new four-character play, *Minutes From the Blue Route*, directed by David Warren at the Atlantic Theatre Company, a gay man who is HIV-positive comes home to say good-bye to his parents before moving to California to join his lover. His parents fret about selling their house and nag him to convince his sister to return to college. The talk turns frequently to traveling, though no one budges; leaving, or at least dreaming of it, is a way to erase life's disappointments.

"I don't think we look at people like this with generosity. We think these kind of people don't matter, and I certainly don't see them onstage a lot," says Donaghy, who draws his brooding characters from the small suburb of Philadelphia in which he grew up with his parents, both first-generation Americans, and three brothers. "They are not adept at articulating what they want or being witty. These characters only have their moment-to-moment courage," adds the 33-year-old playwright, an intense, shy man, who graduated from New York University.

Donaghy's first full-length play, *Northeast Local*, presented last season by the Lincoln Center Theater Company, was savaged by the critics. Yet serious theatergoers flocked to it, hearing through the grapevine that a lyrical new voice was writing for the stage. The theatrical community has embraced Donaghy's elegiac aesthetic, too; he has since been commissioned to write plays for the Manhattan Theatre Club, Playwrights Horizons, and the Steppenwolf Theater Company in Chicago. "He doesn't write jokes; the comedy is embedded in behavior, not punch lines," says director Warren. "One page into a Tom Donaghy script, you know no one else writes like him."

WILLIAM HARRIS

know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$35–\$70. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.

Sunset Boulevard—Andrew Lloyd Webber's (mega-) musical adaptation of the Billy Wilder film masterpiece about a deranged Hollywood dinosaur and her reluctant boy toy. London's Elaine Paige (*Evita*, *Cats*) recently took over from Betty Buckley as Norma Desmond. \$25–\$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the test: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unbelievably second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) Liza Minnelli stars from 1/7 to 2/2/97. With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. \$20–\$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100).* 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Concert Pianist—A one-man show starring Barry Neikburg chronicling a pianist's search for the ideal teacher. \$35. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 1/19 opening. *Jewish Repertory Theatre's Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Do Lord Remember Me—Esther Rolle stars in the New Federal Theatre's production of James de Jongh's oral history of slavery. \$20. Opens 1/15. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448).*

Dreamstuff—A new musical version of the Aladdin's-lamp fairytale, in a nineties setting. \$37.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 2/17 opening. *Samuel Beckett Theater, 420 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Minutes From the Blue Route—A family

Photograph by Scott Jones.



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dismantles their house, packing up memories and mementos, over the course of a four-day, action-packed weekend. By Tom Donaghy. \$32. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 1/30 opening. *Atlantic Theatre Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Mother Courage—The Eric Bentley/Darius Milhaud adaptation of Bertolt Brecht's *Mother Courage and Her Children*, presented in rotating repertory through March 28. \$24. Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opens 1/19. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. (677-0060).*

My Astonishing Self—Donal Donnelly channels George Bernard Shaw in this one-man show, adapted by Michael Vosey from Shaw's reminiscences, love letters, and diaries. \$25. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/23 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

The Red Address—David Ives's new play, mysterious but not magical, about the disjunction between an American businessman's public front and private romance. \$32.50-\$37.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 1/13/97. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Second-Hand Smoke—A new play by Obie winner Mac Wellman, set in an apocalyptic landscape near the riverside town of Gradual. \$33-\$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. Opens 1/16. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Steward of Christendom—Donal McCann stars in Sebastian Barry's harrowing tale of his great-grandfather's choice between the Catholic Church and the crown in prerevolutionary Ireland. \$20-\$55. 1/18 at 7, 1/20, 1/21, 1/23-1/25, 1/28-1/31. 2/1, 2/4-2/8, 2/11-2/15, 2/18-2/22 at 8, 1/19, 1/26, 2/2, 2/9, 2/16, 2/23 at 3. *BAM Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-636-4100).*

Vilna's Got a Golem—A new play by Ernest Joselovitz about a turn-of-the-century eastern European theater group determined to flout convention. With musical accompaniment by the Klezmer Conservatory Band. \$30. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 2/2. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Now Playing

Americana—\$20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9, Sun. at 7. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Beat: A Subway Cop's Comedy—Comic reminiscence of ten years on the beat, by John DiResta, who remains a New York City Transit cop. \$20-\$25. Tues.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. \$39-\$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Born to Sing!—It's dueling-divas time, ambitious-newcomer division, when a singing superstar has to choose between her own daughter and (gasp) a brash interloper to accompany her on the road in this new high-octane musical about backstage

passions from the creators of 1983's pop-and-gospel-inflected *Mama, I Want to Sing*. \$15-\$35. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (505-0700).*

A Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. \$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Cloud Tectonics—A romantic urban fairy tale about a beautiful, pregnant hitchhiker in an L.A. flood. Written by José Rivera and directed by Tina Landau. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 1/5/97. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Evolution—A multidisciplinary rock-music extravaganza. \$30; \$10 student rush tickets available one hour before curtain for all performances.



Opening Liberté, Égalité, Maternité

Brecht's *Mother Courage and Her Children*, written in 1939, remains a touchstone of epic antiwar theater. The Jean Cocteau Repertory debuts the 1960 adaption by playwright Eric Bentley and composer Darius Milhaud on January 17.

Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. (346-8510).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$35. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theatre, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Family Values—A he said/she said comedy about a middle-aged Manhattan couple's midlife breakup. \$35. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (358-5174).*

Flipping My Wig—Charles Busch's latest. \$28. Tues.-Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be

Photograph by Jonathan Slaff.

kind and say propitious time. \$35-\$40. Mon., Wed.-Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7:30, Sat. at 10, Sun. at 3; food and drink available/optional. *Triad*, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue*. A whirlwind bearing aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacrée* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French secretary, Yvonne, over the intercom; and hobnob telephonically with the luminaries of international society. As sublimely performed by Mary Louise Wilson—whose makeup, utterance, and demeanor fit Vreeland to a tee—this is the highest hilarity, the Everest of camp. Hear Miss Wilson say, "You can't destroy Europe; you can't even nick it," or "We allowed a splash of bad taste—no taste is what I am against," and you will feel transported into Thalia's lap. (Simon: 10/14/96.) \$37.50-\$40. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre*, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. \$25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opens 2/6. *Victoria Theatre*, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. \$37.50-\$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. and Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse*, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of this year's more melancholy theater trends is the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. \$40. Mon.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater*, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre*, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).

Late Night Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. \$25-\$32.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church*, 308 W. 46th St. (279-4200).

The Lucky Chance—Jean Cocteau Rep performs Aphra Behn's Restoration comedy, twisting marriage and commerce into a seemingly hopeless tangle. \$24. Thurs.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/9. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre*, 330 Bowery at Bond St. (677-0060).

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. \$30-\$50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theatre*, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).

Making Porn—A play about the gay porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. \$30-\$35. Tues.-Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse*, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).

Neat—Charlayne Woodard's portrait of coming of age in the civil-rights era. \$32. Tues.-Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center*, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).

No Way to Treat a Lady—The York Theatre Company presents Douglas J. Cohen's sixties musical thriller about a publicity-crazed actor and the cat-and-mouse game he plays with the law and the ladies. \$30-\$35. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs. and

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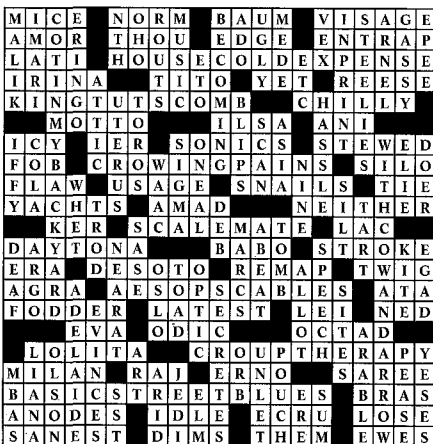
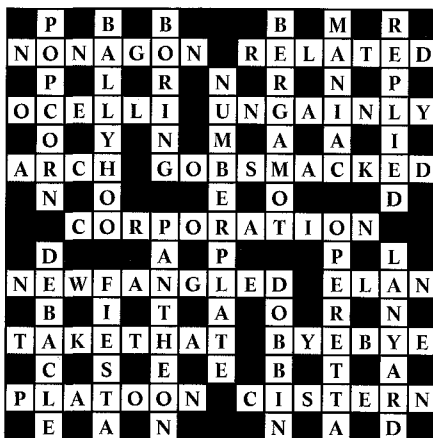
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Previews The Middle of Nowhere

Set in a could-be-anywhere riverside town called Gradual, Mac Wellman's latest drama, 'Second-Hand Smoke,' is a surreal riff on a fictional postapocalyptic twentieth century.

Fri. at 8, Sun. at 2:30. Theatre at St. Peter's Church, 54th St. and Lexington Ave. (935-5820).

Old Wicked Songs—Jon Marans's Pulitzer Prize-nominated play about an emotionally frozen young pianist and the old master who thaws him out. \$42.50. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (580-1313).

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." \$35. Mon. and Thurs.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).

Scapin—Bill Irwin's fresh adaptation of Molière's classic tale of a servant who is pulling all the strings. \$50. Tues.—Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Laura Pels at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. \$29.50–\$42.50. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St., then a reception at 147 Waverly Pl., with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. \$60–\$75. Tues.—Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. (279-4200).

Off-Off Broadway

Advice From A Caterpillar—Douglas Carter Beane's comedy about post-modern professions. \$12. Tues.—Sat. at 8. Through 2/15. Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (330-9360).

Artaud for Awhile—Jim Morrison (yes, of the Doors) confronts the creator of the Theater of Cruelty. \$12. 1/14, 1/15, 1/21, 1/22, 1/28, and 1/29 at 8. Wings Theatre, 154 Christopher St. (627-2961).

The Balcony—Jean Genet's vision of the revolution, set in a brothel. \$15. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/9. The Riant Theatre, 161 Hudson St., fourth floor (925-8353).

June Moon—Drama Dept.'s revival of a little-known George S. Kaufman/Ring Lardner musical of 1929, pitting a country youth against an urban dame. \$12. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/19. Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. (629-4656).

The Last Manhattan—A tale about a frustrated novelist's encounters with hucksters of various stripes, by Doug Dunlop. \$12. Thurs.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. Through 2/2. Theatre Row Theatre (921-9341).

Marking—Pure Orange's second production, a new play by Patrick Breen about two couples and an infidelity. \$12. Tues.—Sun. at 8, Sat. at 3. Judith Anderson Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).

Message to Michael—A quest for love through the pick-up scenes of modern gay culture, by Tim Pinckney. \$15. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Place (627-2556).

Mock Trial—Theater for the New City presents Romulus Linney's people's court play, directed by the author. \$12. Thurs.—Sun. at 8. Starts 1/16. Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109).

A Not So Quiet Nocturne—The Onyx Theatre Company, devoted to deaf artists in professional theater, performs Jave Austin-Williams's 1989 play. \$12. Wed.—Sat. at 10, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. The Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 6th St. (353-3874 or 633-9618).

Richard III—An adaptation by Carol Katendieck, and starring Austin Pendleton, that tells Shakespeare's villainous tale entirely from Richard's perspective. \$12. Wed.—Sat. at 10. New Perspectives Theatre Company, 750 Eighth Ave. (730-2030).

Sleeping With Mom & Dad—An antidote to *Singles*, *Friends*, and other tales of rampant sexual self-analysis. \$10. Thurs.—Sun. at 8. Through 2/2. 78th St. Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (946-5017).

South—Julian Green's 1955 pre-Civil War drama. \$12–\$15. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. HERE, 145 Ave. of the Americas (647-0202).

Three Sisters—A time-traveling production of Chekov's classic. \$12. 1/16–1/19, 1/22–1/26, 1/29–1/31, 2/1 at 7, 2/2 at 3:30. La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).

Volpone—Ben Jonson's classic greedy comedy. \$15. Wed.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 2/2. Westside Repertory Theatre, 252 W. 81st St. (874-7290).

A Waltz With Tennessee—An evening of Tennessee Williams's early plays, including *This Property Is Condemned* and *Talk to Me Like the Rain*. \$15. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (544-1745).

Whiplash—Shelly Mars's "Tale of a Tomboy." \$15. Wed., Thurs., and Sun. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Grove St. Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (631-1000).

You Say What I Mean but What You Mean Is Not What I Said—A new Hot Mouth show, performed a cappella, mixing folk songs, new music, and minstrel show style. \$13–\$18. Wed.—Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 7. Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (777-1441).

Davis continued from page 47

came more toned, more in line with what I believed I could look like—which is why I went to the gym in the first place.

I suppose I deserve some of the blame, too. If anyone at my gym had known what I was doing wrong and had sat me down and told me, I don't even know how I would have responded. "People don't want to hear it. I have trainers who come up to me and say, 'I can't understand it. I tried to help this woman, and she just chewed my head off for ten minutes to leave her alone,'" says Equinox's Barretta. A lot of people end up going to the gym for a whole variety of reasons other than fitness: to be entertained by the TVs, the disco balls, the latest equipment, the live African drummers in the African-dance class. "There used to be this spinning instructor who was hilarious, he was like this stand-up comic, which is why I sort of got into it," says one woman who goes to Crunch, takes classes, and uses the treadmill but never the stairclimbers. "The stairclimbers—they're scary to me, the whole image of an automaton, although I suppose climbing an endless stairway is not any different from running nowhere in front of a television," she says.

And then there's the social nature of the gym. "We sit on bikes and look at cute boys," says one woman who goes to Crunch. "There are the groupies who meet before class and they gossip like they're best friends," says another. "There's a sense of community," says Molly Fox, the group fitness coordinator for Equinox.

Or maybe going to the gym makes us feel virtuous and productive, and in turn we look for confirmation of our virtuousness. "This one class I took, a woman went up to the instructor and said, 'I'm not going to be here on Thursday,' and it's like, you're not being graded! She doesn't care!" says Lisa Cohen, a graphic designer who goes to Crunch "just to feel in shape" and says she has noticed that "running is the only thing that gets rid of your ass."

None of these are particularly good reasons for joining a gym, but they do distract you from the monotony of it all. "I get bored," says Paul, the actor. "You kind of find, well, I've been here for an hour and I've stretched for fifteen minutes and done a couple of things I'm supposed to do, but mostly I've been just checking out other people and kind of lying on the floor." When the summer rolls around, he likes to go biking on Long Island, where there's wind in his face and scenery going by and he's actually moving somewhere. "I do get the sense that the gym isn't a replacement for real exercise. It's very strange, and they'll probably figure out in 60 years that it was actually bad for us."

art

Nancy Chunn... David Levinthal



Installation Press Clips

And you thought your editor was tough! In her sprawling wall piece 'Front Pages 1996,' Nancy Chunn transposes her own political viewpoint onto the 366 front pages of last year's New York 'Times.' At Ronald Feldman Fine Arts Inc., 31 Mercer Street; through February 13.

Openings

Sanford L. Smith's **Outsider Art Fair** continues to be the most serious venue for dealers of established and emerging self-taught and/or visionary artists. Thirty-five American and European dealers will be exhibiting at this year's fair, which runs January 24-26 at the Puck Building, Houston and Lafayette Streets. Hours are Fri. 12-8, Sat. 11-7, and Sun. 11-6; admission is \$10.

Galleries Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

- Varujan Boghosian**—Collages and constructions from the past five years; through 1/18. Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (744-2300).
Gary Brotmeyer—Altered found photographs and collages; through 3/1. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).
Tony Fitzpatrick—Recent drawings that reflect the artist's views on drugs and drug culture, and etchings on the subject of magic; through 1/18. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

- Ilka Gede**—Self-portraits, in paintings, drawings, and pastels; through 1/31. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).
David Mann—Abstract paintings whose shapes are derived from the physical gesture of the paint stroke; 1/16-2/15. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).
Chris Pfister—Paintings of city freeways and country highways based on the artist's photographs taken during his travels around the country; through 1/18. Winston Wächter, 111 E. 65th St. (327-2526).
Ute Juerss—Recent video installations by a German artist; through 2/8. Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave. (439-8700).

57th Street Area

- Magdalena Abakanowicz**—Two series of animal sculptures whose individual figures are constructed from burlap and glue over a metal armature; 1/15-2/11. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).
Chester Arnold/Diane Edison—Large-scale landscape paintings whose imagery suggests something gone wrong; through 1/31. Paintings of the artist's friends and self-portraits on small wood panels;

- through 2/15. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5666).
George Bayliss—Landscape paintings of a Civil War battle site in Sharpsburg, Maryland; through 2/1. M B Modern, 41 E. 57th St. (371-3444).
Gordon Cook—Paintings and sculptures based on stick figures the artist made for his daughter a year before his death in 1985; through 2/1. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).
David Dewey—Watercolors that depict the effects of light on the traditional clapboard houses and lighthouses of New England; through 1/30. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).
Mark Francis—Monochromatic paintings whose fields of repeating organic forms are based on microphotographs of cells and chromosomes; through 2/22. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).
Christian Haub/Sandy Scolnik—Geometric abstract paintings on Plexiglas, wood, or mirror/Small-scale black-and-white paintings of group portraits. Through 2/22. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).
Jasper Johns—A retrospective of the artist's prints; through 1/25. Sheehan, 20 W. 57th St. (888-4220).
Joe Lasker—Landscapes, still lifes, and a self-portrait; through 2/8. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).
Louis Lozowick/Yvonne Jacquette—Prints depicting New York City in the twenties and thirties by the former and of the contemporary city by the latter; through 2/8. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).
Agnes Martin—New paintings that depict horizontal bands of pale color outlined in graphite; 1/16-2/15. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).
Alfonso Ossorio/Federico Castellon—The artist's Surrealist paintings and works on paper from 1939 to 1949/Surrealist drawings from the thirties. Through 1/18. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).
Lawson Oyekan—Ceramic vessels from the past four years; through 2/1. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).
Leon Polk Smith—Paintings from the nineties that continue the artist's exploration of line and color; through 1/31. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).
Rudy Burckhardt/Stuart Shills—Recent landscape paintings/Photographs of New York. Through 2/8. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).
Patti Smith—A selection of the musician's drawings from the past three decades, many of them made during her relationship with the photographer Robert Mapplethorpe; through 2/8. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).
Ursula von Rydingsvard—Recent sculptures, including a large environmental installation of graphite-rubbed carved cedar whose forms are based on letters written on the ground and then built up until the actual word is completely obscured; 1/16-3/1. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).
George Wexler/Ana Maria Nicholson—Realist paintings of landscapes in and around the artist's home in New Paltz, New York/Holographic portraits of Philip Johnson, Philippe de Montebello, Keith Haring, and others. Through 2/1. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).
Jimmy Wright/Jack Bush—Expressionistic paintings and pastel drawings of flowers from the past eight years/The Canadian artist's abstract paintings from

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

the fifties and early sixties. Through 2/1. D C Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Marina Abramovic—A video installation titled *Boat Emptying Stream Entering* that is related to a performance work from 1988 made in collaboration with the artist Ulay, in which the artists walked the entire length of the Great Wall of China; through 2/15. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Peter Acheson—Small-scale paintings of images that suggest a Jungian symbolism; through 2/8. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

William W. Adkins—Drawings of patents for the artist's own inventions; through 2/1. Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. (780-0071).

Stephen Antonson/Cannon Hudson—Drawings and a site-specific ceiling piece/Large-scale paintings of workstations. Through 2/15. Wittels, 48 Greene St. (219-2211).

Barry X Ball—A monumental wall relief and recent sculptures suspended floor-to-ceiling with stainless steel cables; through 2/8. Lühring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

John Beerman/Stephen Greene—Landscape paintings that draw on the nineteenth-century Romantic landscape tradition and his own surroundings in the Hudson River valley/Abstract paintings inspired by Gustave Moreau's French Symbolist imagery. Through 2/15. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Alan Belcher—Soft sculptures made from acrylic plush stuffed with polyester fiberfill; through 2/8. Shainman, 560 Broadway (966-3866).

Bridget Busutil—Recent landscape paintings of the South Carolina low country; through 1/23. Wickiser, 568 Broadway (941-1817).

McWillie Chambers/Eric Rhein—Paintings that depict young, mostly nude men posing in the bucolic outdoors or engaged in intimate activity indoors/Delicately woven sculptures of bronze, silver, and gold-filled steel wire. Through 1/25. Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. (226-1861).

Nancy Chunn—A work that comprises 365 *New York Times* front pages with the artist's additions, comments, and eradications; through 2/15. Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (226-3232).

Stan Douglas—Black-and-white photographs from the projects *TV Spots* (1988), *Monodramas* (1991), and *Subject to a Film: Marne* (1989/96), and two early installations; through 1/25. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Spencer Finch/Susan Silas—Encaustic paintings based on studies done by the artist while flying in a small airplane over the Icarian Sea in Greece and drawings dealing with perception, memory, and history made at various sites, among them Rouen, Las Vegas, and the Grand Canyon/A backlit photo-installation depicting a former concentration-camp site. Through 2/8. Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (941-5711).

Mike Giler—Paintings that depict different views of the same courtyard garden, shown with benches by the sculptor Jenny Holzer; through 2/8. P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Felix Gonzalez-Torres—The first *New York* showing of a large-scale curtain work made a year-and-a-half before the artist's death in 1994; through 1/25. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Paddy Hamilton—Paintings from the artist's "Global Skin Tone" series whose manufactured hues represent the skin colors of different races; through 1/25. API, 470 Broome St. (343-2599).

Brian Yoshimi Isobe—Landscape paintings

on screens and works on paper; through 1/30. Perlow, 560 Broadway (941-1220).

Nico Jenkins—Three installations that explore the impotence of revolution, one of which transforms a room into a space that is reminiscent of a socialist gathering hall or an old train-station waiting room; through 2/8. Chamber, 85 W. Broadway (465-3418).

Emiko Kasahara—The scent of bleach permeates this installation, whose arrangements of a hand-carved marble sink, dormitory-style beds, an enormous

blonde wig, and sculptures that resemble sexual orifices suggest the tension between sensuality and repression; through 2/1. Deitch, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Christopher Lea—Monochromatic paintings on paper; through 2/1. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Raeferd Liles—Collages inspired by erotic images of ancient Chinese warriors; through 2/8. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Eva Lundsager—New large-scale abstract paintings that evoke landscape, at Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775), and small-scale paintings, at Wittels, 48 Greene St. (219-2211); through 2/8.

Justin McCarthy—New paintings by the self-taught artist that draw on Hollywood, fashion, nature, pornography, and other sources; through 2/8. Cavin-Morris, 560 Broadway (226-3768).

Claes Oldenberg—Drawings and notebook page studies executed between 1961 and 1996; through 2/22. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Rafael Montañez Ortiz—An installation, new relief sculptures, and a recent video by this artist whose "destruction" works of the fifties and sixties are the subject of an exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 1/18. Albus, 25 Thompson St. (966-1758).

Charles Parness—Paintings that feature a self-portrait of the artist surrounded by narratives relating to his life; through 2/1. Einstein, 591 Broadway (226-1414).

Paul Henry Ramirez—Abstract paintings whose forms swirl, drip, and collide to create a polymorphous sense of space and time; through 2/8. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).

Lisa Roberts—A film installation titled *Trap Door* that uses four 16millimeter film projectors and four large screens to explore the structure of images and the way in which they define experience; through 2/1. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (965-0753).

Kenny Scharf/Charles Arnoldi—New sculpture/New monotypes. Through 1/25. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Kenny Scharf—New paintings; through 1/25. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Robert Smithson/Massimo Antonaci—Drawings and photographs dealing with entropy/Recent Polaroids. Through 2/8. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Jennifer Steinkamp—Laser-disc projections of computer-generated animation that incorporate a viewer's shadow as part of the work; through 2/1. Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. (966-2676).

Kazumi Tanaka—Sculptures that draw on the artist's childhood memories of Osaka, Japan, and her recent residency with the Shaker community in Maine; through 2/15. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Robert Thiele—Monochromatic abstract paintings on shaped canvases that suggest ancient stone tablets; through 2/1. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Robert Whitman—A new installation entitled *Great Lakes* that consists of three theatrical tableaux incorporating mirrors, found objects, a scrim, and video; through 2/8. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (218-3292).

Frank Wimberley—Recent abstract paintings; through 2/5. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Betty Woodman/Thomas Nozkowski—Recent ceramic balustrade reliefs that refer to Picasso, Matisse, and Japanese textiles/Non-representational drawings of biomorphic forms inspired by a trip to Los Angeles. Through 2/8. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Gavin Zeigler—Paintings that incorporate found objects into their surfaces; through 1/25. Levitan, 42 Grand St. (966-2782).



Photography The World's a Stage

At first, "David Levinthal 1975-1996," opening this week at ICP (1130 Fifth Avenue; January 17 through March 21), would not seem a typical show for the venue, which ordinarily concerns itself with the works of documentary photographers. However, this first full-scale retrospective of the 47-year-old photographer's narrative tableaux reveals him as the most unexpected of documentarians, an artist who uses toy figures to portray scenes that simultaneously draw on our childhood preoccupations and our adult fears.

Though his career has spanned more than two decades, Levinthal has not reached public consciousness with the bravado of a Cindy Sherman or the easy humor of a William Wegman. His images are quietly subversive, filtered through the eyes of boyhood: Toy soldiers reenact Robert Capa's WWII action shots; female figurines in forties and fifties pin-up poses comment on the objectification of women; cowboys and Indians fight it out as they only do in Hollywood—with the Indian always the bad guy.

Tackling Black Americana in his most recent series, Levinthal forgoes his signature blurring, film noir lighting, and elaborately constructed props to create straightforward "portraits" of Aunt Jemima syrup containers and Amos and Andy figures. This time, the subjects themselves make the impact. EDITH NEWHALL

Other

Adrian Schiess and Beat Streuli—Installations of projected images by both; through 2/2. New York Kunsthalles, 210 E. 5th St. (529-5691), Wed.-Sat. 12-6.

Stephen DiCillo/Julie Langsam—Paintings in which images of furniture are set against fabric-inspired patterns/Images of women from popular magazines of the fifties collaged into dreamlike painted scenarios. Through 1/26. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Ellsworth Kelly—Seven new paintings on shaped canvases by this artist who is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through 1/19. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Cathleen Lewis—Large-scale installations that explore issues of race, gender, and identity through abstraction and language; through 1/15. Lehman College Art Gallery, Bedford Park Blvd. West and Goulden Ave., Bronx (718-960-8731), Tues.-Sat. 10-4.

Jeff Nelson—A sculptural installation that incorporates the gallery's architecture to suggest structures involved in the trafficking of movement, among them a figure eight-race track that embraces the gallery's column and a revolving door squeezed into a corner; through 2/2. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Rudolf Stingel—Monochromatic abstract paintings whose saturated hues transform the gallery into an environment of color; 1/15-21. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

Julius Tobias—Sculpture, prints, and drawings from the sixties to the present by this pioneering minimalist sculptor; through 2/1. View, 250 E. 51st St. (317-9757).

William Wood—Black-and-white paintings whose grisaille effects evoke early photographs; through 1/31. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (627-3930), Wed.-Sat. 11-6, Sun. 12-5.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Works by Frankenthaler, Graves, others; through 2/8.

Sculpture Center—167 E. 69th St. (879-3500). Works by four emerging sculptors, including Boroson, Caldwell, Cape, and Jensen; through 1/28.

Stone—113 E. 90th St. (988-6870). Furniture designed by Antonio Gaudi and Joan Busquets; expressionistic paintings by Philip Sherrod; through 1/31.

57th Street Area

Baron/Boisanté—50 W. 57th St. (581-9191). Projects by Baechler, Bolande, Byron, Vital; through 1/18.

Emmerich—41 E. 57th St. (752-0124). Recent works by Al Held, Jules Olitski, and Judy Pfaff; through 1/18.

Haime—41 E. 57th St. (888-3550). Works on paper by Bastidas, Waid, others; through 2/8.

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (245-8888). Small works by Lichtenstein, O'Keeffe, Yamamoto, others; through 1/25.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Condeso/Lawler—524 Broadway (219-1283). Curated by Margaret Thatcher, "Peeling a Grape" includes works by Hutchinson, Siegel, Welsh, others; through 2/1.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). Installation performances every Saturday, 2 P.M.-6 P.M.; through 1/25.

Foster—62 Crosby St. (966-9024). Wood sculpture by Ahrens, paintings on Mylar by Lanzetta, and works dealing with nature by Rippes; through 2/8.

Knowlton—568 Broadway (966-2625). Painting, sculpture and photography that uses and critiques toys; through 1/25.

Lennon, Weinberg—560 Broadway (941-0012). Paintings from the fifties by the minimalist sculptor Ronald Bladen and Abstract Expressionist paintings from the fifties and sixties by Edward Dugmore; video and photo works from the late sixties

and early seventies by Mary Lucier; through 2/8. **Marcus**—578 Broadway (226-3200). Works by Butter, Conner, Connor, Ess, François, Larmon, and other gallery artists; through 2/1.

Margolis—560 Broadway (343-9523). Early works by Arneson, Earl, Warashina; through 2/22.

Printed Matter—77 Wooster St. (925-0325). "A Living Testament to the Blood Fairies, Part II," including text-based artwork by artists living with or having died from HIV/AIDS; through 3/1.

Puck Building—295 Lafayette St. "The Boat: Object and Metaphor," with works by Asher, Butter, Goodheart, others; through 2/25.

Radix—462 Broome St. (431-7738). Twenty abstract painters, including works by Greaves, Walker, others; through 1/25.

Senior—375 West Broadway (941-0960). Works on paper by Deutsch, Fischl, Shaefer, others; through 2/15.

Shapolsky—99 Spring St. (334-9755). Abstract expressionist works by Evelyn, Hecker, Kirk, others; through 2/22.

Solomon—172 Mercer St. (941-5777). Paintings that use photography, with works by Paik, Warhol, others, plus Barbara Pollack's photographic portraits; through 2/8.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). European comics from the 1950s to the present, and new paintings by Ed Rath; through 2/1.

Other

D'Amelio Terras—525 W. 22nd St. (352-9464). "Spaces Between," with works by Gonzalez-Torres, Judd, others; through 2/9.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). Sculpture that turns an object's function on its head, from wooden washing machines to ceramic shoes, including works by Chu, Lancaster, Zieger, others; through 2/28.

Photography

Juan Carlos Alom—Photographs of human hands, heads, and bodies, which symbolize the Cuban-born photographer's search for human value within the superstitious and ritualistic subject matter of Cuban culture; through 2/1. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Ernst Brunner—Photographs documenting peasant life in Switzerland after the Second World War; through 2/8. Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway (925-2035).

Konrad Cramer—Photographs, drawings, and paintings from the twenties through the fifties by this Woodstock, N.Y. artist; through 3/2. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

Robert Flynt—Images of people submerged in water; through 2/15. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Robert Frank/Joel Sternfeld—Portraits from the eighties by Sternfeld, and of Paris's flower district in the fifties by Frank; 1/16-2/22. Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Victoria Goldman/Tina West—Recent photographs by both; 1/16-2/28. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

John Gruen—Photographs of contemporary artists; through 2/8. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777). Tues. 11-8 (6-8 voluntary contribution), Wed.-Sun. 11-6; \$4; \$2.50 seniors and students. "David Levinthal 1975-1996." A retrospective of photographs that pit reality against artifice, including images of toy soldiers re-enacting World War II and black memorabilia; 1/17-3/21.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (768-4682). Liverpool photographed by Tom Wood, and road trips chronicled by Linda McCartney; photographs by Adams, Michals, Siskind, others, celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Light Gallery; through 2/9.

Uta Juerss—Video installation and recent photography of German expatriates living in New York; through 2/8. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Duane Michals—Black-and-white photographs and accompanying texts that pay homage to Walt Whitman; through 2/1. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).



Talent More suggestive of landscape than her earlier works, Eva Lundsager's new paintings—large and small—continue to exploit the pliability of paint with a nod to Abstract Expressionism. At Jack Tilton Gallery, 49 Greene Street, through February 8, and Lauren Wittels, 48 Greene Street; through February 15.

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). Photography by Siskind, Callahan, and Ishimoto; through 2/22.

Andrew Moore—Photographs of 42nd Street movie interiors; through 2/15. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Morris-Healy/Pat Hearn—530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753). These galleries co-host "Zeitgeist Becomes Form: German Fashion Photography 1945-1995," with works by Reland, Rohrbach, others; 1/18-2/23.

Jeanne Moutoussamy-Ashe—A retrospective of the artist's work, including images of her late husband Arthur and African-Americans throughout the country; through 1/22. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Newseum/New York—580 Madison Ave. (317-7596); Mon.-Fri. 8:30-5:30 and Sat. 10-5; free. "60 Years of Life: Photographs That Changed the World," with works by 62 photographers; through 2/15/97.

Peter Lindbergh—Photographs from the last ten years by this German fashion photographer; 1/18-3/1. Danziger, 130 Prince St. (226-0056).

Fawn Potash—Photographs of old books and magazines; through 1/18. Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Herb Ritts—A mid-career retrospective of portraits, nudes, and fashion studies; through 2/22. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Walter Rosenblum—A retrospective, including photographs of city neighborhoods; through 3/1. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"The Luminous Image: An Exhibition of Illuminated Photography." Works by 25 photographers, among them Dennis Adams, James Casebere, Alfredo Jaar, Doug and Mike Starn, and Ted Victoria; through 1/18. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.-Sat. 11-6, contribution suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Michael Lucero: Sculpture 1976-1995." A survey of the artist's whimsical sculptures, many of which combine ceramic elements with found objects; through 2/16. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10-8, Wed.-Sun. 10-5; \$5, \$2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Purposeful Traveler: Titian Ramsay Peale (1799-1885)." Paintings, illustrations, photographs, and memorabilia by and about the nineteenth-century artist-naturalist Titian Ramsay Peale, who was the youngest son of the Philadelphia painter Charles Willson Peale; through 2/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; \$7 suggested contribution, \$5 stu-

dents and seniors, \$4 children.

Asia Society—"Contemporary Art in Asia: Traditions/Tensions"; through 2/2. . . "The Grand Tour: Photographs by Guy Weill"; through 1/26. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri. and Sat. 11-8, Sun. 12-5; \$3, \$1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6-8.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"The Brilliance of Swedish Glass, 1918-1939: An Alliance of Art and Industry." A survey focusing on the leading artists of the period between the world wars and the aesthetic and technical innovations that established the Swedish glass industry; through 2/2. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.-Sun. 11-5 (Thurs. to 8); \$2, \$1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Artist in the Marketplace: Sixteenth Annual Exhibition." Works by 36 emerging artists living in the New York metropolitan area; through 2/16. . . "Petrona Morrison and Veronica Ryan: Sculptural Works"; through 2/16. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3-9, Thurs. and Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; suggested donation \$3, \$2 students, \$1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"Latin American Photography: A Spiritual Journey." Photographs depicting different aspects of Latin American culture by artists who are native to Central or South America, or have spent a significant part of their lives there; through 1/19. . . "The Evidence of Things Not Seen: Drawings by Glenn Ligon"; through 2/9. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), Wed.-Sun. 10-5; \$4, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Mixing Messages: Graphic Design in Contemporary Culture." Works by various graphic designers, among them Fabien Baron, Art Chantry, April Greiman, Chip Kidd, and Paula Scher; through 2/16. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868), Tues. 10-9, Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; \$3, \$1.50 seniors and students.

Dahe Museum—"Jean-Léon Gérôme and the Classical Imagination"; through 2/15. . . "Nineteenth-Century Photographs of Greece and Rome From the Collection of the Berkshire Museum"; through 2/15. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.-Sat. 11-6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Juan Muñoz: A Place Called Abroad." An installation of a street-like environment occupied by groups of figures; through 6/29. . . "Hanne Darboven: Kulturgeschichte 1880-1983"; through 6/29. . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.-Sun. 12-6; \$3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—"Contemporanea: An Installation by Maria Elena Gonzalez." A site-specific installation by the Cuban-born artist that uses curved, backlit wooden panels covered with black rubber to transform the gallery into a quiet, dimly lit arena intended for the contemplation of the loss of loves ones to AIDS; through 4/13. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272), Wed.-Sun. 11-5, Thurs. 12-7; \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Severo and the Sea-Monsters." A survey of the Frick's collection of works by the northern-Italian Renaissance master Severo da Ravenna, celebrating its recent gift of Severo's bronze Sea-Monster; through 3/9. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700), Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Gray Art Gallery & Study Center—"The First Steps: Emerging Artists From Japan." Paintings, sculpture, drawings, video, and mixed-media installations by ten Japanese artists; 1/16-2/21. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tue., Thurs., Fri. 11-6, Wed. 11-8:30, Sat. 11-5; \$2.50 suggested donation.

Guggenheim Museum—"Rose is a Rose is a Rose: Gender Performance in Photography." An exhibition that explores the various ways in which identity has been theatrically constructed in photography, from Man Ray's 1921 portrait of Marcel Duchamp as his feminine alter-ego Rose Sélavy to the self-portraiture and computer-generated images of contemporary artists; 1/17-4/27. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500), Sun.-Wed. 10-6, Fri. and Sat. 10-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$10, \$5 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Bill Viola: Fire, Water, Breath." Two new video installations; 1/18-3/23.

... "1996: The Hugo Boss Prize." Works by the six artists nominated for the Hugo Boss Prize, among them Laurie Anderson, Janine Antoni, Matthew Barney, Stan Douglas, Yasumasa Morimura, and Cai Guo Qiang; through 1/19. 575 Broadway (423-3500), Wed.-Fri. 11-6, Sat. 11-8, Sun. 11-6; \$6, \$4 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"A Witness to History: Yevgeny Khaldei, Soviet Photojournalist." Images documenting major events during WWII by one of Russia's most important combat photographers; 1/19-4/13. . . "Morris Louis: The Charred Journal Series, 1951." The artist's black-and-white abstract paintings from his *Charred Journal* series that memorialize the loss of books burned by the Nazis during the Holocaust; 1/19-4/13. . . "Rico Lebrun: The Holocaust Paintings." Paintings and drawings executed between 1955 and 1959 that were based on photographs the artist found in the 1946 edition of *U.S. Camera Annual*, published shortly after the liberation of the concentration camps; 1/19-4/13. . . "Holidays! Jewish Seasons and Celebrations"; through 4/19. . . "From Court Jews to the Rothschilds: Art, Patronage, and Power." The first exhibit to examine the cultural life of court Jews in Germanic lands; through 1/19. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200), Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5 free); \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Christian Dior." A retrospective of the designer's works drawn mainly from the collection of the museum's Costume Institute; through 3/23. . . "Charles Rennie Mackintosh." A survey featuring approximately 250 works by the celebrated Scottish architect and designer (1868-1928); through 2/16. . . "City and Country: Four New York Quilts"; through 2/23. . . "Images of Women: Nineteenth-Century American Drawings and Watercolors"; through 2/2. . . "Queen Nefertiti and the Royal Women: Images of Beauty from Ancient Egypt"; through 2/2. . . "Enduring Rhythms: African Musical Instruments and the Americas"; through 3/30. . . "The Art of the Renaissance Woodworker: The Gubbio Studiolo Restored." An exhibition that complements the museum's recent installation of a room of inlaid trompe-l'oeil panels that was once the *studiolo* of Duke Federico da Montefeltro; through 4/97. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500), Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$7 contribution, \$3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700), Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Alternative World of Henry Darger." A retrospective of paintings by the self-taught Chicago artist (1892-1973) best known for his eccentric watercolor narratives in which little girls struggle to escape enslavement by ruthless male warriors; 1/18-4/27. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Jasper Johns: A Retrospective." The first in-depth survey of the artist's work in nearly twenty years; through 1/21. . . "New Photography 12: Richard Billingham, Thomas Demand, Osamu Kanemura, Sophie Ristelhueber, Georgina Starr, Wolfgang Tillmans"; through 2/4. . . "Jasper Johns: Process and Printmaking." A selection of proofs and editioned prints drawn almost entirely from the artist's personal collection; through 1/21. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480), Sat.-Tues. 11-6, Thurs. and Fri. noon-8:30, closed Wed.; \$8, \$5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30-8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"New York Toy Stories." A selection of toys from the museum's collection, ranging in date from the eighteenth century to the present; through 4/27/97. . . "Back in the Days: East Harlem Old and Young"; through 3/23. . . "The Art of Politics: Cartoons by Cassel, Kirby, & Art"; through 4/6/97. . . "A Museum For a New Century: The Museum of the City of New York in the 21st Century"; through 6/29/97. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"A Community of Creativity: A Century of MacDowell Colony Artists." A survey of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by artists chosen to reside at the colony

since the turn of the century; 1/17-3/23. . . "Theodore Clement Steele: An American Master of Light." Landscape and figurative paintings by American Impressionist (1847-1926) from Indiana; through 3/9. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880), Wed.-Sun. 12-5 (Fri. until 8); \$5, \$3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Carolee Schneeman: Up To and Including Her Limits." The first museum exhibit in the United States devoted to the work of this artist, a key figure since the sixties in the development of performance and body-based art; through 1/26. . . "Enclosures: New Site-Specific Installations by Nedko Solakov, Terecita Fernandez, and Hale Tenger"; through 1/26. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed., Thurs., Fri., and Sun. 12-6, Sat. 12-8 (6-8 free); \$4, \$3 artists, students, and seniors.

New York Public Library—"Artful Interiors: Rooms With a View." A survey of architectural and design publications covering the period 1750 to 1950; through 3/29. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089), Mon. 10-6, Tues.-Wed. 11-6, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New York Historical Society—"Scaasi: The Joy of Dressing Up." A 40-year retrospective of the designer's work; through 2/9. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400), Wed.-Sun. noon-5; \$5, \$3 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Tiepolo and His Circle: Drawings in American Collections." Drawings by the eighteenth-century Venetian master Giambattista Tiepolo, as well as works by his sons, Domenico and Lorenzo, and his pupils, on loan from public and private American collections; 1/17-4/13. . . "Around Tiepolo: Eighteenth-Century Venetian Drawings in the Pierpont Morgan Library"; 1/17-4/13. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. noon-6; \$5 suggested donation, \$3 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Growing Forward: Prints, Drawings, Sculpture, and Public Art by Richard Hunt, 1986-1996." An exhibition that interprets the influences of African-American history and culture, biology, and the urban industrial environment on the artist's work; through 6/29. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500), Wed.-Fri. 10-5; Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Making Mischief: Dada Invades New York." A survey of works by Marcel Duchamp, Francis Picabia, Man Ray, and other artists associated with New York Dada; through 2/23. . . "Collection in Context: Raphael Montañez Ortiz: Early Destruction, 1957-67." Works by a central member of the Destructivism movement; through 3/9. . . "A Passion for Pictures: Selections From the Charles Carpenter, Jr. Collection and Selections From the Charles Simon Collection"; through 3/9. . . "Charles Atlas: The Hanged One." A video installation in which Atlas collaborated with the late British performer and designer Leigh Bowery; 1/16-3/9. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676), Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8; \$8, \$6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6-8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Romare Bearden in Black-and-White: Photomontage Projections 1964." Photomontages by the African-American artist (1914-1988) that mark his move from the pure abstraction of the fifties to the medium of collage; 1/16-3/20. 120 Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.-Fri. 11-6, (Thurs. to 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 1/18 at 10 and 2: "American Furniture." On view from 1/11. 1/24 at 10 and 2: "English Furniture." On view from 1/18.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 1/15 at 10: "Belle Epoque, Featuring Property From a Prominent Houston Estate." On view from 1/11.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/16 and 1/17 at 10:15 and 2, 1/18 at 10:15: "Americana." On view from 1/11.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 1/16 at 10:30: "Bibliography—Books About Books." On view from 1/11.

restaurants

Chili Fever... Pizza Palace... Winter Weed

Manhattan

Lower New York

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. 2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. 131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. 124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Filli Ponte Ristorante—A former long-shoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. 39 Desbrosses St. (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. 323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the newly reopened Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers and tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like baby fried calamari, sushi and sashimi, and vodka pizza. Live music Thursday through Saturday. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River valley farmers and their produce. 4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. 462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Le Pescadou—This innovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils.



Object of Desire A New Leaf

Puntarelle—an imported Roman chicory on Follonico's winter menu—most closely resembles wild dandelion greens. Chef Alan Tardi serves the bitter, spiky leaves in a traditional anchovy-garlic dressing, or as a piquant garnish for grilled trout or fried calamari. (6 West 24th Street.)

Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. 18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. 105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. 109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M-E) AE, MC, V.

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. 103 Greene Street, nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Zeppole at the TriBakery—TriBakery, the downtown bakery that morphs into a cozy Italian restaurant for lunch and dinner, has already won a loyal following with its fresh, tasty antipasti, delicious breads, and delectable pastas. Zeppoles, served in a paper bag, are a house specialty. 186 Franklin St. (431-1114). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune and serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomy and history. 33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. 59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V.

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. 88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Below 14th Street, West

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15-\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (S) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

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Restaurants

cover for the jazz brunch. 75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Grove Street—This casual Italian restaurant combines the charm of the West Village—180-year-old brick walls—with up-to-the-minute conveniences like a separate cigar lounge. Entrées include grilled lobster with jumbo prawns and grilled tuna with asparagus and shitake mushrooms. 53 Grove St. (924-8299). (M) AE, MC, V

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées, with live music on Friday nights. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifo are house specialties. 149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. 226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Sazerac House—There's a lot of history in this eighteenth-century landmark building. A Village hangout for 30 years, the Saz specializes in Cajun-inspired American food, like Louisiana crab cakes, jambalaya, and pan-seared salmon. 533 Hudson St., at Charles St. (989-0313). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villarcy. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. 62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) (\$).

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. 168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has three working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. 16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

14th-42nd Streets, East Side

Bobby O's City Bites—Patrick Swayze's second restaurant (with partner Bobby Ochs) specializes in casual American fare like steak, sandwiches, pizzas, and soup. The laid-back atmosphere and affordable food draw a young neighborhood crowd that mingles and eats surrounded by enormous photos of celebrities taking—you guessed it—big bites. 560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I-M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. 116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Dionysos—This Greek newcomer on lower Fifth Avenue serves an eclectic assortment of the cuisine of the moment—Mediterranean specials like lamb Youvetsi, veal chop with mountain mushrooms, moussaka, and grilled octopus. 75 Fifth Ave., nr. 15th St. (229-2992). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the DJ booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. 40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant in midtown offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattrforma-

gio. 8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

14th-42nd Streets, West Side

Appetito Ristorante—A good bet in midtown for Italian food like black linguine with seafood sauce. 47 W. 39th St. (391-5286). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro-New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. 107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.

Intermezzo—This colorful Chelsea Italian restaurant has local art—and a hand-painted mural—on the walls, and a menu offering mozzarella saporita, tagliolini al peperone, and pollo alla griglia. 202 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (929-3433). (I-M) AE

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for preheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. 120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V

37th Street Hideaway—Restaurant and supper club in the former home of John Drew Barrymore. Dance to live music—this month, it's Nina Murani and her trio—between courses of Northern Italian fare, best sampled on the prix fixe lunch and dinner menus. Free parking available after five; closed Sunday. 32 W. 37th St. (947-8940). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V

43rd-56th Streets, East Side

Artos—The centerpiece of this fanciful Mediterranean restaurant, designed by Adam Tihany, is the massive hearth oven, used to bake a variety of fresh crusty breads. Sample Greek classics like baked lamb with orzo, moussaka, spanakopita, and grilled octopus and calamari. 307 E. 53rd St. (838-0007). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V

BlackFinn Bar & Restaurant—A place boasting all the elements to satisfy overtaxed office workers: happy hour, TVs, a fireplace, and a friendly attitude toward cigar smoke. The Cajun menu offers spicy fare like chicken-and-sausage jambalaya and blackened-shrimp po'boys. Weekend brunch and live acoustic music Tuesdays and Wednesdays. 994 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (355-6993). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Charlton's—A traditional American steakhouse with dark wood, white tablecloths, and all the expected accoutrements. Besides beef, there are crabcakes, lamb chops, and homemade soups, plus an extensive list of wine and beer. 922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Coldwaters—Lots of fresh, simply prepared seafood: steamers, soft-shell crabs, lobsters, and grilled shrimp and scallops in a casual atmosphere. 988 Second Ave., at 52nd St. (888-2122). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. 244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V

Domingo—Josefina Howard's foray into Spanish cooking is a homecoming of sorts. Downstairs there's a Castilian-style tapas bar; upstairs, a more traditional dining room with dramatic skylights.

Drop in for churros y chocolate, or make a full meal of the regional Spanish specialties. 209 E. 49th St. (826-8154). (E) AE, MC, V.

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. 405 E. 52nd St. (755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. 249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. 120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by ex-



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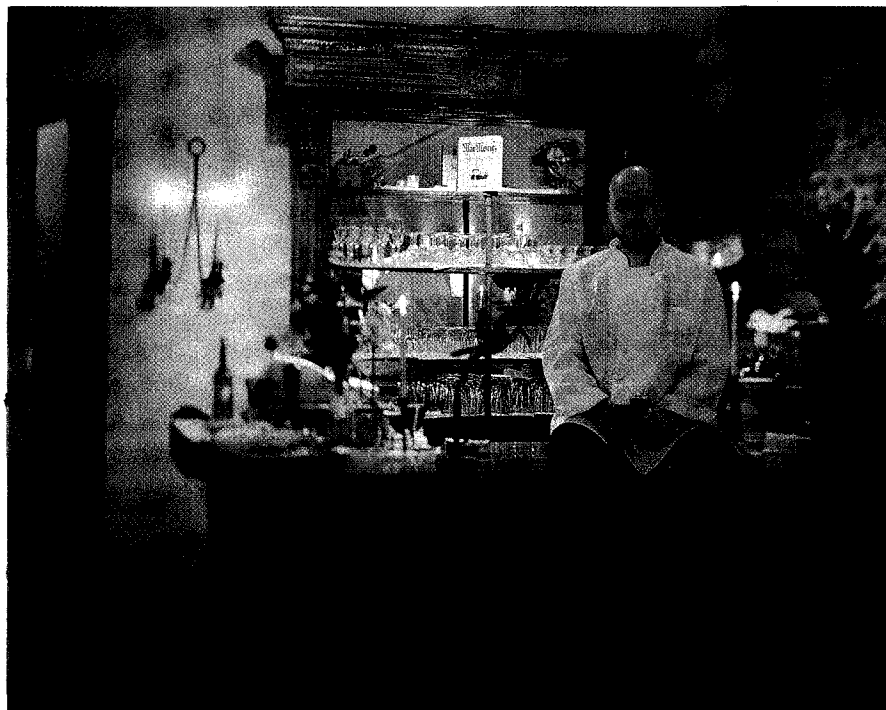
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Opening M&Ms, the Nutty Kind

Max & Moritz, Park Slope's friendly, gently priced new bistro, was named for the puerile pair of German mischief-makers—sort of Beavis and Butt-head on bratwurst—in Wilhelm Busch's nineteenth-century children's book. Viennese chef-owner Paul Goebert—formerly of Bistro Jules and La Gauloise—melds French and Italian influences, betraying his ethnic roots with spaetzle and goulash and his pastry-chef background with stunners like crispy apple-and-fig ravioli. (426A Seventh Avenue, near 14th Street.)

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings or mini-banquets. 219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

La Méditerranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. 947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—

perienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. 280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly mod-

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ern setting. Closed Saturday. 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. 200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.

Zaro's Bread Basket—Most famous for its baked goods, this quick-service midtown shop is also handy for takeout sandwich and salad lunches. 466 Lexington Ave., at 46th St. (292-0175). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.

43rd-56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. 30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

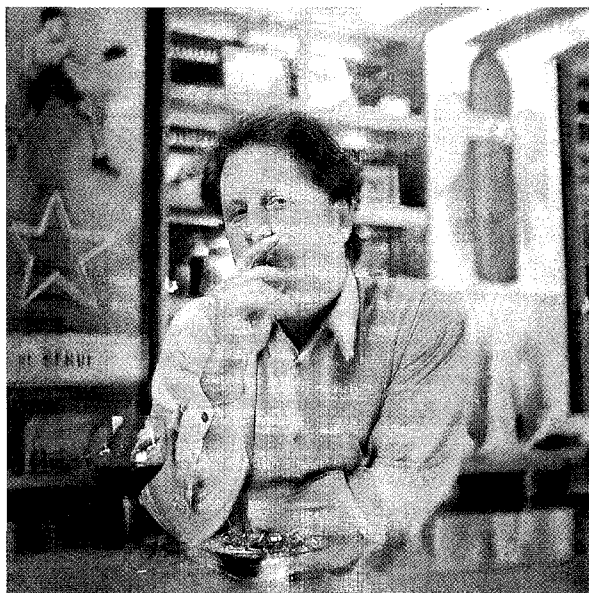
Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. 315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M-E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Century Cafe—Theater-district cafe popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. 132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. 63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of



Opening Smoke House

Architect Chris Smith (above) designed Drew Nieporent's smashingly successful Nobu. The two team up again—this time with Smith as owner, Nieporent as consultant—to open City Wine & Cigar Co., TriBeCa's younger, hipper answer to the new wave of old-fogy stogie bars. Still, clubby vestiges remain, with its cigar store, semi-sequestered dining room (with a South- and tropics-influenced menu), and private humidors and wine lockers. (62 Laight Street.)

mid-century American gastronomy, this theme diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. 1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering takeout and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. 1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. 15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Judson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. 152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. 60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in

the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. 340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes frito misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. 142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. 120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. 236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable, and comfortable. 250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. 165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.

Sullivan's Restaurant & Broadcast Lounge—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz Wednesday nights. 1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas and potato skins.

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V
Orre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. 19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V

Trattoria Dopo Teatro—Try the pretheater prix fixe at this midtown trattoria. The menu offers such staples as homemade pasta, brick-oven pizza, and a largish antipasto selection. 125 W. 44th St. (869-2849). (M) AE, MC, V

21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. 21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. 236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V

57th–60th Streets

Ukbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained-glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. 475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V

Central Park South—A newcomer to the Central Park South strip of hotels and restaurants, specializing in globally inspired American food like tuna tartare with curry oil, lotus-root chips, grilled veal chops, and Arctic char with sautéed vegetables. Jacket required, unless you eat in the bar, which has its own, more casual menu. 150 Central Park So. (765-1444). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aioli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. 42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. 104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole table-side (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Sian Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the

food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. 206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. 1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) (\$).

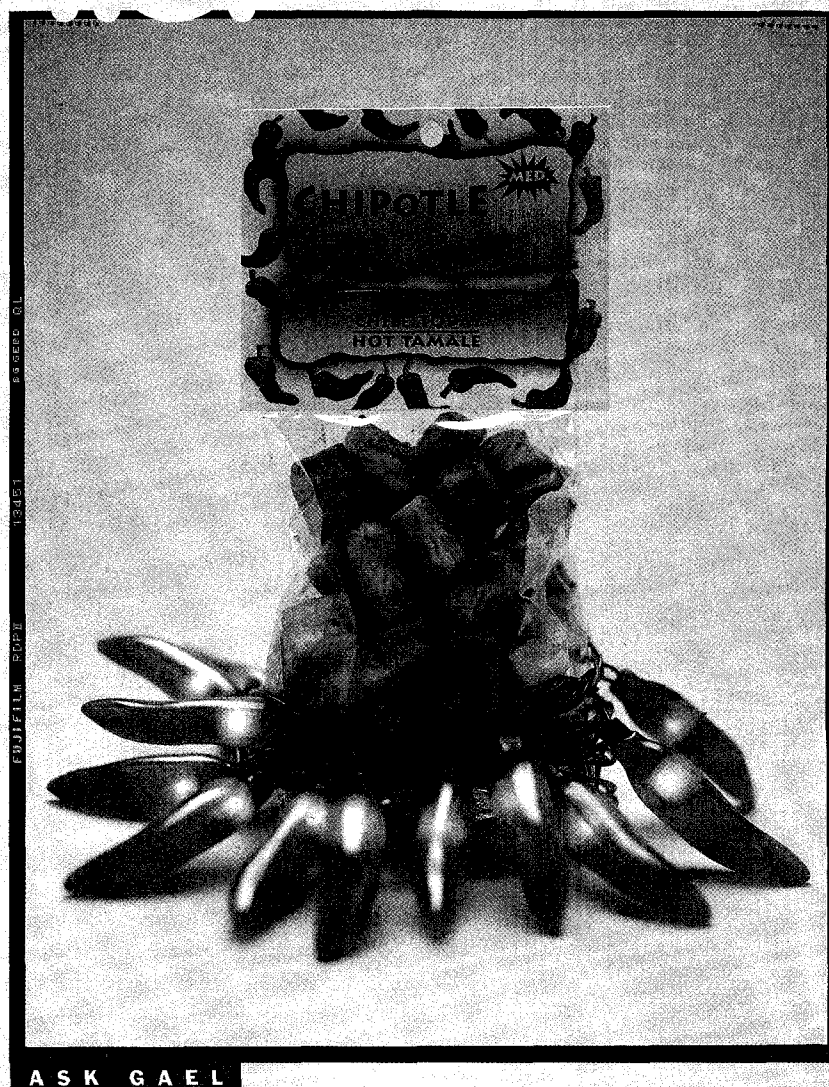
Cafe Nositam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. When the weather warms up, dine on lobster ravioli and grilled American lamb chops in the sidewalk cafe. 768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. 1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. 1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. 1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a



ASK GAEL

Is there any solution to between-meal boredom these days?

The company is called Chile Today—Hot Tamale, but I forgive it its excesses because I'm nuts about its chipotle-sourdough pretzel nuggets with roasted-garlic undertones. There I was, just loitering innocently at Fairway, when the red-chili symbol caught my eye. The \$1.49 bag is small, thank heaven, hardly four servings in my crowd (as the nutrition label dares to suggest). The nuggets also come spiked with even more torrid habanero. One bite keeps your mouth radiating for minutes.

better-than-average selection of microbrews with selections from Belgium and Germany. 1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. 1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Jolo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. 160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V

L'Absinthe—Chef Bergougnoux cooks exquisite contemporary and traditional French food for a most appreciative Upper East Side clientele. All the brasserie details, from the zinc bar and brass rails to the cheese tray and filleted-at-tableside sole meunière, feel more Right Bank than Manhattan. 227 E. 67th St. (794-4950). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. 1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. 1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Primola—Solid Italian fare for a more mature crowd who are practically all in jacket and tie, just off work or back from the weekend. Yes, that was Woody Allen. 1226 Second Ave., at 63rd St. (758-1775). (M) AE, MC, V

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. 995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections,

green teas, and desserts. 11 E. 11st St. (861-1100). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Wilkinson's Seafood Restaurant—This elegant seafood restaurant in Yorkville features fresh renditions of favorites like Maryland crab cakes with black-bean-and-corn salad, and sautéed red snapper with roasted-garlic-and-rosemary sauce. Late-night complimentary cheese buffet, plus a large selection of vintage ports and cognacs. 1573 York Ave., nr. 83rd St. (535-5454). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1W. 67th St. (877-



Opening Mixed Marriage

Imagine Red Lobster teaming up with Le Bernardin in a mid-range fish venture—Roe to Go, perhaps. Not likely. But the high-low concept isn't entirely unheard of: Bobby Flay (Mesa City), Sirio Maccioni (Osteria del Circo), and Lidia Bastianich (Frico Bar) have all opened less haute—and haughty—satellites. Last spring, the super-successful Sbarro pizza empire joined Kissy-Kissy Bice—the urbane Italian chain with an Adam Tihany design and a \$28 lobster risotto—in launching Med Grill, a cafeteria-bistro at Trump Tower. And next week, the second Bice-Sbarro coupling, Salute!, opens its doors at 270 Madison Avenue (at 39th Street). Strange bedfellows? Bice president Roberto Ruggeri (pictured above with son Raffaele), the culinary artist to Mario Sbarro's deep-pocketed money manager, says not. "Sbarro was looking to diversify, and I wanted to do something between Bice and Sbarro." If Med Grill—a prototype for a national mall chain—was meant to appeal to tourists whose only brush with *la cucina italiana* was lasagna at the Olive Garden, Salute! targets the next tier, the California Pizza Kitchen crowd, with Italian comfort food—crostini and bruschetta, mini-pots of beans with polenta or caviar, thin-crust designer pizzas, and a daily roast special. There are no plans yet to clone Salute!, says Ruggeri, "but if it works, and people like it, and it creates a little trend..."

ROBIN RAISFELD

3500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—and a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a DJ tilts the place toward a party. 477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

Mendy's—This kosher deli proudly claims to be New York's only Jewish sports bar and serves hearty American fare like soups, salads, steaks, and chops. 208 W. 70th St. (877-6787). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croûte and salmon with lobster potatoes. 48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Ottoman Cuisine—This offshoot of a restaurant in Istanbul serves authentic Turkish fare like creamy tarama, fresh dolma, savory lamb and chicken kebabs, and lamb shank with eggplant and tomato. 413 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (799-6363). (I-M) AE, MC, TM, V

River—The faux-tropical atmosphere provides a serene background for the interesting amalgam of Southeast Asian food. Standouts include pad thai, basil chicken, pork chops, and red snapper. 345 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 76th St. (579-1888). (M) AE, MC, V

Scaletta—A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks serves hearty Italian fare. Conveniently located across the street from those famous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. 50 W. 77th St. (769-9191). (M) AE, MC, V

Sfuzzi—The Manhattan branches of this national chain offer upscale pasta and pizza, in a casual, festive atmosphere. Popular among the drink-after-the-market-closes crowd, and other Upper West Siders heading home after a long day on Wall Street. 58 W. 65th St. (873-3700). Also, 2 World Financial Center (385-8080). (M-E) AE, MC, V

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stuffy than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. 44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Brooklyn

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore diner. 1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, V

Queens

Water's Edge—Every table has a view of Manhattan. A quiet and elegant space to partake of fancy American fare like roasted-chestnut soup and red snapper poached in orange-saffron infusion with baby fennel and chervil. Jacket required. 44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

in concert

Maxim Vengerov... Kathleen Battle



Performance Good Conduct

Choral directors, orchestral conductors, and singers brush up on their craft when Robert Shaw, a master of the discipline, returns to Carnegie Hall for his seventh annual intensive workshop, January 13 through 19. Nonparticipants can enjoy the fruits of their labors on January 19, when Shaw conducts a gala performance of Mendelssohn's 'Elijah.'

Classical Music

Tuesday, January 14

Kathleen Battle, Soprano—Performs operatic arias with pianist Brian Zeger. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; \$18-\$75.*
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—An all-Brahms program with violinist/violist Pinchas Zukerman and pianist Mark Neikrug. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5788), at 7:30; \$22-\$30.*

Wednesday, January 15

New York Festival of Song—"Modern Scenes From American Life" includes songs by Bolcom, Kernis, and Blitzstein. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; \$25.*
New York Philharmonic—With violinist Maxim Vengerov, performing works by Dvorák and

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Tchaikovsky; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; \$20-\$75.*

Thursday, January 16

Music in the Time of Tiepolo—Arcadian Academy performs works by Scarlatti, Albinoni, and Vivaldi. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 8; \$20.*
Concert Royal—A Baroque violin evening, featuring violinist Judson Griffin. *Landon Gallery, 1926 Broadway, at 64th St. (721-8277), at 8; \$15.*
New York Philharmonic—See 1/15.

Friday, January 17

New York Philharmonic—See 1/15, at 2.
Cantabile—"Nature: Its Beauties and Torment," featuring works by Monteverdi, De Pres, Gade, and Gibbons. *St. John's Church in the Village, 224 Waverly Place, at 11th St., at 8; \$12.*
Recital Series—Violist Peter Kenote, pianist Paul Liljestrang, and flutist Marie Herseth Kenote perform works by Schubert, Enesco, and Paganini. *Landon Gallery, 1926 Broadway, at 64th St. (721-8277), at 8; \$20.*

Saturday, January 18

New York Chamber Symphony—Performs works by Diamond, Tchaikovsky, and Fauré, with cellist Janos

Starker; John Fiore, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; \$30.*

Natalia Khoma, Cellist—Performs the world premiere of Virko Baley's *Treny/Laments III*, as well as works by Mozart, Beethoven, and Schumann. *Ukrainian Institute of America, 2 E. 79th St. (288-8660), at 8; \$20.*
New York Philharmonic—See 1/15.

Sunday, January 19

Robert Shaw, Conductor—Leads the Orchestra of St. Luke's and the Robert Shaw Festival Chorus in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; \$20-\$85.*
Bachmann-Klibonoff-Fridman Trio—Performs perennial favorites by Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. *Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (734-2130), at 3; \$15.*
New York Chamber Symphony—See 1/18, at 5.
National Youth Orchestra—Performs Shostakovich's Symphony No. 5; Lukas Foss, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 9; \$10-\$49.*

Monday, January 20

New England Symphonic Ensemble—Performs the world premiere of the complete version of Earnestine Rodgers Robinson's *The Crucifixion*; Jonathan Griffith, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 771 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; \$10-\$49.*
EOS Ensemble—Part of the second EOS Festival, entitled "Minimalism and the Baroque," this concert features works by Pärt, Reich, and Glass. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; \$15-\$30.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Verdi's *La Traviata*, 1/14 at 8, 1/18 at 1:30; Puccini's *La Bohème*, 1/15 at 7:30, 1/18 at 8; Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci*, 1/16 at 8; Bellini's *I Puritani*, 1/17 at 8; *Le nozze di Figaro*, 1/20 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); \$23-\$250.*
The New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players—*The Pirates of Penzance*, 1/9-1/19. *Symphony Space, Broadway and 95th St. (864-5400); \$20-\$45.*

Dance

Altogether Different Festival—Seven up-and-coming dance companies perform: Complexions—A Concept in Dance; Zvi Gotheiner and Dancers; Dance by Neil Greenberg; Sara Pearson Patrik Widrig & Company; Neta Pulvermacher and Dancers; Poppo & the GoGo Boys; and Shapiro & Smith Dance. *Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7:30. Through 1/26. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); \$17.*
Flamenco Latino—Salsa music and flamenco footwork. 1/16-1/18 at 8, 1/19 at 3. *Pace Downtown Theater, Spruce St. bet. Park Row and Gold St. (399-8519); \$13-\$20.*
Kevin Wynn Collection—Choreographer Wynn presents *La Nuit Demolie, Seems Like We Could*, and other dances. 1/16-1/18 at 8, 1/19 at 3. *Bessie Schonberg Theater, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); \$12.*
New York City Ballet—Repertory, including *Concert Barocco*, *Kammermusik No. 2*, *Sonatine*, and *Symphony in Three Movements*. *Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); \$22-\$65.*

nightlife

The Way West Village... Sebadoh... Tony Danza

Concerts

Jazz Talk: Early Chicago Jazz—Hosted by James Dapogny. 1/16 at 7 P.M. Stanley H. Kaplan Penthouse, 165 W. 65th St., tenth floor (721-6500). \$10.

Mixing Signals—A four-night series of futuristic music/art/multimedia performances. 1/15-16, electronic-music composer Laetitia Sonami performs *Lady's Glove*, in which a dainty version of a dataglove is the primary instrument. 1/17, David Shea presents his sound-collage *Tower of Mirrors*, with a Hong Kong action-flick backdrop. 1/18, free-jazz saxophonist David S. Ware and accomplished percussionist Mino Cinelu improvise among sculptures by Alain Kirili and Ariane Lopez-Huici. Shows nightly at 8 P.M. The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793). \$12 per night.

Pantera—In the early nineties, Pantera was one of the first heavy-metal bands to risk alienating their core audience by flirting with alterna-rock signifiers (like shaven heads and beat-up gym shoes) and challenging musical structures that went against the grain of received metal wisdom. Now, as stalwarts of the genre as seemingly unshakable as Metallica have abandoned all that was once sacred to metal, Pantera, paradoxically, are left as the keepers of the metal flame, and real-life Beavis and Butt-heads revere guitarist "Dimabag" Darrell as the last unapologetic god of "shred." With Clutch and Neurosis. 1/19 at 7:30 P.M. Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). \$20-\$22.50.

Houston Person & Etta Jones—Backed by the Meeting House Jazz Orchestra. A concert in honor of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. 1/17 at 7:30 P.M. Friends Meeting House, 15 Rutherford Pl. (15th St. bet Second and Third Aves.). \$5-\$10.

Andy Statman—The clarinetist-mandolinist performs "Klezmer and Music of the Jewish Mystics"—an exploration of the intersection of the currently trendy form and traditional religious melodies. 1/18 at 8:30 P.M. Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (545-7536). \$16-\$25.

Clubland

Bottom Line—Junior Brown, a honky-tonker who conjures Dick Dale and Ernest Tubb (simultaneously) rolls into town 1/21 to show the city slickers what southern twang is all about (not that he'd actually know—Brown's nostalgia for a simpler era in country music makes him an outsider in nineties Nashville). With Bill Kirchen. 1/17: Post-folk *chanteuse du jour* Amy Rigby; Big Rude Jake; Martin Zellar; Amy Fairchild. 1/18: Annie Haslam; the Nudes. 1/22: Eddie from Ohio; Dan Bern. 15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 1/16: Ditchcroaker, who at their best recall their Hoboken forebears the Feelies. With Seely and Poem Rocket. 1/19-1/20: The Delta 72, a decent punkabilly outfit whose faux



Talent Double-barreled

Tossing out mind-bending riffs on his trademark, custom-built "guit-steel" while singing like a honky-tonk hero of yesteryear, Junior Brown (Maxwell's, January 20; the Bottom Line, January 21) is a true rarity—a hybridist whose act transcends sbtck.

soul shout-outs should tide over less discriminating Jon Spencer fans until the Blues Explosion makes its next area appearance. With San Diego's second-best band, Tanner. 1/21: Refreshing jangle-rockers Crowdsell, with Jennyanykind. 1/22: Coyote Shivers. 169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). \$.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 1/18: Junior Wells. 73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). \$.

Fez—If there were any justice, albums by the Schramms would sell 9 million copies a pop, while stale roots bands like Hootie and the Blowfish would toil away in bar-circuit obscurity. Since there isn't, music fans can comfort themselves by catching guitarist-singer Dave Schramm's superbly earthy, Bruce Springsteen-meets-Elvis Costello songwriting and unassumingly virtuosic fretwork in intimate environs like these. The quartet plays 1/17. 1/14: Martin Sexton. 1/18: Mononomic

lesbian folkie Phranc, whose often hilarious, always observant compositions are less off-puttingly earnest than those of her heir apparent, Ani DiFranco. Be sure to request "M-A-R-T-I-N-A," her spelling-bee-style ode to Navratilova. 1/20: Elysian Fields. 1/21: Richard Buckner; Professor & Maryann; Deb Pasternak. Every Wednesday, Fez presents "Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy," featuring members of MTV's *The State* and other cutups. Thursdays, the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today, or ever. Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).

Irving Plaza—Though Sebadoh started in the eighties as a side project for Dinosaur Jr. bassist Lou Barlow to flex his marijuana-besotted creative muscles, the trio (now on album No. 6, *Harmacy*) has matured into one of the hands-down best bands in the country, making Barlow's old band sound like a bunch of tired old classic rockers. Live, they still engage in the kind of college-boy antics (frequent instrument exchanges between band members, abrupt halts to songs, occasional fits of moodiness) that would be irksome if the band didn't deliver the goods—a truly inspired blend of ultra-sensitive love songs and rage-filled rants—so convincingly. They play 1/18, with the almost-great Rex and sometime Barlow collaborator John Davis. 17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).

Knitting Factory—Silver Apples, a long-dormant duo whose pioneering sixties experiments in electronic psychedelia recently resurfaced in sampled form on the Folk Implosion's soundtrack to *Kids*. Though their performance at the Holly Solomon gallery last October was packed wall-to-wall with celebrities and rock stars, it was a little underwhelming. But since it was the Apples' first appearance in over twenty years, let's just consider it a warm-up for their 1/19 engagement here. With youthful sonic sculptors Space Needle, Bardo Pond, and Alan Vega. 1/14: Emmanuel Ax and Pablo Ziegler play the music of Astor Piazzola. 1/15-1/17: Sergey Kuryokhin International Interdisciplinary Festival, a tribute to the late Kuryokhin, the John Zorn of the Soviet Union. 1/15:

Cecil Taylor; Jason Hwang; Mark Dresser; Vladimir Tarasov; the Klezmatics. 1/16: Peter Brötzmann, with Thomas Borgmann and Borah Bergman; Keshavan Maslak. 1/17: Vladimir Tarasov with Andrew Cyrille; David Soldier; Gary Lucas; Tuvan throat singer Sainkho Namchylak. 1/18: *The Billy Nayer Chronicles*, a film, followed by the Billy Nayer Show, an alternative-cabaret outfit (think the Residents meet Cab Calloway via Frank Zappa) from the Bay Area. Every Monday in January, Joe Gallant and Illuminati Big Band play the music of the Grateful Dead. 74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 1/16: Cardinal Woolsey; Lee Harvey Keitel.

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.

1/17: Tree; Handsome. 1/18: Continental Drifters—Peter Holsapple and Susan Cowsill's seventies light-rock outfit, in an appearance made rare by Holsapple's keyboard duties with R.E.M. and Hootie & the Blowfish. 1/19: Murphy's Law. 1/20: Junior Brown (see Bottom Line listing). 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-798-4064).

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 1/14: Mosaic. 1/15: Francis Dunnerly; Peter Salett; Willie Nile. 1/21: The Gufs. 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).

Sounds of Brazil—Gil Scott Heron, a seventies forebear of rap music as we know it, achieved greatness with his immortal "Niggers Are Scared of Revolution." (Despite its title, the song prefigured the arty "native tongue" style favored by New Yorkers like De La Soul more than it did the West Coast's potty-mouthed gangsta rap.) He shows whippersnappers from both coasts how it's done at his annual Martin Luther King Day concert 1/19. 1/17: Zin. 1/18: Sambo Novo. 1/20: D.L.G. 1/21: Albert Griffith and the Gladiators. 204 Varick St. (243-4940).

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-cranning mid-stage column by getting there early. 1/16: BR5-49; Keith Urban. 1/17: As the bassist for Sly and the Family Stone, Larry Graham originated the infectiously cool-sounding slap-and-pop style that has since become virtually synonymous with funk music. He plays with his own combo, which goes by the brilliantly ridiculous moniker Graham Central Station. 1/22: The smartest country band in the land, the Mavericks. 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 1/15: "Sister Grooves," featuring hip-hop poet Dana Bryant; Joy Cardwell; Rachel Z Trio; Ann Klein. 1/16: Continental Drifters (see Maxwell's listing); Candy Butchers. 1/17: Nancy Boy; Knockout Drops. 1/18: Michael Ray, a veteran of the unlikely pair of bands Kool and the Gang and the Sun Ra Arkestra, integrates all his roots with his free-jazz-funk outfit, the Cosmic Krewe. With Hypnotic Clambake. 1/19: Hardcore Matinee with Yupicide. Evening show: Cold Crush Brothers host an old-school-rap reunion. 1/21: Second Sight, featuring Henry Kaiser and Grateful Dead sound sculptor Bob Bralove. 161 Hudson St. (966-5244).

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boite as suggestive of Big Band-era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. 1/14-1/16: Bobbar Watson & Horizon. 1/17-1/18: Chico O'Farrill and His Orchestra. 1/19: Mark Vinci. 1/20-1/21: Russell Gunn. 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).

Blue Note—With first-rate sound and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. 1/14-1/19: Sadao Watanabe; Monte Alexander. 1/20: Hard Bop Quintet. 1/21-1/26: Clark Terry Quintet; Harry "Sweets" Edison Jazz All Stars. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).

Iridium Room—The artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 1/14-1/18: Ellis Marsalis Trio. 1/21-1/26: Wallace Roney Quintet, featuring Gerri Allen. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.-Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).

The gates of Hell.



Running Time Fresh Meat

No, the meatpacking district, New York's latest nightlife nexus, is not the next SoHo. "It is very glamorous, but not in a SoHo way," says Chi Chi Valenti, co-owner of the newly renovated hipster haven Mother. "You can see rotting entrails and the head of a baby lamb in the middle of the street—it's much more *Last Exit to Brooklyn*." A more literal comparison might be "the far East Village," according to Jedi, music booker at the underground Cooler, which will soon add an aboveground lounge. True, Roy Lichtenstein and many younger, up-and-coming artists inhabit this non-residentially zoned triangle of cobblestone, steel rail, and butcher shops in the far West Village. And art's business side has arrived via galleries Trans Hudson, Gansevoort, Karen McReady, Gallery 407, and, most notably, a forthcoming 15,000-square-foot venture from Andrew Crispo. And okay, Boss Models' headquarters and Industria Superstudio are both in the environs (the "Sweetie, darling" set is catered to by two new venues, the very chic dance club Plush and a colorful lounge named Hell). There's even a theme restaurant in the offing: Fat Boy's, which aspires to imitate the Harley Davidson Cafe and compete with ersatz redneck bar Hogs 'n' Heifers around the corner. But these gentrifiers cannot tame what Valenti refers to as "a cornucopia of perversion": stiletto-heeled transvestite prostitutes, Lee's Mardi Gras (the cross-dresser's Gap), and hard-core-fetish clubs both straight (the Vault, Hellfire) and gay (the Lure, the Manhole). "I fought against the prostitution when it was overwhelming. And they're tough girls, those transvestites," says Gansevoort Street pioneer Florent Morellet, who opened his perennially hip bistro twelve years ago. "Now I'm fighting to keep them."

JAMES PATRICK HERMAN

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, the Jason Lindner Big Band fills the room. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10 P.M. 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). \$.

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. 1/14–1/19: Cecil McBee Quartet. 1/21–1/26: John Hicks Trio/Quintet. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleeker St. (242-1785).

Village Gate—The relocated landmark features jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. 1/14–1/18 and 1/21–1/25: Roy Gerson Quartet. 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).

Village Vanguard—Alto-saxist Lou Donaldson once titled an album *Everything I Do Is Funky*. And while, strictly speaking, the claim may be exaggerated (Donaldson is as funky as they come when he wants to be—but he's also an accomplished straight-ahead jazz stylist, too), this engagement promises to live up to it, thanks in large part to the presence in Donaldson's quartet of the turban-wearing organist Dr. Lonnie Smith. Get slinky 1/14–1/19. 1/21–1/26: Wycliffe Gordon; Ronald Westray Quartet, with Cyrus Chestnut, Steve Kirby, and Alvester Garnett. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). \$.

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. 1/14: Carla White Quartet. 1/15–1/18: George Garzone Quartet. 1/21: Melissa Walker Quartet. 1/22–1/25: Chris Potter Quartet. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégée and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. 125 MacDougal St. (673-5576).

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 1/13–1/18: Ken Peplowski, Michael Moore, and Howard Alden. 1/20–1/26: Rufus Reid, Ron Jackson, and Anthony Wonsey. Sundays in January: Vera Masa, Paul Meyers, and Cid Teixeira. 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Animal House ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Wednesdays: Women of Comedy Nights. Thursdays: "Chupacabra Nights," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. 82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M., Sat. at 9 and 10:45 P.M. and 12:30 A.M., and Sun.–Thurs. at 9 P.M. 117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 1/20–1/26: Al Romero; Rick Scotti; Rich Ramirez. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 and 10:30 P.M. and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is \$15 Fri.–Sat.; \$12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and, at 3,300 square feet, palatial new comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every other Tuesday, it's gay and lesbian talent with "Stand Up & Queer." Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is \$12 plus two-drink minimum Fri.–Sat., \$8 on weeknights. 34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's "The Show Formerly Known As Rebar," where hip, alternative-minded comedians from MTV's *The State* and elsewhere try out their riskier, stranger material. Shows at 8. 171 Ludlow St. (260-2323).

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. 241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Mondays, it's Sunda Croonquist and the Femmes Fatales. Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 7, 9:30, and 11:30 P.M. 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). \$7–\$12.

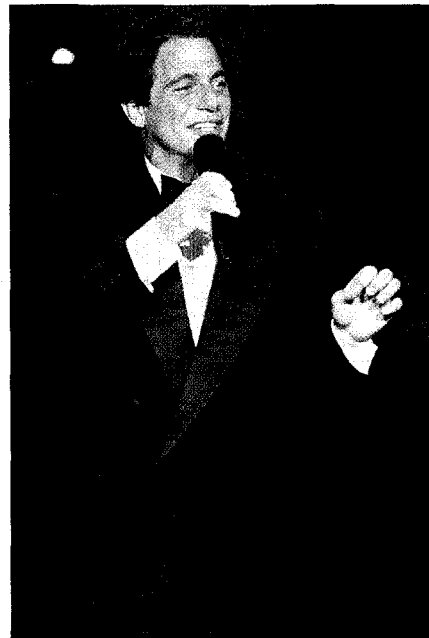
Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—John Pizzarelli. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M. (dinner at 6:30); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 P.M. (supper at 10:30). \$20; \$15 minimum. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).

Cafe Carlyle—The fabulous Eartha Kitt (the original Cat Woman—as if anyone could forget) is back for an extended, two-month run. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. \$45; no minimum. Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Cafe Pierre—Singer-pianist Kathleen Landis continues to offer her romantic stylings. No cover; jacket and tie required. Fifth Avenue at 61st St. (940-8195).

Eighty-Eight's—Every Tuesday in January, and 1/18: David Campbell. \$12, with a two-drink minimum. 228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).



Performance He's the Boss

"I'm nervous as hell," says Tony Danza of his upcoming gig at Rainbow and Stars (January 21–February 1). If the venue sounds incongruous for the *Taxi* and *Who's the Boss* star, wait till you get a load of the program: In addition to trying his hand at crooning ("standards, doo-wop, a Louis Prima medley . . ."), Danza says, "I do a lot of tap dancing." Launching into Catskills variety-show mode, the actor turned hooper cracks, "Every time I sing, I try to dance, 'cause I gotta make up for the singing."

Dutch Weisman's Winter Follies—A spectacularly un-p.c., quaintly anti-family-values revue, complete with showgirls, high living, and low comedy. Wed. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., Fri. and Sat. at 11. \$35 cover. 108 W. 18th St. (645-7045).

Rainbow and Stars—1/21–2/1: Tony Danza. Yes, that Tony Danza. Singing and dancing. \$40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet is in the second year of its wildly successful Friday-evening engagement in the Club Room here, with guest vocalists weekly. Set at 10:30 P.M. No cover, no minimum. 234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).

Windows on the World—The somewhat immodestly named Greatest Bar on Earth hosts Groove Culture, a duo that includes Jon Hendricks's daughter, Aria. 1/16–1/18. \$5 per person at the bar; \$10 at tables after 9. 1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).

Bars

Angel's Share—Tucked discreetly inside an already-discreet second-story Japanese restaurant, this ultra-suave boîte is the ultimate in low-key hipness. The management admits only as many customers (about 30) as there are seats and routinely turns away large parties, to keep rabble-rousing to a minimum. The combination of seclusion, exclusivity, and the bar's legendarily precise (some say obsessive) bartenders results in perhaps the finest experience of its kind in the city. 9 Stuyvesant St., near 9th St. and Third Ave. (no phone).

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who brought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine; it's a henna.) 231 E. 14th St. (539-1389).

bob—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. 235 Eldridge St.

Ciel Rouge—If you can get a table, you're in luck: The extensive and perfectly executed drink selection, the Second Empire décor (which includes a paint job that matches the moniker), and the French-café-style entertainment all make Ciel Rouge the perfect setting to pass a winter evening. If you get stuck standing at the bar, though, the half-Euro-trash, half-reverse-slumming downtown crowd might be a bringdown. 176 Seventh Ave., bet. 20th and 21st Sts. (929-5542).

Howard Johnson's—The last vestige of the real Times Square has the perfect seedy cocktail lounge sequestered away in the back. The biggest surprise about the clientele isn't its touristy makeup; it's how small it is. Shouldn't this, the archetype for simu-diners like Ellen's Stardust, be the neighborhood's biggest attraction? Well, fewer of them means more room for us, so complaints aren't really in order. 1551 Broadway, at 46th St. (354-1445).

J. J. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).

Orchard—The futuristic-terrarium theme of this spacious but unaustrere new hang is novel without being just another irksome novelty. Occasional trees, branches, rock outcroppings, and moss-draped dioramas adorn the rear of the room, while the front section is lit by large specimen jars converted into lamps. Ludlow Street is over; long live the Orchard Street scene! 200 Orchard St. (673-5350).

Von—Understated, cozy décor; a choice selection of Belgian and English beers; and slamin' DJ's give Von an intimacy that appeals to quasi-boho publishing types and citizens of the hip-hop nation alike. 3 Bleeker St. (473-3039).

the mix

Independent People... Juergen Teller

Radio Highlights

Casper Citron—1/18 at 10 P.M.: Stephen Kimball discusses his novel *Death and Duty*; Roxana Robinson talks about her collection of fifteen short stories, *Asking for Love*; Alix Kates Shulman is interviewed on her memoir *Drinking the Rain*; Morton Gladstone discusses his role in the Hammerstein Committee and the enactment of a Federal International Criminal Court. WOR, 710 AM.

New York & Company—1/14: Margaret Moorman on *Waiting to Forget*, Alexis Pate on his first novel, *Finding Makeba*, the Persuasions sing a cappella; 1/15: Allegra Goodman discusses *The Family Markowitz*, and Richard Lederer; 1/16: *National Review* senior editor Richard Brookhiser presents a conservative spin on national and foreign affairs, Barbara Isenberg on *Making it Big*, Philip Graham on *How to Read an Unwritten Language* and *Interior Design*; 1/17: Writer Ron Shelton on the films *Bull Durham* and *Tin Cup*; 1/20: Richard North Patterson discusses *Silent Witness*; and the Persuasions sing a cappella; 1/21: Agate Nesaule talks about the book *A Woman in Amber* and journalist Rana Dogar reports on the time she spent with the women of the militias. Leonard Lopate hosts. WNYC, 820 AM.

Symphony Hall—1/14: Glazunov's Violin Concerto in A, Bizet's Symphony in C. 1/15: Live from Lincoln Center, the New York Philharmonic brings you "Masur and Vengerov." 1/16: Beethoven's Grand Overture in C, *Zur Namensfeier*; Prokofiev's Symphony No. 5 in B flat. 1/17: Vieuxtemps' Violin Concerto No. 5 in A, Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 1 in C. 1/20: Dawson's *Negro Folk Symphony*, Still's *Sahjji Ballet*. 12/21: Beethoven's *The Ruins of Athens*, Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 6 in B. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Texaco-Metropolitan Opera—1/18 at 1:30: *La Traviata*. Veronica Villarroel, Vincenzo La Scola and Roberto Frontali with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus. Maurizio Barbacini conducts. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—1/19 at 8: Rubinstein's *The Demon*. Anatoly Lochak, Alison Browner, Marina Mescheriakova, and Leonid Zimnenko with the Wexford Festival Opera Chorus and the National Symphony Orchestra. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

The Written Word

Gordon Lish—1/14 at 7: Reading from his new novel *Epigram*. At Posman Books, 1 University Place, (533-2665); free.

Elaine Equi, Thane Rosenbaum, Darcey Steinke—1/14 at 7: Members of the New School faculty reading from their most recent work. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Juanita Torrence-Thompson—1/15 at 6:30: Reading from her poetry collection *Spanning the Years*. Logos Bookstore, 1575 York Ave., at 84th St. (645-2599); free.

Philip Graham—1/15 at 7: Reading from *How to Read an Unwritten Language*. Shakespeare & Co., 939 Lexington Ave. (522-3322); free.

Drew Pissarra—1/15 at 7: Reading from *Publick Spanking*. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Martin Luther King Jr. Reading Discussion Group—1/14 at 7: Led by Michael Meachem. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Ian Grey and Al Dekker—1/16 at 7: Reading from their recent work and work in progress. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (292-0900); free.

Robbie McCauley and Patricia Spears Jones—1/16 at 6:30: Reading from their recent work. Mad Alex/Biblio's, 317 Church St. (344-6990); free.

Hanging Loose Press 30th Anniversary Celebration—1/16 at 7:30: Featuring Jack Agueros, Donna Brook, Elinor Nauen, and Larry Zirlin. Barnes

& Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.
Peter Cameron—1/16 at 7: Reading from *Andorra*. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Jesse Weiner and Susan Sherman—1/16 at 8: Reading from their recent work. Sipps Coffee and Tea House, 60 Henry St., Brooklyn Heights (718) 852-3500; free.

Spotlight: Saul Williams, Semi-Final Slam, Openroom—1/17 at 9: Slam features Ken Thompson, Patricia Starek, Lynne Procope, and Carolina Wheat. Nuyorican Poets Cafe, 236 E. 3rd St. (505-8183); \$5.

Johnny Valentine—1/18 at 11 A.M.: Children's author reads at premiere of "Storybook Hour for Children of Alternative Families," with cookies and juice. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Marjorie Welish and Tom Mandel—1/18 at 2:30: Reading from their recent books of poetry. Ear Inn, 326 Spring St. (226-9060); \$3 contribution.

From Literature to Lyric—1/20 at 7:30: Writers in Performance/Manhattan Theatre Club, featuring John Guare, Arthur Laurents, and Bert Fink. At City Centre, 131 W. 55th St. (645-5848); \$10.

Tribute to Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.—1/20 at 8: An evening of gospel music and the words of MLK. Poetry Project/St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (674-0910); \$7.

Harry Mathews—1/21 at 6:30: Reading from his recent work. American Irish History Society, 991 Fifth Ave., (288-2263).

Michael Dorris—1/21 at 7:30: Reading from *Cloud Chamber*. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

David Lipsky and Kim Benabib—1/21 at 7: Reading from their new novels. At Posman Books, 1 University Place, (533-2665); free.

Manufacturing Desire: An Evening of Very Short Readings About Advertising, Media, and Consumer Culture—1/27 at 7: An evening of readings and performances on topics ranging from the uses of slang in advertising to celebrity perfumes and Web marketing. Featured writers include *New*



In Print More than a few of the photos in Juergen Teller's self-titled new book are familiar—such as Kate Moss's poses for *Vogue*—but the ones that are not (Moss's hand clutching stale chocolate croissant and cigarette, a ravaged and nude Kristen McMenamy) tell a withering, if unwitting, cautionary tale: The model's life has never looked so marginal. (Taschen, \$29.99.)

York's "Cityscape" columnist Karrie Jacobs, Jesse Sheidlower, Stephanie Syman, Tom Vanderbilt, Jonathan Hoefler, and Aaron Landsman. At The Puffin Room, 435 Broome St. (292-0900).

Lectures and Panels

The Only Child—1/14 at 5:30: A panel discussion offering professional and personal perspectives on the societal myths surrounding only children. Park Avenue Synagogue, 50 E. 87th St. (737-7385).

About Women—1/16 at 8: Reverend Bernice A. King, daughter of Martin Luther King Jr., will discuss themes from her book, *For Each Living Soul: Speeches and Sermons*. The 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave.; for further information please call 996-1100.

Artists' Visions: Richard Tuttle—1/16 at 8:15: A discussion with this multimedia artist. The 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$18.

The National Basketball Association at 50—1/20 at 8: Three evenings of discussion with the stars of the game, past and present. Participants to be announced. The 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100).

Israel, Syria and the Palestinians: Prospects for Peace—1/21 at 8:15: A discussion with professor Moshe Ma'oz on this centuries-old conflict. The 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100); \$10.

Random House Literary Breakfast—1/21 at 8:30 A.M.: Moderator Harold Evans talks with panelists William F. Buckley Jr., Roy Blount Jr., A.M. Rosenthal, Sapphire, Jesse Sheidlower, and Steven Sondheim about "Words: The Use and Abuse of Language." Fred's (at Barneys New York), 10 E. 51st St. (call 940-7480 to reserve a seat); \$35.

The Amazing Diversity of the Tropical Forest: From Brazil to the New York Botanical Garden—1/23 at 6:15: Tropical forests, which occupy only 7 percent of the world's surface, possess as many as two thirds of the world's plants and animals. Learn about these areas and how the New York Botanical Garden is attempting to preserve them with Dr. Scott A. Mori. The Rockefeller Uni-

versity, Caspary Hall, 1230 York Ave. at 66th St. For more and information and registration call 718-817-8747.

Tours

Greenwich Village—1/18 at 1: A tour of New York's unique and legendary home to artists, writers, and radicals, with an emphasis on the area's history and architecture. Meet at the Washington Square Arch. Call 935-3960 to register; \$9 adults, \$7 students, and seniors.

Winter Staten Island Ferry Tour—1/18 at 11:40: Enjoy the views and a visit to the ferry museum. Meet in front of the South Ferry Terminal. Call 718-727-1135, ext. 15, to register; \$5, plus 50 cents ferry fare.

Immigrant New York—1/19 at 1: A multi-ethnic tour through the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, Little Italy, and what was once called Little Germany, Little Ireland, and Little Africa to see the contributions made by immigrants of yesterday and today. Meet on the front steps of City Hall. Call Big Onion Tours at 439-1090 for additional information; \$9 adults, \$7 students and seniors.

Night Court—1/17 at 7: Visit night court and see the system in action. Meet the judges and other staff of the court system, police, district attorneys, and their clients. The tour is led by a justice of the Supreme Court of New York, Jerome Hornblase, and is organized by the 92nd St. Y. Call 996-1100 to register; \$30.

Soaring Heights: The Cathedral of St. John the Divine—1/26 at 1:30: Explore the world's largest Gothic cathedral, which is more than 100 years old (and is still under construction). The tour includes refreshments and a special visit to the Cathedral House built by J.P. Morgan. The leader is Tom Fedoreck, St. John's senior guide. Call 996-1100 to reserve; \$20.

Martin Luther King Jr. Day in Historic Harlem—1/20 at 1: Visit one of New York's most fascinating neighborhoods, the center of African-American culture in this city. Call Big Onion Tours at 439-1090 for additional information; \$9 adults, \$7 students and seniors.

Cross-Country Skiing at Frost Valley—1/19 at 8 A.M.: More day trip than tour, this 92nd St. Y excursion takes you to the Catskills, where you'll learn to cross-country ski. All levels of experience welcome, and instruction, equipment rental, trail fees and round-trip transportation are included in the \$65 price. Call 996-1100 to register.

Events

Celebrity Auction at The School of Visual Arts—1/17 Fran Drescher, Joan Rivers, Billy Joel, The Beastie Boys, Ozzy Osbourne, Hume Cronyn, and Danzig are

just some of the celebrities who have donated items for auction to benefit actor Eamonn Lacy, who has bone cancer. School of Visual Arts Amphitheatre at 209 E. 23rd St. Call 592-2011 for more information.

NY Sacred Heart Antiques Show—1/17-19: Now in its sixth year, this show of fine antiques from 55 dealers is expanding into the 75-year-old James Burden Mansion. Ticket sales benefit the Sacred Heart's Building Fund. The show takes place at the Otto Kahn Mansion, 1 E. 91st St., and the James Burden Mansion, 7 E. 91st St.; \$10. Call 722-4745 for further information.

East Side House Settlement's Winter Antiques Show—1/17-26: The forty-third annual Winter Antiques Show (the social peak of the antiques season) will benefit the largest multi-service organization in the Mott Haven section of the South Bronx. At the Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. and 66th St.; call 265-9150 for further information.

St. Petersburg: A Cultural Celebration—1/14-3/9: A visual- and performing-arts celebration encompassing more than 25 cultural institutions in St. Petersburg and New York. The World Financial Center, 200 Liberty St. Call 945-2600 for further information.

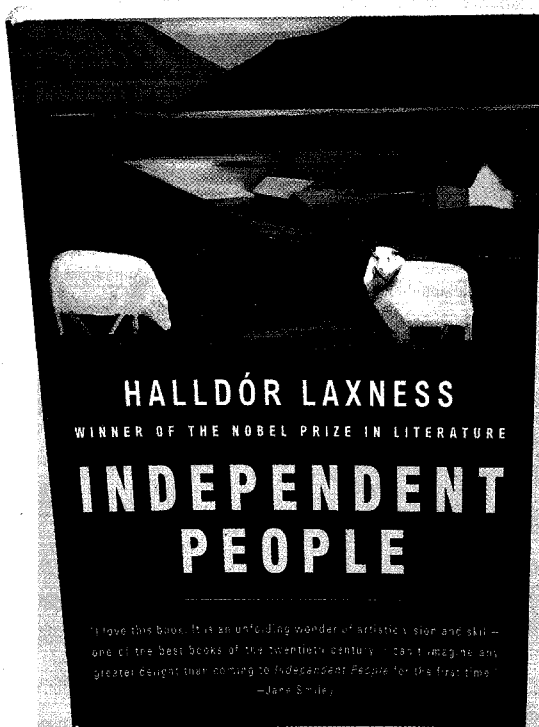
Exhibitions

The Treasures of the San Diego—Through 2/28. Sunken treasures from the 1600s. Among the artifacts on display: four cannons, navigational instruments, an ivory chess set, swords, and helmets. On display at The Philippine Center, Fifth Ave. and 45th St.; \$4, \$2 children. Call 922-3019 for further information.

The New Baroque: Early Dance Re-creations and Inspirations—Through 5/10. Twentieth-century encounters with Baroque dance and music, prints and illustrations of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century dance, and documentation of contemporary works. At the Dance Collection Reading Room of the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, 40 Lincoln Center Plaza (870-1630).

Benefits

Artists and Intellectuals for Mumia Abu-Jamal—1/20 at 7:30. The Coalition to Free Mumia Abu-Jamal will host this benefit, "An Evening of Poetry and Jazz." Performances by Max Roach, Cassandra Wilson, Greg Osby, Lonnie Plaxico, and Joel Larue Smith. Poets include Amiri Baraka, Sonia Sanchez, Sandra Maria Esteves, Felipe Luciano's Orchestra. Featured speakers are Spike Lee and Dr. Henry Louis Gates. At the Aaron Davis Hall on the City College Campus at Convent Ave. and 135th St. Tickets are \$100, \$50, \$30, and \$15. Please call 465-3109 for further information.



In Print Independent Re-release

It has existed for 50 years now, and for 42 of them its author has been a Nobel laureate. But Halldór Laxness's sprawling, muscular novel *Independent People*, originally published as *Sjálfstoett Folk* (Icelandic for "Self-standing Folk") has long been out of print in English. This week, with great fanfare from some of its leading admirers—Smiley, Proulx—Vintage Books brings it back. And this book that should need no introduction gets an astonishing one from poet Brad Leithauser: "If you're quite lucky, you may chance upon a novel which inspires so close a kinship that questions of evaluation (Is this book better than merely good? Is it some sort of classic?) become a niggling irrelevance. . . . For what we are talking about is a sort of imperishable romance, in which the flaws of a book are as endearing—as treasurable—as the flaws in the face of one's sole beloved." *Independent People*, Leithauser declares, is the book of his life. (\$14.)



Online Website Story

Classical Insites's homage to Leonard Bernstein puts you on intimate terms with the archetypal American maestro: Download audio clips of classic performances, order a CD of Lenny's debut with the New York Philharmonic (not available in record stores), or just browse through an archive of his personal papers. (Alas, checks to the Black Panthers are not included.) <http://www.LeonardBernstein.com>

Sports

Battery Park City Public Meeting—1/14. Everyone loves exercising on the Esplanade, where brave parents make their baby-strolling debut while smacking elbows with club kids skating down from last night's X high. Overcrowding on the cobblestone stretch just south of the yacht yard has necessitated this forum, which should help residents and users get together for constructive discussion, not a crosscultural screamfest. *Battery Park City Parks Corporation, 2 South End Avenue, at 7 P.M.*

Frostbite Ride #8—1/19. Sponsored by the time-tested and finely-tuned Five-Borough Bicycle Club, this trip takes you up and down the Hudson River—on both sides. Diehards will be pleased to hear that this chilly ride will take place every Sunday morning during the season. A helmet and money for PATH train passage are required. *Meet at City Hall, Broadway at Park Place, at 9:30 A.M. Free. Call 932-2300, ext. 350, for further information.*

Lockkey—1/14: Devils vs. Boston Bruins at 7:35 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel); 1/21: Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSG Network).

Basketball—1/18: Nets vs. Charlotte Hornets at 7:30 P.M., Continental Airlines Arena (Sportschannel).

Online

'And next month, I'm going to dress up in a sailor suit and salute'—Here's your chance to ask John F. Kennedy what he was thinking about when he came up with that Marilyn Monroe cover for *George* a few months back. Or whether it was post-honeymoon blues that drove him to freak out on those tabloid photographers a few weeks back. On America Online, in the Odeon, 1/14, at 8 P.M.

The Gamemasters of Fujitsu—Sheryl Knowles, one of the members of the design team that produced

WorldsAway, will discuss the process of inventing a cutting-edge virtual world, from conceptualization to execution. On CompuServe, in the Conference Center, 1/15, 11 P.M.

Tax Avoidance—Ann Reilly Down, the Washington Correspondent for *Money* Magazine, will discuss in depth the results of her recent audit with the Internal Revenue Service, and suggest strategies to minimize the likelihood that you'll ever have to endure the same ordeal. On CompuServe, in the Conference Center, 1/14, 9 P.M.

"Maybe if we announce it on a busy news day, it'll get buried inside"—In what appears to have been an early effort at spin control, the Ford Administration announced Richard Nixon's presidential pardon on the same day that Evel Knievel attempted to jump over the Snake River Canyon. But Knievel's "motorcycle" looked suspiciously like a multi-stage rocket and Nixon's "full and complete pardon" looked suspiciously like a fix. Neither was very well received by the public. Knievel, who has taken more knocks on the head than you can shake a stick at, probably doesn't recall any of this in great detail. He

will amuse conference guests by sharing anecdotes about his difficulty with airport metal detectors and by trying to remember his phone number. On America Online, in Cyberplex, 1/16, at 8 P.M.

Sister Suzy Explain It All for You—Self-described "sex expert" Suzy Landolphi will field questions on doing the wild thing. On Prodigy, 1/16, at 8 P.M.

Chastity Bono's GLAAD Bag—The Gay & Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation, in the person of Sonny and Cher offspring Chastity Bono, will be hosting a conference about anti-gay bias in the entertainment industry. Bono has first-hand experience with the worst treatment the media can dole out to gay celebrities: Since being outed by the *Star* in 1990, Bono has become progressively more committed to fighting any sort of discrimination based on sexual preference, and recently accepted the position of entertainment media director at GLAAD. On America Online, 1/16, 9 P.M.

Stop the Inanities!—Slightly spooky motivational speaker Susan Powder will muse on her inability to write a book without using exclamation points in the titles, and hawk her latest effort, *Hey Mom! I'm Hungry!* That's billed as "a cookbook for busy moms with picky kids." On Prodigy, 1/17, at 10 P.M.

"And I'd like to thank Fred Silverman for only partially destroying my career"—Funnymen Jeff Altman will describe the process of career triage that resurrected him after the mid-seventies prime-time debacle, *Pink Lady* and *Jeff*. He will also probably tell some jokes. On Prodigy, 1/18, 8 P.M.

The Weather Summit—What could be more fun than a room full of meteorologists? How about a room full of meteorologists at eight in the morning? An event that might ordinarily seem to be less-than-riveting actually promises to be somewhat relevant this year: Topics will include how much the Federal government can be expected to underwrite disaster relief in Western states, which have suffered well-publicized months of violent storms. On CompuServe, in the Conference Center, 1/20, 8 A.M.

COMPETITION

(continued from page 111)

Penelope—orange melon that ripens faithfully every twenty years.
Harvey M. Widell, Oceanside, N.Y.

pathological—the sensible way.
John Leahy Jr., Morrisville, Vt.

plain Jane—unaustentatious.
Jane Kretzmann, Vienna, Va.

potline—restroom queue.
Jack Westmoreland, Sterling, Va.

petunia—cat flood.
Mary Ann Code, N.Y.C.

paperhanging—a tabloid lynching (see: Daily Noose)
Heather Fontaine, Cambridge, Mass.

prayer wheel—ring-around-the-rosary.
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

peep show—chicken hatchery tour.
Mary Clare Brackley, Petaluma, Calif.

placard—dental record.
Gary Hoedenmaker, N.Y.C.

puce—designer church seats.
Mike Olton, Los Angeles, Calif.

ponder—Thoreau's think tank.
David Boruch, Teaneck, N.J.

penchant—swan song.
Bob Edwards, Forsyth, Mo.

potshot—coup de grass.
Anthony G. Bowman, Washington, D.C.

purlain—the hind part of a cat.
Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

penchant—"Jailhouse Rock."
Richard Fried, Brooklyn sp ment.: Marion R. Hays, Milwaukee, Wisc.; Max Quatsch, M.D., N.Y.C.

paragon—the perfect geometric figure.
Rose Leibowitz, Brooklyn

pander—popular attraction at Boston zoo.
Joyce Rosenthal, Newport, R.I.

playpen—minimum-security prison.
John Leary, Winnetka, Ill.

Pensacola—Florida's favorite soft drink.
Molly Graizzaro, Dumont, N.J.

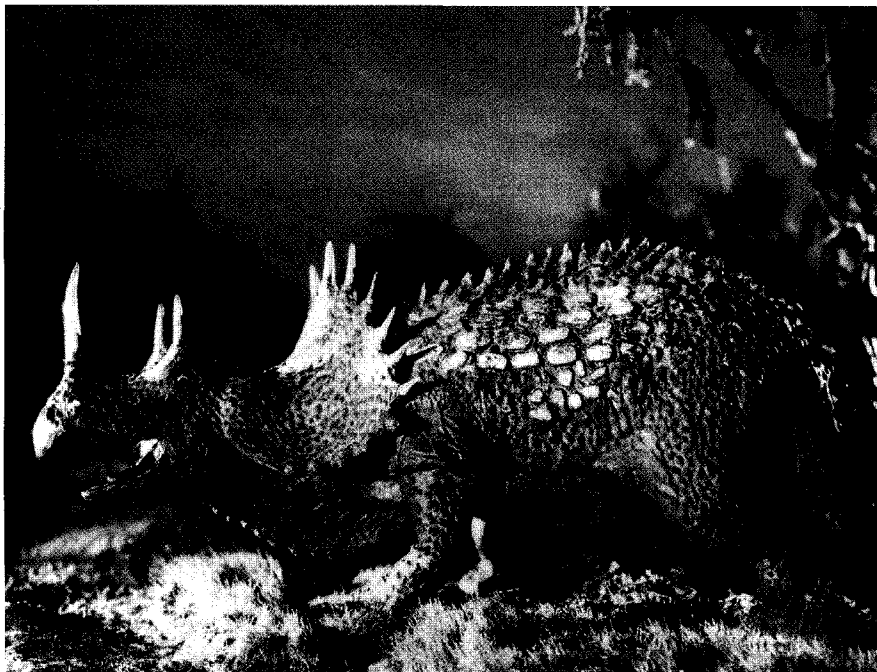
pig latin—v-v-veni v-v-vidi v-v-vici.
Howard L. Gross, N.Y.C. similarly: L. Foley, Cranston, R.I.; Ivor Winiply, Glen Cove, N.Y.

pantheism—1. worshipping anything in trousers. 2. the belief that John Simon is God. 3. the doctrine of original cinematography. 4. the belief that Mary Martin is God.
Peter Minges, Battle Creek, Mich.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPE-WRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 871, *New York Magazine*, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 104700.2563@compuserve.com. It must be received by January 24. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the February 24 issue.

kids

Dream... Diapering... Gingerbread



On View Technical Lizardry

The Lost World—a gnarly 1925 humans-meet-dinosaurs flick based on the Conan Doyle classic—crawls back to life next week with otherworldly accompaniment by the Alloy Orchestra. The result: "Prehistoric Boogie" at the Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center. (January 25 at 11 and 1:30; tickets \$8, \$4 kids under 16.)

Children's Events

The Spirit of Pocahontas—If you aren't yet familiar with the "Walt Disney's World on Ice" school of movie spin-offs, look for an essentially color-by-numbers version of the movie in question with the familiar soundtrack abridged a bit, inventive no-expense-spared transformation of the story onto ice, and, of course, spectacular skating. Kids of all stripes enjoy the adaptations, whether or not they've seen the movies (or their parents condone the Disneyfication of all literature). Up to three performances a day are at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** 1/15-19; **CONTINENTAL AIRLINES ARENA** 1/21-26; **NASSAU MEMORIAL COLISEUM** 1/28-2/2. Call 212-307-7171. Ticket prices range from \$13.50 to \$37.50.

Freedom Train—Next week, Theatreworks's rousing, classic musical (in its twenty-second year) about Harriet Tubman and the Underground Railroad includes wonderful period songs like "Good News, the Chariot's a' Comin'" and "Steal Away" 1/25 and 1/26 at 12:30. **THE PROMENADE THEATER**, 2162

Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959); \$18.50. Reserve.

Hokey Pokey—Cut loose with energetic children's recording artist "Dana" and singer-story-maker Lou del Bianco, who specializes in recalling that often-unsung-about *unlabeled* side of being a kid: 1/18; arrive at noon for lunch; show begins at 1:30. **WEST END GATE CHILDREN'S THEATRE**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (877-6115); \$8.50.

Shadow Boxing—We are all in the know on *Al E. Gator's Surprise Party*, except, of course, Mr. Gator. The production is a wonderful excuse to pull out a whole cast of Bil Baird shadow puppets, bounce some balls, get partway through "Little Red Riding Hood," and have us all yell "Surprise!" Convenient after a trip to the Greenmarket. Weekends through April 20 at 1 and 3. **THE PUPPET COMPANY**, 31 Union Sq. West, Loft 2B (741-1646); \$7.50. Reserve.

Musical Manhattan—David Grover and the Big Bear Band make the enormous sand expanse at **PLAYSPACE** feel like the beach, with songs like "Wipe-out," "There's a Little Band a' Playin' in my Heart," and "Turn the World Around." Make castles, dress up, play house to the sounds of the popular Berkshires-based band. 1/19 at 11 and 2. 2473 Broadway, at 92nd St. (769-2300); \$10 per child, \$10 per first adult; second adult admitted free. ●

Parenting 101—Typically, new parents spend ten

weeks learning how Mom should breathe during labor, and next to no time at all learning what to do after that. Registered nurse Pat Sterner teaches a two-session "caring for a newborn" class on burping, bathing, and choosing diapers and pediatricians. 1/15 and 1/22 from 6 to 8. **92ND STREET Y**, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); \$70 per family. Register. ●

Three Wishes—TADA! *Little Moon Theater* is a musical about a group of traveling players who manage to grant wishes as they go—and tangle with a fairy godmother. Through 1/26. 120 W. 28th St. (627-1732); \$12 adults, \$6 kids.

Virtual Playground—Why do we see in three dimensions? Kids in grades five through eight can make drawings then render them through 3-D glasses to render them three-dimensional: 1/18 and 1/25 at 11. While you're there, you may also want to track a hurricane, remix a Celine Dion song, and help produce a television show. Also at **SONYWONDER**, the extraordinarily frolicsome (and free) hands-on science-and-technology museum, is **CYBERPLAY Online**, a new exhibit that lets you check out up-to-the-minute basketball action, music, and world news or tour the White House with Socks. Note new hours: Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 10 to 6, Thurs. 10 to 9, and Sun. noon to 6. 550 Madison Ave., at 56th St. (833-8100). ●

Playback—If these toys could but talk: The teddy bear that kept a nun company in a convent for 50 years, a pea shooter made by a Brooklyn boy, and Barbie in a Calvin Klein-designed outfit: "New York Toy Stories," the ultimate transgenerational outing, runs through 4/27. **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Hours are Wed. through Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5. Suggested contribution \$5, \$4 seniors, students, and children, \$10 families.

Fairy Tales—Hansel, Gretel, and the Jolly Gingerbread Man plays through March 2 at **THE GROVE STREET PLAYHOUSE**. Weekends at 1:30, followed by *Snow White* at 3:30. 39 Grove St. (741-6436); \$8.

Subterranean Ecstasy—An unused subway station in Brooklyn Heights provides joyous opportunities for kids to jump on and off several immobile modes of transportation and take turns steering a real (chopped-off) city bus. It is, in the opinion of many people, the world the way it ought to be. **THE NEW YORK TRANSIT MUSEUM** seems to have cottoned on nicely to the fact that arcane exhibits of trains dating back through the decades, old signage, signals, and has-been turnstiles are beloved more by New York's younger generation—the ones that can't yet reach the straps to hang from them—than by the rest of us. Hence a nice selection of children's workshops is offered: This week (1/18 at 1:30), kids 6 and up are invited to construct a model of the Brooklyn Bridge, using boxes and twine. Next week (1/29 at 4 and again 2/1 at 1:30), design a Transit hat. And run around. Corner of Boerum Pl. and Schermerhorn St. (243-3060). Hours are Tues., Thurs., and Fri. 10-4, Wed. till 6, Sat. and Sun. noon-5. Admission is \$3, \$1.50 seniors and children under 17.

Commemorating King—Kids 6 and older can appear on CMOM TV delivering Martin Luther King's "I Have a Dream" speech, with the view that Dr. King actually had behind him and the help of a teleprompter—which he didn't have. 1/18 and 1/19 at 12:30 and 2:30. All week long (1/13 to 1/20), add squares to a peace quilt by making prints of international peace symbols. **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN**, 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Fri.-Mon. 10-5, Wed. 1:30-5:30; \$5, \$2.50 seniors. ●

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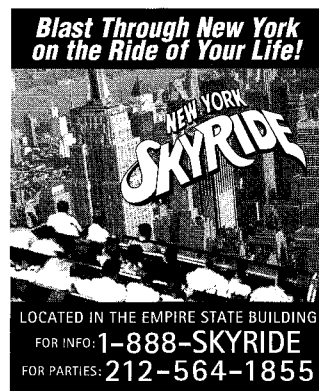
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Strictly Personals

Luxurious Lifestyle—Available for sharing with generous middle-aged male. Please be 18-35, bright, pretty and interested in sun and foreign travel. Send photo and note to 4555 ☐

Out Of Africa—Successful, very active Wasp male - 6' tall, slim, fit, 50ish (feels 30ish) with a strong sense of humor. Seeks slim, calm but interesting/alive non-smoking lady with an inquiring mind, who is probably 38-48, without encumbrances and who wants a long term commitment from a caring, communicative, compassionate man who has traveled widely and who wishes to share an exciting active life which includes travel, music, arts and theater, and lots of fun! Other interests include cycling, country weekends, good literature. Note/phone/photo to: 4477 ☐

Entrepreneur And Cat Available!—Do you want a great relationship? Attractive, single Jewish male, 5'8", trim, nonsmoker, sensitive, caring, honest, great friend, romantic, successful businessowner, volunteers with underprivileged kids. Seeking single white female, 25-33, NYC, very pretty, slim, sensitive, honest, great personality and who likes animals. Note/photo/phone, please. 4502 ☐ ☐

Seeking My Soul Mate—Single Jewish man, boyish-looking 38, warm, kind and playful, with a penchant for the antiquarian and the obscure, seeks a smart, spirited woman, perhaps (just perhaps) with a bit (just a bit) of an edge, to share culture and kisses, books and sighs. Photo appreciated. 4397 ☐ ☐

Single White Male, 54—Asks you to reflect on: a new year, new hopes, new relationships, a new man...This consumer of opera, classical music and sports, seeks the delicious company of a mature woman: the "newness" of you. 4433 ☐ ☐

Lovely, Attractive Refined Redhead—Warm, affectionate personality; love life; many interests - theater, music, museums, movies, tennis, skiing, walking, talking, laughing and more. Successful with two great, mostly grown kids. You're 49 plus, bright, attractive, refined, happy. Please send letter, photo, phone. 4486 ☐

Your New Year's Resolution—40ish, tall single guy seeks a 30ish, attractive female for a serious relationship, who enjoys the city, the country, movies and dancing. Note/photo. 4277 ☐

Everything But The Boy—Successful beautiful woman with great style and figure, high intellect, playful personality. Seeks unconventional Jewish man 38-48, tall and handsome who like myself is a movie buff, music lover (rock, jazz, blues), athletic, ambitious, adventurous, with generous heart and great sensitivity. You're considered a cool guy but not above sending flowers. Dog lover/photo a must. 4482 ☐

Solitude Has It's Compensations—But I've about exhausted them. Lonely civil servant, 44, Jewish male, almost divorced, grad student by night, seeks Jewish female, 34-47, interested in hugs, history and Hebrew. 4539 ☐

Exotic Travel—Very attractive man, 39, 6'2", successful professional, seeking very attractive woman, with a warm heart and great sense of humor, who would love to spend six months traveling through Africa, Asia and the South pacific. My passions include playing piano, writing, fine wines, cooking, biking and gardening. Come play with me! 4521 ☐

Beautiful Female Executive, 35—Witty, sweet, fun-loving, slender, 5'4" brunette hopes to find a soft spoken, self confident, down-to-earth, financially secure, handsome man, 5'8" and over, who is good-natured and would enjoy a modern/conservadox Jewish lifestyle. 4516 ☐ ☐

Renaissance NYC Widow—Sophisticated, sexy, beautiful, thin, blond, blue-eyed, 5'6", seeks a great spirited man equal to me. I am accomplished, self-confident, educated and financially secure. This is a first ad, and a quest to find a major man, who is bold and smart, with similar qualities, who is looking for a dynamic relationship which is also warm and committed. If you are between 50 and 65 and you are brave enough to answer this ad, you may be in for the surprise of your life and we may have the time of our life. Short note/photo. 4455 ☐

Master Class—This slim, pretty, vivacious, 40s, Italian American professional has it. Wants to share her love of NY with an educated, cosmopolitan man, easy to talk to, 42-52, Christian, warm, witty, well-read and wistful, for a lasting aventura. Photo/letter. 4461 ☐

Let's Connect—Dynamic, unpretentious, warm, 52, petite Westchester charmer, with looks, smarts and sensitivity, seeks professional male with character. 4411 ☐ ☐

Hot '97—Sultry strawberry-blond CPA/businesswoman, 5'7", athletic, well-educated, seeks Jewish gentleman under 50, divorced/widowed with kids only; JD/MD/investment banker/CEO, who is high spirited, passionate, adventurous, has a great sense of humor and enjoys candlelight dinners and romantic sunsets. (212)/(516)/(914)/(203). Note/phone; no response without photo. 4426 ☐

Pretty, Playful, Single Jewish Female—5'3", slim, adventurous, classy, warm-hearted, atypical MD who loves sports, theater, golf and Manhattan living. Seeking dynamic, kind, fit, successful, Jewish professional man, 37-45. 4442 ☐

Very Attractive Jewish Female—Of Russian descent (16 years in US) - green-eyed, slim, personable, sophisticated professional, seeks warm, caring, sincere, secure, intelligent, good-looking mensch in his 40s. Photo, please. 4547 ☐

Very Attractive—(Some say beautiful). Obviously modest brunette, hazel eyes, 5'2" (good things come in small packages). Successful advertising professional (director of advertising at the tender age of 25), career currently on hiatus to raise two perfect little boys. Highly creative (can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear or an old piece of luggage into a work of art). Low maintenance (don't let my LI address fool you). While I wouldn't turn down the Concord and dinner at Lucere, a Blockbuster night at home is better if you're with the right person! Love to laugh, exercise, although not necessarily at the same time. Love the country and the beach, but don't know the difference between the Bears, Bulls, Colts, Jaguars, Cardinals but I'm willing to learn. Hey, I'm only 38. Photo please. 4474 ☐

Georgetown Graduate—Male entrepreneur, 38, seeking Christian female, 25-40, prefer not originally from NY, 5'5"+, who loves margaritas, movies, exercise and love. Note/phone. 4480 ☐ ☐

Dynamic, Caring Ivy Surgeon—Passionate Renaissance-type with heart; handsome, 5'10", slim, 43, funny. Dreams of an educated lady under 36 to share life, family. Phone, photo necessary. 4529 ☐ ☐

Successful Attorney—40, 6'1", fit, seeks beautiful woman, 28 and under, for mutually beneficial relationship to include travel. Photo and note a must. 4509 ☐

Pretty, Adventurous Lady—Jewish professional, 50, loves classical music, jazz, cinema, walks, intimacy. Seeks bright, warm man to share life's journey. 4378 ☐

Don't Pass Me By—I'm an extraordinarily successful "Wall Street type" who is 40, 5'11", very good-looking, fit, Jewish (you needn't be) and extremely smart. I'm also faithful, honest, caring, warm, easy to talk to, energetic, adventurous and have a great sense of humor. I enjoy good conversation, romantic dinners, exotic travel, biking, long beach walks, roaring fires (in fireplaces!), the arts and close times with family and friends. You won't find me out with the guys - I'd rather spend my time with a genuinely nice woman between 25 and 36 with solid values and a heart of gold, who wants and deserves it all. A pretty face and good figure are also important to me. So, if this sounds like you and you're up for a phone call (how bad can it be?), drop me a note and include a recent photo (no excuses!) and your phone. You'll be very glad you did. 4476 ☐

Grace Kelly—Elegance in brunette, blue-eyed beauty with substance, spirit, intelligence, an entrepreneur's confidence, seeks similar Jewish man, 38-49, tall, divorced/widowed for romance and family. Photo. 4488 ☐ ☐

Wherefore Art Thou Romeo?—30, 5'8", blond, blue-eyed, petite, Jewish, professional, Juliet seeks 30ish, Jewish, fit swordsman for romps thru the forest. Must be professional, humorous, ambitious, mensch-like. Warm heart a must. Photo/note. 4522 ☐

As Pretty As Elaine—And as funny as Jerry, Kramer's enthusiasm but with better hair - this striking, petite professional woman, 42, is looking for a secure, confident, good-humored man to share trips to the beach, movies, Central Park, sports and Seinfeld reruns. Happy in NY but comfortable in the suburbs. Ready for a loving long-term relationship. Pix. 4400 ☐ ☐

Free Spirit—Naturally pretty. Blond, baby blues, elegant, nonsmoke, slim, Jewish professional (you need not be). Winning smile. Enjoy the arts, ski, sail, cook, sports fan (Giants season tickets). Wonderful family. Wish to meet upbeat, low-key, successful, caring widower or divorced gentleman, 54-66, for extraordinary friendship and love till the end of time. Reside in NYC (have car). 4505 ☐ ☐

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is \$37.00 per line**, two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add \$35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of \$50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016.** Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone. All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

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STRICTLY PERSONALS

New York Magazine, Box # _____
P.O. Box 4600
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Dinner/Theater Companion—Looking for an enjoyable evening out. I am an attractive, sophisticated and personable gentleman, I'm also a good listener as well as a good conversationalist. So, if you have an extra ticket to the Met or theater, my dinner jacket is hanging in the closet. For an appointment: 4501 ☎

Man Of Steel And Velvet—With boyish charm, seeks vibrant, intelligent, very pretty, trim, single white female, 39-49. This successful, tall, handsome LI exec offers laughter, great conversation, romance, passion and adventure. Don't settle for less. Photo a must. 4549 ☎

Live Dangerously—Compassionate, leggy, sensual redhead, 5'7", 125 lbs. Yiddish kopf, goyish looks, liberal heart. Seeks intelligent, 45-plus Jewish prince to light my fire. Photo preferred. 4493 ☎

Beautiful Italian American Woman—photographer, 53, seeks a man with kindness, courage and passion who can dine with a diplomat or eat on a dirt floor in India. Sense of humor a plus. Please send snapshot and note. 4457 ☎

Successful Male Journalist—Slim, fit, good-looking, 52, 5'8" - loves books, movies, Manhattan...but most of all, my kids. Seeks slim, pretty woman to love for life. Photo. 4388 ☎

Take Tina Turner's Legs—Naomi Campbell's face and add the soul of Nina Simone and you get an idea of who I am. I'm 34, a successful businesswoman, creative, passionate, sports fan, in very good shape, giving and loyal to a fault. I'm now looking for a man to share all or part of my life. You are 30-40, liberal, confident, fit, and appreciate fine dining. Letter and photo please. 4457 ☎

Engaging, Charismatic, Feminine—40s and fine, seeks accomplished, responsible man with a sense of idealism. Marriage a possibility. Photo/phone. 4427 ☎

Beautiful, Sexy, Classy, Knock-Out—MD Vibrant, 36, looks 25, 5'5", slim, fit, seeks very successful, exceptional, handsome, warm-hearted man, 37-45, non-smoker, tall, fit, fun. Note/photo. 4543 ☎

Jewish-Chinese-American Princess—Young early 40s (looks early 30s), desires mensch (39-68) in shining armor to come to the rescue for life, love, family and happily ever after. Please be Ivy, multi-degreed, philanthropic, global thinker, interested in having children now. Me: feminine, sophisticated, world-traveled, internationally focused, bicoastal Manhattanite, POB 1837, NYC 10185-1837 or 4467 ☎

Attractive, Trim, Auburn-Haired—LI professional, single Jewish female, 36, looking for LI professional, 33-44, who is honest, calm, and interested in a serious long-term commitment. Enjoy dining, conversation, humor, movies, canoeing? Please send note/photo. 4475 ☎

Successful Computer Consultant—Good-looking single white male, late 40s, is searching for a pretty, slender woman, late 30s and under, for long term relationship. Note and photo, please. 4520 ☎

Vivacious, Green-Eyed Professional—Redhead, 39, with style and substance, who possesses passion, sparkle and wit, desires professional man, 35-50, with an insatiable appetite for living, loving and laughing - emotionally and financially secure. Note/photo/phone. 4524 ☎

Beautiful, Blond Jewish Woman—35, looks 28, successful, own business with a heart of gold, 5'6", long hair, blue eyes, 110 lbs. Seeks tall, handsome, Jewish, professional man with great personality. Must love "Seinfeld". Photo, please. 4460 ☎

Lovely, Dynamic Professional Woman—Youthful 50s, seeks interesting man, 55 plus, for friendship, fun, love. 4463 ☎

Marriage-Minded, Secure Jewish MBA—Handsome, 37, 6', thin, with great sense of humor, enjoys movies, beach, conversation and fun, seeks cute, pretty, petite female, 25-35, who is smart, playful, romantic and can be silly and serious for future together. Photo/note. 4436 ☎

High Standards—Refined investment banker, 39, traditional values, great shape/looks, seeks dynamic cover girl with prominent ideals, 30s, for romance and play. Photo/note. 4423 ☎

Pretty Italian Professional—Petite mom, 39. Classy, romantic, sincere, seeks white male, 30-50. Italian a plus. 4471 ☎

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Pretty, Petite, Educated—Smart, wealthy widow seeks brilliant, kind, charming, accomplished Jewish man, 55 plus, for caring and sharing. 4365 ☎

Latina Beauty Sought—By successful Jewish professional, JFK Jr. type, 38, 6'2", sweet, kind, caring, affectionate, with a heart of gold. 4337 ☎

A Good Man Is Hard To Find—Attractive Jewish woman, 46, seeks a kind, decent, funny man, 47-50, who likes books, movies, and red meat. Smokers welcome. Note/photo, please. 4504 ☎

Just Go For It—Beautiful, intelligent, warm, romantic, generous, slim, fun professional with dimples, seeks sincere, educated, attractive, spontaneous male (28-38) to share romance, travel, sports and laughter. Note/photo. 4542 ☎

Handsome Gay CEO—Seeks someone comfortable in business suit or jeans. Slim, youthful, personable, healthy 53. Seeks masculine, trim, attractive gay man who is relationship-oriented and likes to travel. Love of theater, arts, movies, and romantic evenings by the fire important. Zest for life and sense of fun and humor a must. Letter/photo. 4540 ☎

I Will Leave You Breathless!—Beautiful woman, 37, vulnerable, fit, smart, adventurous, unencumbered, successful, passionate and spiritual, seeks first class male, 30-47. I love hugs! Photo a must. 4422 ☎

Tall, Handsome, Successful—Intelligent man, 39, desires confident, beautiful woman, 26-35, who seeks a special friend and lover. Goal: lifetime partnership. Note/photo. 4415 ☎

Woman of Substance—In mind, heart and character, seeks man having, loving, cherishing same. I'm a financially independent entrepreneur with quick wit, high energy (well-analyzed) approach to life. I'm in my 50s, traveled extensively, widowed (no children) and enjoy a varied social life. You are in your 40s or 50s, with good sense of humor, professional success, proud of your life and accomplishments. Note/photo.

Foxy 'N' Slim—48ish, fashion, funds, fun, friend - male match, 45-65. 4449 ☎

Searching For:—Gorgeous/intellectual female who wants to share friendship, intimacy and a warm future with Jewish male, 45, loyal, fit and successful. Please send note, phone, and photo. 4497 ☎

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Strictly Personals

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Handsome, Successful—Ivy League-educated entrepreneur with a unique balance of humor and intellect, playfulness and depth. Still idealistic, with a great capacity for love and devotion. I am Jewish, 44, 5'10", athletic. If you're an accomplished, intelligent, beautiful woman, 25-37, with depth and a unique spirit, please respond with a photo and substantial letter. 4431 ☒

Great Blue Eyes—And radiant smile, slim, 5'5", youthful late 30s, Sarah Jessica Parker-type Jewish female; musical/spiritual/cerebral/sensual and sweet. For giving, sexy, taller/not skinny, funny, bright, brown-eyed/handsome, growth-oriented, solvent (phew!), available man, Jewish/Armenian, 33-46. Photo. 4505 ☒

Champion Hugger—Good-looking, affectionate, sensitive male, great sense of humor - enjoys classical music and summers at the shore. Have my own business in the holistic health area. You are under 40, nonsmoker, intelligent, slim, very attractive, passionate, with a great sense of humor, and looking for commitment. Photo preferred. Come walk with me on the beach. 4398 ☒

Warm Beautiful Blond—5'8", fit 42, Jewish professional, mom of one, seeks caring single dad. Note/photo 4445 ☒

Energetic, Attractive Athletic—Redheaded Jewish female professional seeks kind intelligent, sensitive, secure man 50-60 to share life. 4499 ☒

Considerate Companion—Jewish female teacher, 48, upbeat, fit, slim, ambitious, no kids - loves tennis, gym, theater, pets, kids. Seeks similar, 48-58, single dad or would-be, for the "Real Thing". 4410 ☒

Fiery Redhead - A Bit Eccentric—Seeks artsy, fun-loving male, 38-50, with great sense of humor and patience of a saint. Pet lovers only. 4506 ☒

Divorced Jewish Female, 33—With 4-year-old daughter enjoys theater, concerts, romantic dining, beach, Lite FM, seeks male for lasting relationship. Nonsmoker. Note/photo/phone. 4548 ☒

Successful American Businessman—35, who does extensive traveling, seeks friendship with refined, intellectual woman (Asian preferred) between 25 and 40. Send note/photo if possible. 4379 ☒

Searching For Love And Romance—I'm a successful businessman, 44, tall, dark, good-looking and willing to take a chance. I'm trying to find someone who is Jewish, 27-40, with a special personality, and, I guess this is a weakness of mine, but also someone who is slim, shapely and very attractive. For the last couple of years I've had my fill of clubs and discos. Maybe we can find the chemistry that we're both looking for together. Willing to take a chance? Recent photo a must. 4526 ☒

From Putting Up Skyscrapers—To kissing scraped knees. Slender, fit, feminine and very pretty (truly). Ivy(s) educated. Able to fix broken toilets, throw elegant dinner parties, enjoy gardening despite brown thumb and survive not being considered "cool" or "intelligent" by daughter (12). Would love to find a companionable man for friendship/commitment. 4498 ☒

Love Bound—Jewish female, 35, 5', 104, I am traveling down the road to love, commitment and sensuality, if you would like to join me, please be at least 5'10", 35-38, single Jewish professional male. 4441 ☒

Terrific Catch!—Handsome, wealthy, romantic man, 38, 5'10" - loves sports, the arts and travel. Looking for a 27-36, beautiful, smart, sexy woman for a fabulous romance. Note/photo. 3696 ☒

Down-To-Earth—Upbeat, active (ski, swim, bike, hike), single mom, fun, professional, Jewish, 38, 5'3", (914). Seeks athletic, flexible, fun, caring, successful professional, good-looking, non-smoking guy. Mid 30s-mid 40s. Bio. 4487 ☒

I'm Every Woman—Looking for that one special man. Professional, single white Jewish female, 31, with varied interests - from the finer things in life, to the most basic - looks to meet male with similar qualities, who has sense of adventure and loves to laugh. Photo requested. 4492 ☒

Physician, 61, Seeks Woman—We are healthy/happy, hardworking/easygoing, enjoy long walks/talks, Latin music/Chinese food, reading/learning. 4481 ☒

6'+ Fun Dance Partner Wanted—40s-60s by 5'10" blond beauty. 4535 ☒

Starting Over—Jewish female, 35, MD, tall, slim, pretty, likes travel, arts and entertainment. Seeks Jewish professional man (34-40, 5'10" plus) to share love, life and family. Note/Photo/Phone. 4483 ☒

Look No Further, Here I Am—Attractive Jewish female, 30, tall, slender, intelligent, athletic, financially secure, great personality, creative, down-to-earth, seeking handsome Jewish male with the same - plus exciting, romantic, great communicator, marriage- and family-minded, 28-35, to share laughter and the love of life. Photo and note required. 4450 ☒

I'm A Lover, Not A Fighter—Divorced white female, 34, brown hair, blue eyes, wants good, drug free divorced white male, 35-40. Note. 4456 ☒

Gay White Female—Attractive and successful, mid 30s, 5'8" and slim. Enjoys travel, sports, animals, music, dancing and more. Romantic, intelligent and fun-loving... Seeking similar qualities in a woman. Note/photo. 4416 ☒

Divorced White Male—Wants to meet a pretty white female, no children, who is unhappy being single and wants to get married. Note/photo. 4452 ☒

NJ, Secure, Handsome Jewish Male—48, divorced, enjoys working out, music, art and cars. Easy-to-be-with, creative, with a great sense of humor. Seeking female for lasting relationship. 4454 ☒

Pretty Blue Eyes—Blond, 40s, slim, shapely, soft-spoken, enjoys beach, boating, cooking, gardening, travel, champagne, fireplaces, seeking tall, handsome, full-haired male under 54. 4533 ☒

Athletic, Attractive And Affectionate—Jewish media professional, 38, 6', seeks sharp, sensitive, shapely female, 25-36, to share great dinners and decadent desserts. Nonsmoker. Photo please. 4512 ☒

Successful Secure Man Wanted—You: 48-60, intelligent, humorous, fit, fun. Me: vivacious, independent, warm, cultured, refined, pretty. 4523 ☒

Very Pretty Brunette—33, 5'4", 115. Non-practicing Catholic. Loves include rock/blues music, theater, reading, partying and keeping fit. Looking for friendship leading to committed relationship. Photo/note gets a reply. 4507 ☒

41-Year-Old International Lawyer—5'10", slim, good-looking, irreverent, Sephardic, and very funny - seeks 27 to 35-year-old, pretty, single Jewish female with presence, who is intelligent, sophisticated, fit and creative, for marital/parental bliss. Note/photo. 4413 ☒

Nice Guy—40, 5'10", MBA, attractive, smart, sincere, open, secure, fair, unpretentious, informed, hard-working, seeks compatible, slender, pretty White/Asian female, 30-35, for marriage and family. 4517 ☒

Body In The Suburbs—Soul in the city. Cute and curvy, 5'5", Jewish mom/business exec - into conversation, working out, technology, seeks upbeat, 5'9" plus guy, 38-50, for fun and future. 4412 ☒

Handsome, Lonely Jewish Man, 57—A big giver of TLC seeks lonely female, 50 plus. Detailed letter/photo. PS: If you responded before, please do so again. 4421 ☒

Gay Widower—48, 5'9", 160 lbs, athletic, healthy, with good looks, good mind and good heart, seeks relationship with fit, cheerful guy, 38-52 (you'll know who Elvis was, but not have spoken to him recently). Photo. 4513 ☒

Excellent Catch!—Beautiful, NYC raised, Ivy-educated, Jewish (nonreligious), smart, fun woman (27, 5'5"), seeks great guy to date (27-35). Note/photo. 4496 ☒

Handsome Exec—52, would love to find for the New Year and forever an attractive, slim, independent, vivacious Jewish lady, 42-48, who will become my best friend/lover who is looking for a wonderful and caring relationship with plenty of laughs, hugs, and kisses. Phone/Photo. 4519 ☒

Warm, Pretty, Asian—Likes to travel, tennis, seeks a nonsmoker, sincere, caring, stable male for love and marriage (37-50). Note/phone. POB 436, NYC 10113.

Jewish, Divorced Female—44, 5'6", 125, darker blond, attractive teacher. I'd like a bright man with a passion for life and a sense of humor. I have many eclectic hobbies and have a flexibility for new places and new ideas. Photo preferred. 4387 ☒

Nice Man, 54—5'8", likes movies, interested in Jewish woman up to 50 who lives in NYC and doesn't smoke. 4434 ☒

party! party!

New York Magazine's

Strictly Personals

PRE-VALENTINE'S CELEBRATION

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AT THE FABULOUS COPACABANA

617 W. 57th St. (great parking and lots of cabs!)

Admission gets you a wonderful buffet (2 food stations, fast lines). 25% off Strictly Personals Gift Certificate, Dancing, Romancing, Gifts, and a great night out!

\$25 in advance, \$30 at the door. Cash Bar.

Mail check or money order by Feb 7th to:

New York Magazine Party, 2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.

Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 212-545-3676

Single White Male—Handsome, down-to-earth, fit, educated, successful, seeks similar, single white/Asian female, 25-35, lim, pretty. Photo. please. 4414 ☐

Ageless Poet—Tall, healthy, witty male, seeks Muse for inspirational fusing of mind and body. She should be a tall, non-smoking, upbeat, literate lady, not marriage-minded, an uptown Manhattanite who loves movies, chocolate mousse and red wine, and is game to go dutch locally in return for a free summer trip to Europe. No reply without photo, please. 4490 ☐

Model Pretty, PhD—115, 5'8", clear head, warm heart, seeks slim, single, NYC professional, 50-65, note/photo. 4430 ☐

Answer This Ad. You Won't Regret It—I'm the one for you, if you want a very attractive, intelligent, feminine, not feminist, self-employed female. You are he one for me, if you are a white male, 30-38, 5'11"-6', very successful, in great shape, handsome, blue or green eyes preferred, outgoing, funny, with a zest for life! Letter/photo a must. 4438 ☐

First Date: Barnes & Noble—Attractive, sensual, energetic, 38 year-old female who treasures family, love and laughter, seeks bright, positive, financially stable male, 38-50, who appreciates reading, great talks, spirituality, and desires to build a committed partnership. Note/photo a must. 4453 ☐

Curves With Nerve—Black professional, pretty, intelligent, reddish-brown hair, seeking honest, single, handsome, financially secure man, 5'10"-6'1", 45-55. 4402 ☐

Boy Scout Seeks Girl Scout—A-Team. Handsome, fully functional, sensitive, well-off, educated, funny, passionate. Send me note for photo/bio. 4530 ☐

43, Single Chinese Professional Lady—Looking for a caring/successful male to share life, forever. 4479 ☐

It's Me!—And I want you. Especially if you're an Aries, Gemini, Libra or Leo. Supposedly, I'll be happiest with one of these signs. You're also Jewish, male, 32-42, tall, handsome, honest, fit, secure, motivated (financially and emotionally) and really desire romance, passion, home/family as well as luxury. I offer all of the same qualities and more (except I'm female, 33, beautiful, 5'8" and charming!). Please be truthful before answering. 4405 ☐

Caring Chiropractor—Kind, attractive, athletic, late 40s, seeks sincere woman with a sense of humor. 4409 ☐

Highly Attractive Attorney—Warm, witty, loving, Jewish, 40s, non-smoker, great cook, loves travel. Seeks male counterpart for friendship and romance. 4489 ☐

Park Slope Cutie—32, bright, warm, egg and slim. Likes hiking, music (jazz, R&B, early Reggae) and Italian food. Seeks an attractive, nice, intelligent guy, 27-41. 4468 ☐

Handsome And Successful—LI (west Nassau) entrepreneur, 6', 180, who is warm, caring and bright... "has it all" minus one very pretty, slim but shapely, intelligent, affectionate, unaffected and unencumbered female, 38-45, to share the future. Note/photo please. 4401 ☐

Seeking Younger Mate—Knock-out edhead, 52, seeks male, over 6', non-smoker. 4444 ☐

Looking For My Scriabin—By an exotic Asian butterfly, mid-30s, for a lifetime of serious music and lovemaking. Imagine. Note/photo/photo, please. 4546 ☐

Warm, Charming White Male—36, 5'7", 150 lbs, strawberry blond, young mind and soul. I lead a full life, am well-educated, intuitive, thoughtful. Interests include nice home, jazz, foreign movies, Windham in the summer, gardening, pottery, psychology, community service. Looking for attractive woman, 26-35, who desires passion, spontaneity, kindness, understanding, support with life dreams, challenges, spiritual/mental growth and making babies. Note/photo. 4418 ☐

Into the Arts—Art thou an upbeat mensch, successful, fit, and fun? This very pretty blond seeks playful mate (38-50). Art thou the one? Note/photo. 4446 ☐

Head-Turning Brunette—Businesswoman, with the grace and charm of Jackie O, seeks distinguished professional male, 38-50, nonsmoker, athletic, romantic, good-looking, sense of humor a must. Would prefer someone who enjoys fine dining, theater and music. Me? Drop me a note or call to find out. 4525 ☐

Natural Woman, Sophisticated Lady—Pretty, romantic, funny, bright, 5'7", 134 lbs, mid-40s, successful professional into movies, books, working out, trees, seeks good-looking, 5'9"+, fit, well-educated, trustworthy, fun, caring male, 42+, living a successful lifestyle, for love/romance/marriage. Note/photo. 4532 ☐

Funny Valentine—Sweet, slim, Jewish woman, 5'6", 35, pretty, polished professional, Sunday painter and sentimental fool seeks a witty, creative, secure man, handsome and fit 33-43, to have and to hold. Phone/note please. 4500 ☐

Easygoing, Honest And Adventurous—Jewish male, 5'11", 160 lbs, 52 years young, who is good-looking and successful. Looking to meet a woman with similar qualities who would appreciate the qualities that an older man would offer. Note/photo, please! 4495 ☐

Kind, Smart, Confident—Natural, slender and fit Jewish woman wanted for two great kids under 10 and loving, widowed father, early 40s, 5'6". Send your best friend's favorite photo of you. 4527 ☐

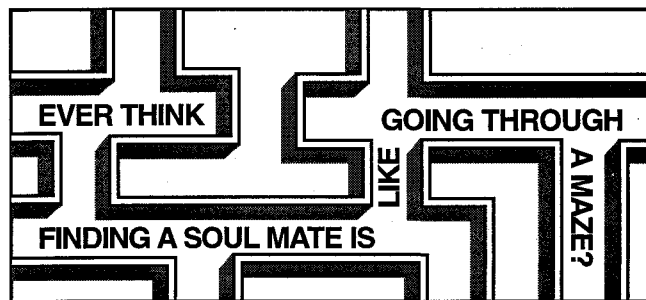
Attractive, Smart, Sexy And Funny—27, seeks handsome, humorous, professional Jewish male, 27-35, for fun and love. Note/photo/phone, please. 4448 ☐

Love, Lust And Fun—Leading to marriage/family. What else can I say? 45-year-old, handsome 6' professional - humor on the dry side, integrity on the high side. Looking for the right combination of beauty and smarts in a woman of childbearing age. Note and photo appreciated. 4399 ☐

When You're In Love—With a Jersey girl. Petite, youthful 50ish woman with style, seeks a man with kindness, intelligence and a sense of humor. Note or telephone. 4472 ☐

Great Genes—Handsome, extremely successful, single Jewish male, 39, health-conscious, fit, sincere, very funny, lives life to the fullest, traditional values, with class, a true mensch, seeks exceptional female soul mate under 36. Must be very attractive, slim, sweet, loving, ready to be spoiled with love and affection forever. Photo and note, please. 4424 ☐

Very Attractive, Successful—Professional white female, 38, 5'4", petite figure, who takes pride in her appearance, sincere, warm, intelligent and funny. Loves tennis, boating, dancing, travel, movies. Seeks white professional male, 34-43, with similar interests. Note/photo. 4443 ☐



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Loyal, Stable Professional Male—Jewish, seeks down-to-earth female, 34-40, to enjoy the richness that simple pleasures in marriage offer. Photo. 4594 ☐

Attractive Asian American—31, petite, bright, caring, fit. Many interests, loves culture and nature. Wants to share life with man, 30-45, healthy, open-minded, caring with similar interests. 4508 ☐

I Can't Believe You're Reading This!—I can't believe I'm writing this! Me: 28, 5'8", thin, pretty, single, Catholic (religion unimportant) professional female who enjoys quiet, romantic evenings and spontaneous, adventurous days. Looking for a lasting relationship with you: 30-35, tall, physically fit, nonsmoker, Wall Street type professional, single white male for laughter, friendship and love... Note/photo/photo. (212) and (516) only, please. 4462 ☐

Top Trader—Ivy Wasp, 34, successful, handsome, erudite, urbane. Seeks sharp, elegant, genteel Manhattan woman for repartee, romance, and fun. 4541 ☐

Fetching—Happy attractive blond, Ivy-league entrepreneur, 36, seeks man with dog, 35-40. Send photo of dog and your idea of a fun first date. 4485 ☐

Witty Perceptive—Jewish Female, seeks a mensch, 35-43, intelligence, sense of humor and a heart of gold. Note 4473 ☐

Pretty Actress—Now corporate president, 5'3 3/4", 120 lbs of a shapely, humorous divorced Jewish woman in her prime. Loves life and the company of a cultured, affectionate, successful man of humor. Be 45-60. Prefer (914) or (203). 4536 ☐

Serious Gay Man—40s, attractive, successful executive, clever, bright and good sense of humor - and have a very good lifestyle in NY and spend weekends in the country. Would like to meet someone who is also smart, sensitive and has his own life. Someone who has a career and is interested in pursuing all the possibilities. Please send photo and phone. 4494 ☐

Very Successful Businessman—Attractive, romantic, sensitive, emotionally generous, nonsmoker, seeks attractive, elegant, sophisticated, Catholic, Wasp or Jewish woman, 35-45, 5'5" to 5'8", who is emotionally giving, mentally stable, non-smoker for serious relationship. Note and current photo a must. 4435 ☐

Soft, Appealing—Tender-hearted Jewish widow - trim, petite, educated, seeking wonderful man, 62 plus. 4451 ☐

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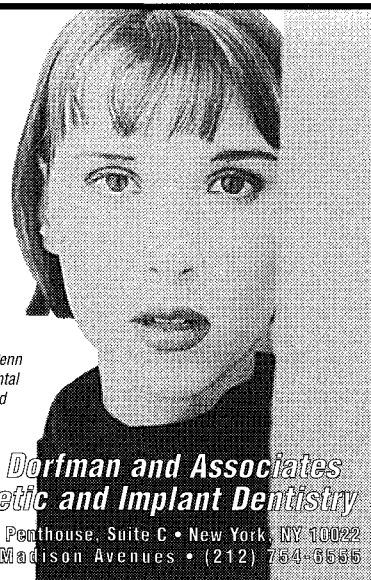
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Strictly Personals

Engineer 38—Likes to play tennis, takes walks, dine out, looking for meaningful relationship with female of varied interests. Please send note & photo. 4464 ☐

Probably Primitive—But sexy PhD, doggedly seeks male who thinks, feels, listens, laughs, trusts, to 60. Music civilizes me; skiing, tennis help. Tame me - I'm yours, I promise. Really pretty, too. Photo? 4545 ☐

Adorable Professional Jewish Female—26, loves theater, exercise, Knicks, Sushi... seeks confident professional Jewish male (27-33, nonsmoker) with a kind heart and a sense of humor. Note/photo. 4491 ☐

Sewn My Wild Oats—Now this Jewish, 34-year-old, petite, pretty, personable professional is ready to sow the seeds of a relationship. Enthusiastic about adventurous travel via foot, bike... Enjoys working out or dining out, music and theater, beaches at sunset... Seeks fun, athletic, successful male, 30-42, who possesses a sense of humor, integrity and a desire for commitment. Note/photo. 4528 ☐

International Business Executive—Based in NY and FL, seeks attractive, presentable, educated lady, probably in 40s, for companionship, fine dining, theater, sports and frequent US and worldwide travel. Please write with phone and photograph. 4459 ☐

It's A New Year—Single, white Christian male, 44... I'm easygoing, down-to-earth, 5'7", 180, like movies, dancing, walks and more. Seek single white female, 35-46, for same. Note and photo appreciated. Let's make it a good year. 4403 ☐

Intelligent, Handsome Attorney—28, 5'10", Jewish, athletic, affectionate, seeking a beautiful, thin, sensitive Jewish woman, 21-27, to share laughter, romance and the future. Sense of humor, nonsmoking a must. Note/photo/phone. 4478 ☐

A Woman's Story—48, single white Jewish female seeks 45 plus, single white Jewish male. I'm smart, successful, sensitive, creative, attractive (but not slim), earthy, humorous, direct, liberal, independent, happy city dweller with beach house - loves her dog, bites her nails, aggressive in business, shy in affairs of the heart. Never married, too late for children but not for a caring relationship. Write with gusto. 4425 ☐

Single Jewish Male—41, seeks kind, fun, romantic, full-figured single female, who enjoys good conversation, restaurants and movies. 4391 ☐

Rare Opportunity—Extremely pretty, 35, 5'6", great figure and personality, very athletic, MBA, Catholic (nonreligious), looking for male counterpart with similar qualities. Must be tall and very appealing, inside and out. Photo a must. 4439 ☐

Sophisticated, Worldly—Nordic designer desires brilliant, accomplished man (46-55), with sense of style, fitness and adventure. You will appreciate my great legs, beauty and energy, but love my complex personality and mind. We value closeness, fun and family, indulge in life's finest eccentricities. Clever note. 4537 ☐

Kind, Warm Jewish Male—44, 5'6", lawyer, intelligent, honest, unpretentious, very decent, fit, nonsmoker, sentimental, with a good sense of humor. Would love to meet a kind, pretty, NJ or NY Jewish female, 32-45, who very highly values her integrity and her family and friends, and who is empathic, reliable and affectionate. I am seeking to develop a wonderful friendship with her, and thereafter marry her. Note/photo/phone, please. 4408 ☐

Fly With Me—And we'll go to Shangri-la where we will stay young and in love forever. Pretty, Jewish, 53, slim gal, seeks partner for life's journey. 4514 ☐

Friend, Playmate, Lover—Sought by elegant, vibrant female psychotherapist. I enjoy a sense of humor, world travel, theater, the outdoors, the dharma... Are you a tall, attractive man, 50-65, kind, educated, cultured, with similar interests? If so, please write with photo. 4404 ☐

She's The One—Smart, stunning, athletic, zany 28-year-old, single Latin female seeks tall (5'10" plus), muscular, ruggedly handsome, educated, successful, down-to-earth, single white or Latin male, 28-36 years old, for career as best friend and lover, with opportunity for promotion and great fringe benefits. Inquire within. Hint: If you can make me laugh, half the battle is won. Nicotine, drug and disease-free. Note/recent photo a must. 4417 ☐

Pretty Asian—Seeks Wall Streeter, 37-50, for date. Note/photo. 4544 ☐

Skis The Blacks Out West—Eclectic, waspy, affluent, handsome, Jewish male, 6'1", 180, 33, blue eyes, brown hair, extremely athletic, (marathons, spinning, skiing) all Ivy-educated, seeks pretty smart, athletic, down-to-earth Jewish girl who would rather spend time in Vail than in Miami, and who would prefer, sushi to chicken soup. Note/photo. 4531 ☐

Warm, Appealing, Bright Woman—Psychotherapist, former documentary producer, youthful 40s, passionate about life, compassionate and affectionate, great dancer with lively sense of humor and adventurous spirit, seeks compatible, caring man with similar qualities to share NY culture, country getaways (the Berkshires!) and the adventure of getting to know one another. 4470 ☐

Harvard Lawyer—6'1", 170, handsome, athletic (skier/tennis player) intellectual. Seeks intelligent, good looking, loving, woman, 33-50. Exchange photo 4518 ☐

Handsome Professional—40, 6'1", 182 lbs, athletic, fit, part-time dad, seeks female counterpart for friendship/possible relationship. Note/photo a must. 4407 ☐

Petite, Slim—Divorced Jewish professional seeks man in his 50s. 4384 ☐

Smile With Me—33 year old, very successful attorney, 5'9", green eyes, dimples, nice smile, warm, funny, athletic and kind, is searching for his better half. If you are an attractive, bright, nonsmoking woman who can be spontaneous and fun, and knows she deserves and wants it all, I'm waiting for you. Photo/note/phone. 4432 ☐

Be My Valentine—Me: 5'2", eyes of blue, very cute, fit, Jewish female, non-religious, 26, easygoing, enjoy skiing, music, Central Park. You: Down-to-earth, confident, outgoing, great sense of humor, 29-36, 5'10" or over. We: work hard and play hard. Photo/note. 4458 ☐

Gentleman—Mid 40s, ex-prep, quite witty, fit and presentable with a flat in town and a house in the country, looking for a lady, 30-40, who likes kayaking, hiking, yoga and "Four Weddings...", but above all, who wants to marry, have a child and lead a simple life. Open heart essential. Note/photo would be nice. 4469 ☐

Everything But The Man—Very pretty, 40s, NYC female, beautiful eyes/hair, slim, health-conscious, successful, quick, humorous, sensitive, seeks 6' plus, unusual male (45-57) - very handsome, highly successful, generous, honest, witty, open-minded, emotionally and physically in shape. (No smokers or (718) numbers.) Note/recent photo a must. 4419 ☐

Articulate, Zany, Pretty—Slim, 5'4", athletic Jewish woman, 32, seeks a man, 28-45, who, like me, has an exceptional sense of fun, is self-aware, reads, loves animals. (212) only. 4440 ☐

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Above, a voice-over flashback. Competitors are invited to invent one brief opening line from a noir-flavored movie.

Results of Competition 868, in which you were asked for whimsical definitions for existing words beginning with the letter P.

Report: Let us now discuss the **prefix**—no, not the cost of a meal at a diner. But we relied on our prefixes, did we not? **per**, **par**, **pro**, and **pen** in gaudy consequence. Never you mind. First-rate entries they were. Mingling memory, desire, Bierce, and Webster. A few of the duplicated: **phobic**—averse to cheap pens. **pungent**—Bennett Cerf. **pampas**—gaucho nappies. **pristeen**—Alicia Silverstone. **pillage**—rampant drugstore theft. Our long rational nightmare is over. Thanks.

Note: See our new e-mail address below.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to New York to:

pigpen—stylus.

John Bailin, Brooklyn;
Lauren Shea, Cromwell, Conn.

peccadillo—state animal of Arkansas.

Peter Winoxur, Scarsdale, N.Y.

phillips screwdriver—orange juice and milk of magnesia.

David English, West Somerville, Mass.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to New York to:

Pathos—The saddest Musketeer.

Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

pop quiz—paternity test.

Jim Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

papal bull—Vatican mascot known as the holy cow (see: angus dei).

Linda Giordano, Florence, Ala.

And Honorable Mention to:

peach fuzz—recruits at a police academy.

Maria Dobbs, Florence, Ala.

pleat—to beg for food.

Ryan Walsh, Denville, N.J.

posture—where mailmen go when they retire.

R. W. Tappe, Verona, Pa.

preschoolers—caviar.

Sara Camp, Pasadena, Calif.

piggyback—the sequel to Babe.

Richard P. Monley, Birmingham, Mich.

plot line—"On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia."

C.F. Luzon, Bedford Hills, N.Y.

plotz—to sicken after reading too many screenplays.

Nancy Gibson Nash, Dedham, Mass.

peeves—gripes of a proper butler.

Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

parcheesi—the Velveeta Masters Invitational.

Jim Ringel, Boulder, Col.

perky—overcaffeinated.

Joanna Dolan, Somerville, Mass.

personage—gender-neutral clergy residence.

Jane Drazek, M.D., Wichita, Kan.

pin the tail on the donkey—blame the Democrats.

Matthew Gammon, Englewood, Fla.

polygram—message delivered by carrier parrot.

Jon Lloyd, Shadyside, Pa.

pituitary—of or pert. to a Bronx cheer.

Charles F. Houghton, Miami, Fla.

pangloss—the best of all possible scouring pads.

Helen Girolami, Enhaut, Pa.

petri dish—Mary Tyler Moore.

Kieran Begley, Chester, N.Y.

pin money—purse at a wrestling match.

Ryan Edwards, Denton Tex.

panhandler—orderly.

Karen Bracey, Burke, Va.

pontoon—the funnies in *L'Osservatore Romano*.

David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

purlieu—wherever the cat wants to sit.

Betty Heinze, Oak Ridge, Tenn.

penpal—cellmate.

Meghan Foley, Cranston, R.I.;
Tom Doyle, Bristol, Conn.

pressmark—German tightwad.

Brian Bracey, Durham, N.C.

pecking order—"Waiter, I'll have the birdseed."

Sari Krumholz, Newton, Mass.

Pal Joey—pocket companion of a marsupial (see: kangaroomie)

Susan Gottlieb, Chapel Hill, N.C.

precedent—toothpaste used before meals.

Jeff Weisberger, Wayne, N.J.

papoose—Indian pudding.

Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

postgraduate—a rising young reporter at the Times.

William Boardman, Woodstock, Vt.

pendragon—jailhouse cross-dresser (see: hoosegown)

Rachel Gottlieb, St Louis, Mo.

Paleolithic Era—The good old days at CBS.
Jay Livingston, N.Y.C.

pentium—depressant for the computer generation.

Shane Perez, N.Y.C.

propane—masochistic.

John Koch, Madison, Wisc.

propaganda—the breeding of geese.

Chris Gard, Fredericksburg, Va.

pusillanimous—having the soul of a cat.

Carol Weiss Rosenberg, Notre Dame, Ind.

psychopath—messenger bike lane.

Monica Jainschigg, Warren, R.I.

polonaise—salad dressing by Ralph Lauren

Tom Regan, Adelphi, Md.

pock—author of *Baby and Teen Skin Care*.

Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

putrify—to install benches in a morgue.

Jocelyn Johnson, Germantown, Md.

Pawnee—to grope the leg of a Native American.

Abigail Dobbs, Florence, Ala.

penance—Notre Dame banners.

Jim Zosel, Minneapolis, Minn.

parson—fiery minister.

Juliet K. Licker, N.Y.C.

panegyric—pieta bread.

Edmundo Ortuzar, Strasburg, Va.

pegnoir—bedroom scene from a forties detective film.

Joel Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

pussytoes—term used by Carl Sandburg in first draft of his poem "Fog."

Rosemarie Williamson, Neptune, N.J.

pea green—seed money.

Lars Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

penultimate—a Dear John letter.

H. S. Sharpe, Albany, N.Y.

plutocrat—top dog at Disney Studios.

Scott Martinson, Wheaton, Md.

provolone—big cheese at First Bank of Utah.

Melanie Bussell, Henderson, N.Y.

Port du Salut—toast made at a wine-and-cheese party.

Lisa Giordano, Madison, Ala.

palpate—to feel the head of a friend.

Laurie Foust, Leucadia, Calif.

pot metal—Acapulco gold.

John Grady, Dallas, Tex.

proscriber—medieval monk.

Muff English, Englewood, Fla.

prompter—prince of asides.

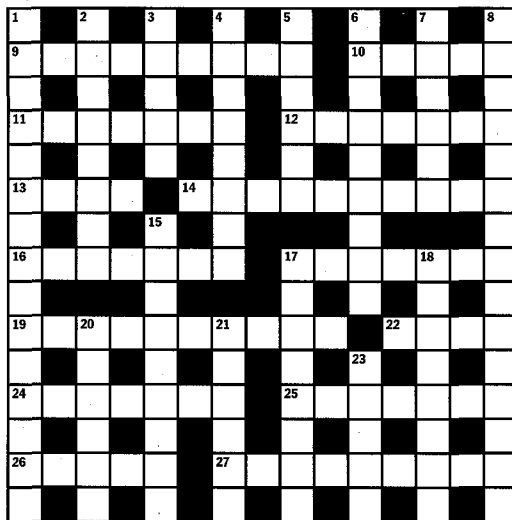
Mary Schmidt, Oberlin, Pa.

(continued on page 97)

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- 9 Bush acquires English to become an American author. (9)
- 10 Ulster award for tearful queen. (5)
- 11 Government leader, in the end, has to cheat. (7)
- 12 Game making some American a star. (7)
- 13 Number of sheets—about a million. (4)
- 14 Free from self-contradiction, what's inside is outside and centre of outside is inside. (10)
- 16 Red meal turns green. (7)
- 17 Gas for glass? (7)
- 19 American author turns blue in tree. (4,6)
- 22 Caledonian tax. (4)
- 24 Chagrin, being put out with bending. (7)
- 25 Former model including model living no longer. ... (7)
- 26 ... moribund, already in grave, partly. (5)
- 27 Marginal entry in Chambers about battle? (9)



DOWN

- 1 Hasn't seal finder rocks off the Northumberland coast? (3,5,7)
- 2 Ankle was twisted in ballet. (4,4)
- 3 Tree-top tall, and part below the trunk. (5)
- 4 Sponge of leader at sea. (8)
- 5 2's Roman god embracing Anglican? (6)
- 6 Yoko doesn't dance alone. (2,4,3)
- 7 Prophet endlessly devouring American sweet. (6)
- 8 Leave people ordering otters in a shop. (10,5)
- 15 University city, radio village. (9)
- 17 Goes on providing revenue. (8)
- 18 Crone with cat changing into bird. (8)
- 20 A portion of sweet and sour Chinese hedgehog. (6)
- 21 Member is with Tory leader, being one skilled in the laws. (6)
- 23 Guide for young ox. (5)

'Snake Interview': 'Cue' Crossword . By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 Chinese cuisine
- 6 Tenement area
- 10 Fundamentals
- 14 Not on target
- 19 Verse form of 47-Down
- 20 Trendy soybean extract
- 21 Crow's nose
- 22 Time being
- 23 What do you suggest for spicing food?
- 27 — Palmas
- 28 Assn.
- 29 Hollywood family name
- 30 Appraisers
- 31 School on the Thames
- 33 "What a good boy —!"
- 35 Hat, slangily
- 36 A.F.L.'s go-with
- 38 Caen's river
- 39 Creator of Robinson Crusoe
- 41 Llama's habitat
- 43 Changed addresses
- 45 What is your favorite song?
- 50 "O Sole —"
- 51 Morning abbrs.
- 52 Spheres
- 53 Less than less
- 56 Between ready and go
- 59 Dig deep
- 61 Baseball's Speaker
- 62 Island near Maui
- 63 Biblical verb ending
- 64 Mexican uncle
- 65 Word in a comparison
- 66 Prisoner's fetter
- 68 At what times do you drive slowly?
- 73 Relished the taste of
- 74 Sampras of tennis
- 75 Small, in Dogpatch
- 76 Ostrich lookalike
- 77 Togetherness
- 78 Kitties, in poker
- 79 Destined
- 81 Sample a beverage
- 82 One's equals
- 83 Brit. raincoats
- 84 Two of these make a good-bye
- 85 Hammock quickie
- 87 How do snakes wrap packages?

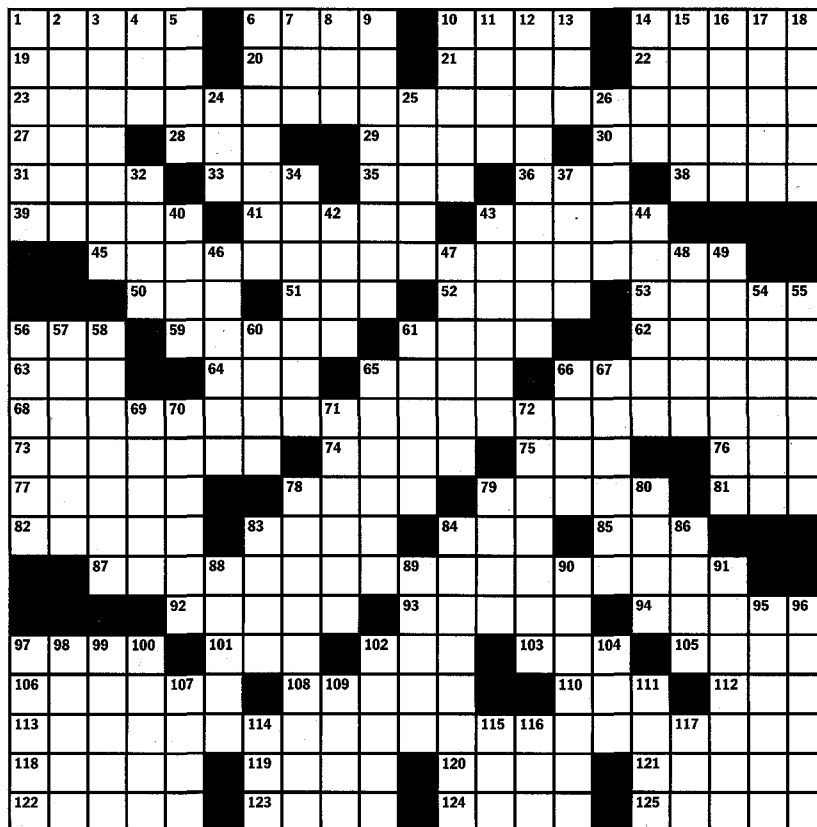
- 92 Tizzies
- 93 Eaglet's birthplace
- 94 Saunter
- 97 Where charity begins
- 101 Third Italian numero
- 102 Direction suffix
- 103 One for the road
- 105 Jetty
- 106 Famed Harlem theater
- 108 Do a double take
- 110 Confederate G.I.
- 112 Pastureland
- 113 What do snakes do when it rains?
- 118 Kovacs or Pyle
- 119 Persian's neighbor

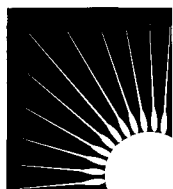
- 120 "The Time Machine" people
- 121 Gift recipient
- 122 Calendar information
- 123 Hebrew month
- 124 Obscene matter
- 125 Kids' coasters

DOWN

- 1 Effected a cure
- 2 Modernize
- 3 Dozes momentarily
- 4 Citrus drink
- 5 Claudius's successor
- 6 Marks of disgrace
- 7 Realty parcel
- 8 Vehicle for E.T.
- 9 Winter scarfs
- 10 In — (having trouble)
- 11 Stoop
- 12 Subterranean burial places
- 13 Astronomer's vista
- 14 Novelist Seton
- 15 "We aim to please," e.g.
- 16 "A nest of robins — hair"
- 17 Disdain
- 18 It may be common
- 24 Women's wear daily
- 25 Slightly wet
- 26 Foreword

- 32 Linguist Chomsky
- 34 Voting aye
- 37 Currier's colleague
- 40 Oklahoma city
- 42 Rotunda feature
- 43 Breed of sheep
- 44 Australia's monetary unit
- 46 German literary great
- 47 Lyric poet of old Rome
- 48 Get to
- 49 The Bronx Bombers
- 54 Deli meat
- 55 Caught in traffic
- 56 Encloses with stitches
- 57 Kin of propane
- 58 "— From Pompey's Head," 1955 film
- 60 Told whoppers
- 61 "— Entertainment"
- 65 Deadly fly
- 66 Rotisserie rod
- 67 Capital of Montana
- 69 — Dame
- 70 Romantic assignations
- 71 Geological periods
- 72 Kind of surgery
- 78 Having a design, as wallpaper
- 79 Light-complexioned
- 80 "The Aba — Honeymoon"
- 83 Israel's Gola
- 84 "Roaring" decade
- 86 Stately pageantry
- 88 Being pulled along
- 89 Sousa specialty
- 90 "I — Through the Grapevine"
- 91 Eisenhower's boyhood city
- 95 Gave a lecherous look
- 96 Clears the tape
- 97 Partner of hemmed
- 98 Classical musical
- 99 Olympus, for one
- 100 Borden's spokesanima
- 102 Shoehorn, for example
- 104 Gun the motor
- 107 Spike's relatives
- 109 Mussolini's daughter
- 111 Enters the auction
- 114 "— ramblin' wreck ..."
- 115 State tree of Massachusetts
- 116 Bud's comedy sidekick
- 117 City-hall pro





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Schedule of In Vitro Fertilization Pregnancy Rates Period of August 10, 1995 (Date of Inception) through June 30, 1996

Age Less Than 40

	ICSI	Conventional IVF	Combined
<i>Total Transfers</i>	282	357	639
<i>Clinical Pregnancy Rate Per Transfer</i>	60%	61%	60%

Age 40 or Greater

	ICSI	Conventional IVF	Combined
<i>Total Transfers</i>	27	67	94
<i>Clinical Pregnancy Rate Per Transfer</i>	37%	39%	38%

See explanatory notes below

* Summary of outcomes initiated in the United States has the "overall success rates, in terms of clinical pregnancies, as 29.1% pregnancy per transfer." *Fertility and Sterility* Vol.66, No.5, November, 1996.

** KPMG also served as the data collection center for the Society of Assisted Reproductive Technology Registry of the American Society for Reproductive Medicine.

Explanatory Notes

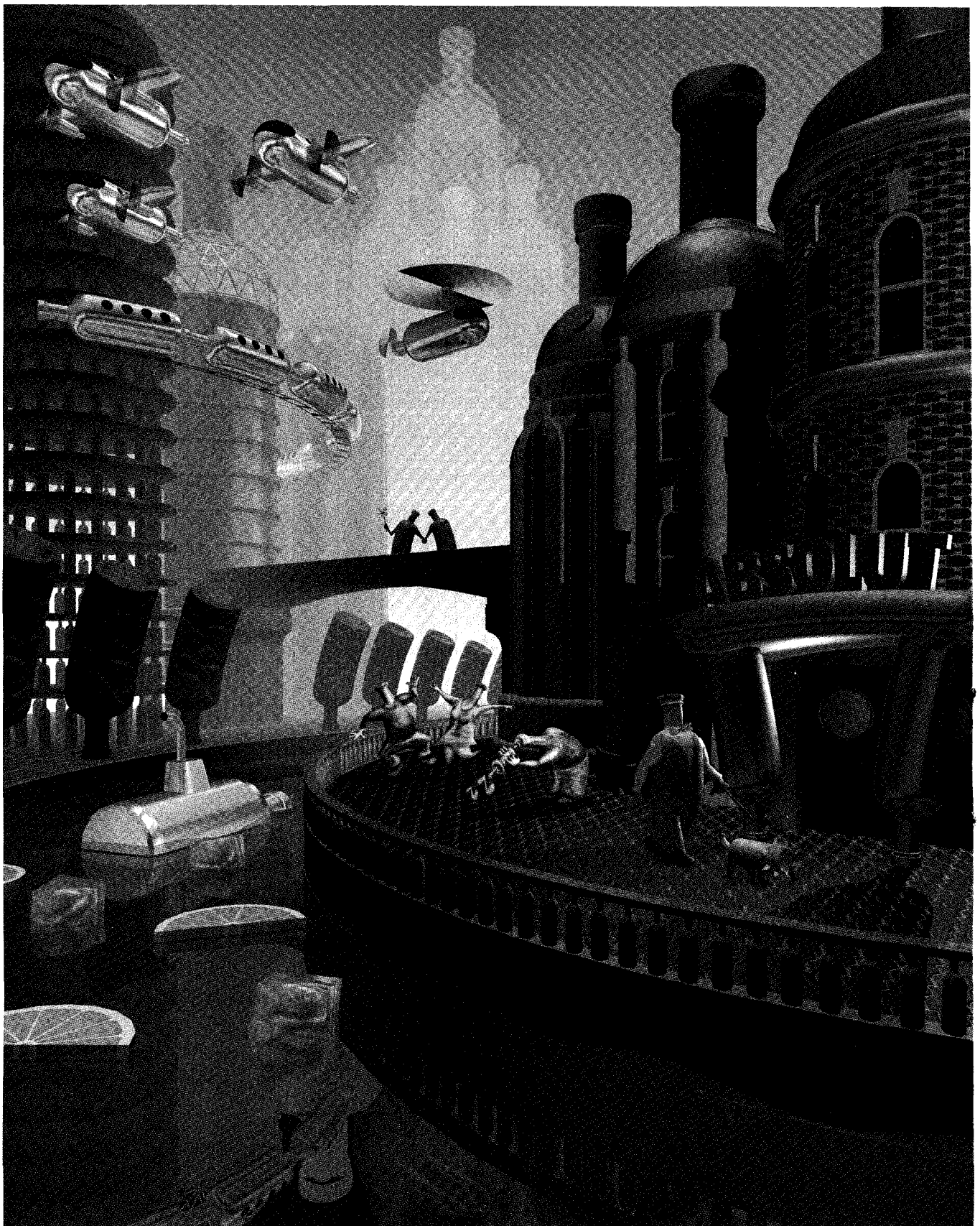
Age — patient's age at time of retrieval.

ICSI — Intracytoplasmic Sperm Injection, a procedure involving the direct injection of a single sperm into the egg.

Conventional IVF (In Vitro Fertilization) — no ICSI procedure performed.

Clinical Pregnancies — a clinical pregnancy is defined as a pregnancy which can be detected by ultrasound. Not all clinical pregnancies result in delivery.

The pregnancy rates reported here are for the overall Assisted Reproduction program. An individual couple's chance for pregnancy is determined by their specific circumstances.



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